THE

MAGAZINE OF ART.

ILLUSTRATED.



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CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

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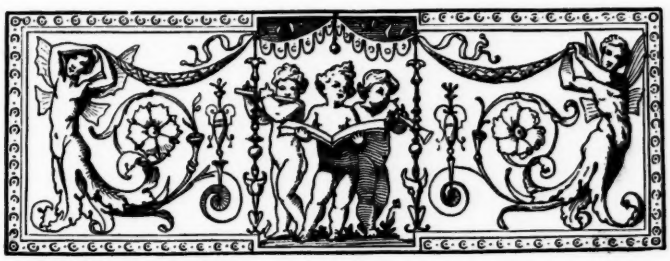
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THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

SIR JOSEPH NOËL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D., *Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland.*

TO attempt a just estimate of a painter still living and working amongst us is like criticising one of his unfinished pictures. This is especially so while the hand shows no symptoms of weakness and the vigour of the mind is unimpaired. In the present paper we do not attempt to give a critical notice of Sir Noël Paton, or to fix his position among the painters of his time, but can merely glance at the main incidents of his career in some sort of chronological order. Like David Wilkie, and many other shrewd Scotchmen who have successfully elbowed their way in the world, Sir Joseph Noël Paton is a native of the ancient "Kingdom of Fife," and was born in Dunfermline, its western capital, on the 13th December, 1821. Than Dunfermline few places are more favourable to the growth of poetry and romance. Its history is the history of Scotland in its days of chivalry and of regal and ecclesiastical magnificence. Here were born King David II., James I., and Charles I., the unfortunate "anointed king" of England; here, in the abbey, are buried King Malcolm Caenmore, his Queen St. Margaret, King Robert the Bruce, and many others among the kings and chieftains of Scotland, and on the great square tower one can yet read, as a sort of historical signboard, the name of "King Robert the Bruce" in open capital letters, visible miles away. The ruined abbey and palace are pregnant with romantic associations of its founders, the Benedictines from Canterbury, and of King Edward I. of England, who wintered here in 1303–4. In young Paton's imaginative mind those shadowy reminiscences of cowled monks, rough warriors, and stately dames must have taken definite shape, and had, as will be shown, peculiar significance to him. His father was connected with the damask manufactures of the town, but was better known as a learned antiquary, a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, and a zealous collector of old books and pictures, old casts, and relics of all descriptions. In 1819 he had married a Highland lady, directly descended from some of the most famous clans of the north. From her, no doubt, the young painter and poet had many deeply interesting recitals of traditionary lore—tales which must have fired his imagination, and made him long for the time when he could embody them in definite shape. Through her also he could claim kinship with the long line of kings and queens that, in his mind's eye, still peopled the old palace and abbey under the shadows of which he lived. Through a noble record of Highlanders and chieftains she could trace her ancestors to King Robert II.—the progenitor of the Stuart line—and from him to Robert the Bruce, and so backwards, through two centuries of kings, to Malcolm Caenmore.

What wonder that the heir of such a history should have been instinctively moulded to painting and poetry! The daring and chivalrous deeds of his Jacobite ancestors furnished him, doubtless, with subjects for his pencil as a child, and we can well imagine the enthusiastic young student, surrounded by old books and musty armour, within hearing of the abbey bell and the cawing rooks that circled about the ruined walls, poring earnestly over his drawing, or composing verses to the prowess of Sir Angus or Sir Duncan, or to the fierce chiefs of Athol.

His first work of any importance was the natural outcome of this training, and in 1838 he completed a water-colour drawing of "The Combat between Bothwell and Balfour," from Scott's "Old Mortality." In the following year he illustrated another subject from Scott's novels, "Annot Lyle Playing," from "The Legend of Montrose," and during the next three years we find him busily engaged with drawings and verses for the *Renfrewshire Annual* (supplied gratuitously), and with outline designs in illustration of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" and Milton's "Comus."

So far our artist had been his own tutor, and, indeed, the problem of Sir Noël's career is how he could have become possessed of his comprehensive knowledge of form and drawing without the academical training usually considered indispensable. In 1843 he came to London, and for a few months attended the schools of the Royal Academy, then under the superintendence of Mr. Jones, R.A., from whom he received much kindness and advice. In this year was held the first of the famous cartoon competitions at Westminster Hall, won by "that young pupil of Delaroche" against whom poor Haydon so bitterly and unjustly inveighed, and here, probably, young Paton was a frequent visitor, and made inward vows to measure himself in future contests against the great spirits whose works he saw upon the walls.

In 1844 he is back again in Scotland, and sends his first picture to the Royal Scottish Academy—"Ruth Gleaning"—which is well hung in the exhibition and brings him much credit.

Next year gives him his first great success, and must have been a period of much hard work and anxiety. At the Royal Scottish Academy he exhibits "Rachel Weeping for her Children," and "The Holy Family." Besides these he executes a series of etchings on copper, illustrating Wilson's poem of "Silent Love," a literary effort which has long since departed into well-merited obscurity; and, lastly, he sends a bold and ambitious work, "The Spirit of Religion," to Westminster Hall. We have seen what training he had at this period, and it says much for his natural genius, still more for his technical knowledge and manipulative power, that the Commissioners awarded him one of the three premiums of two hundred guineas. The other two prizes went to Armitage and Tenniel.

In 1846 we have the first of the series of those charming conceptions of fairy-land in which Sir Noël Paton is still without a rival. It is in such works as these that the poet, as well as the painter, has full scope for his imagination, untrammelled by rude conventionalities; and every inch of the canvas is rich with some quaint conceit or delicate play of fancy. His first two works of this class were "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," and "Puck and Fairy," both exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1846. To the competition in Westminster Hall, in the following year, he sent another of these subjects, "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," and along with it a large work, containing many life-sized figures and evincing great strength of design and beauty of drawing, "Christ Bearing the Cross." The fame of the artist was by this time fairly established, and, when the Royal Commissioners decided for the second time to award a prize to him, honours showered in from all sides. The Royal Scottish Academy promptly elected him an Associate of their body, and handsomely purchased his "Reconciliation" for a good round sum. In hot haste, but too late by a post, the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts wrote, offering him £100 more than the Academy for his picture. To Sir Noël's credit be it written, that he did not hesitate for a moment, and, although it was quite within his power to close with the Association, he held to his bargain with the Academy. The competition for the work was not yet exhausted, however, and last of all, and much too late, of course, the then King of the Belgians expressed a strong desire, through Sir Charles Eastlake, the Secretary to the Commissioners, to obtain the picture for his collection. Seldom has a British artist received such spontaneous and hearty approbation at the outset of his career, and from this date Sir Noël Paton's history is a chronicle of uninterrupted success.

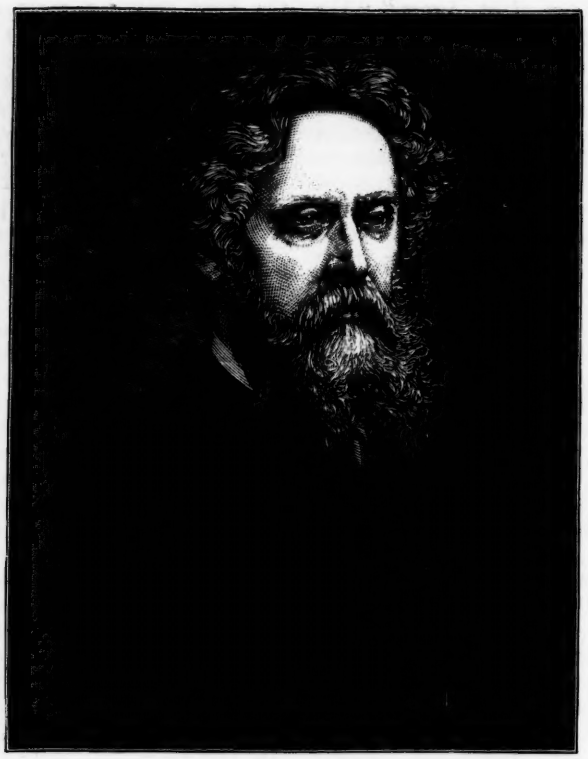
For the next three years our artist's energy was unabated. The Royal Scottish Academy elected him an Academician in 1850, and the following year he sent four important pictures to the gallery; these were "Thomas the Rhymer," "The Father Confessor," "Death of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini," and "Nimrod the Mighty Hunter." During the following years we have a large number of works, among them "Dante Meditating the Episode of Francesca da Rimini," "Eve of St. Agnes," "The Dead Lady" (engraved on page 5), and "Faust and Margaret Reading." In 1855 his picture of "The Pursuit of Pleasure" (well known through the medium of engraving) was finished, and was sent to the Royal Scottish Academy, where it elicited an almost unanimous chorus of praise as a work of very exceptional merit and displaying high imaginative power. At this time also he executed a sketch for a picture of "Vanity Fair," introducing many hundreds of figures, which, had it ever seen the light, would probably have ranked among the noblest conceptions of modern art. To those who have had the privilege of examining this very wonderful sketch, it appears far to excel in depth of thought any of the artist's published works, and it cannot but be cause for regret that, partly through Mr. Ruskin's dissuasion, partly through the length of time it would have involved, and the consequent severance from other work, Sir Noël Paton was reluctantly compelled to abandon his design. His next work of importance, this time exhibited in London, at the Royal Academy in 1856, was particularly appropriate to the year of its exhibition, and came upon the public with peculiar force, while the harrowing details of the Crimean campaign were yet fresh in its recollection. This picture—"Home"—represents a soldier of the Guards returned to his wife and child. He has lost one of his arms on the battle-field, and the hard lines of his face tell of the sufferings he has undergone. The work is replete with homely pathos, and tells its story with unaffected simplicity. Its success at the Academy was immense. Mr. Ruskin accepted it as "a most pathetic and precious picture," and the artist was commanded by the Queen to furnish her with a replica for the Royal Collection at Windsor. In the following year the chief picture was "Hesperus," and at the same time he exhibited two exquisitely finished landscapes in water-colour—studies in the Highlands of Scotland—which would have gone far to ensure his success in that branch of art.

As the Crimean War evoked "Home," so the Indian Mutiny called forth "In Memoriam" (a title, by the way, somewhat misleading; the picture should have been called "The Rescue," and, indeed, was so named by the artist). The scene is laid in a dark cell, in some Indian city over which the storm of revolt has burst. Here a number of the wives and families of the European officers have sought shelter from the bloodthirsty sepoys, and the dangers of the fight that yet rages overhead. While unconscious how the battle goes, the door is opened by a brave and stalwart Highlander of the 78th, a messenger of good tidings, and the first of the rescuers. The theme is an intensely dramatic one, and the fevered anguish and helplessness of the unhappy refugees is depicted with almost heartrending force. From such earnest work as this the painter must have turned, almost with a sense of relief, to a further series of fairy-land—"Oberon and Titania," "The Song of Silenus," and "Oberon and the Seamaid."

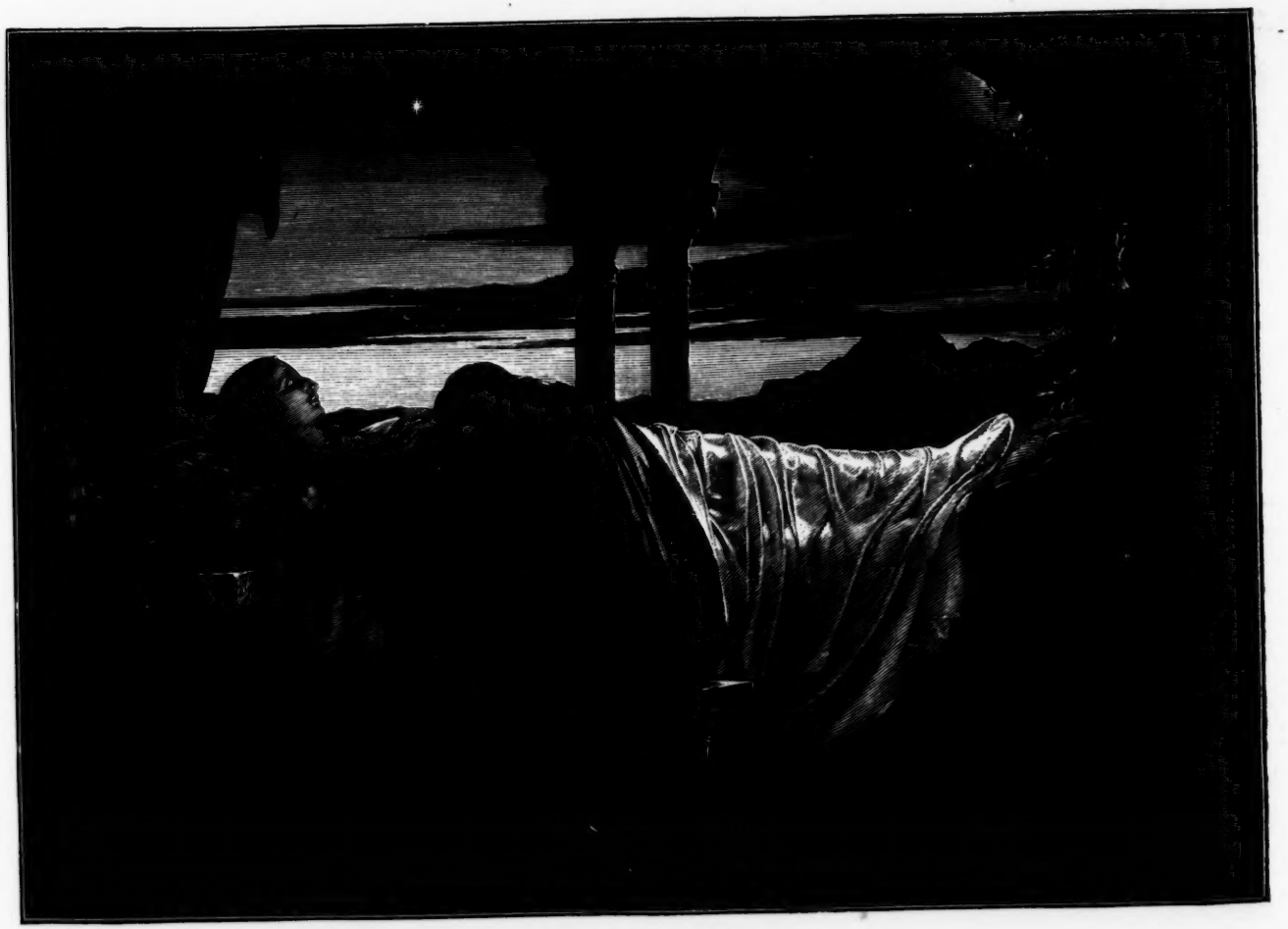
In 1859 our artist fairly surprised his friends with a striking work of sculpture, and plainly demonstrated that his powers had not yet been fully gauged. In one of those outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm which periodically agitate all communities, it had been decided in Scotland to erect a national monument to Scotia's favourite—if somewhat fictional—hero, Sir William Wallace. The site selected was the top of a wooded hill—the Abbey Craig near Stirling—which commands a majestic view of the valley of the Forth. Plaster models were submitted, and, after much serious deliberation, the Acting Committee at Stirling selected the design bearing the name of Sir Noël Paton, "A Lion struggling with a Typhon," which we illustrate on page 6. The idea was a magnificent one, and we can well imagine the effect of a colossal group such as this, capping the rugged outlines of the hill and lending a vivid interest to the scene around it. But the Committee were not at all confident of their power of artistic selection, though it has since been verified by the opinions of such men as Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti. And Sir Noël was respectfully asked to allow the Committee the privilege of changing its mind; and a conventional tower, partly Gothic and wholly barbarous, was selected in its stead.

From this date there follows a long list of important oil paintings, designs on wood, and sketches of all descriptions—among them, in

1860, "Silenus Singing," "The Entombment," and "Gethsemane;" in 1861 (the year of a visit to Rome), "Dawn—Luther at Erfürt," one of the artist's most popular works, and which received the Heyward Gold Medal at Manchester; in 1862, a series of illustrations to the old Scottish ballad, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," painted for the Fine Art Association, and another graceful design,



especially executed by command of the Queen, this time for a national monument to Prince Albert. In the succeeding year he designed a series from the "Ancient Mariner," for the Art Union of London, and at Windsor he painted a small picture of the Queen in the death chamber of the Prince Consort, now in the private collection of her Majesty. During this period Sir Noël Paton's first volume of poems was published, under the title of "Poems by a Painter," to be succeeded four years after by another volume, "Spindrift." Here again we have the elegant fancy which forms so great an attraction in his lighter works. The verse is always graceful—not very deep perhaps, nor quite true to the rougher side of life—but affecting us with its gentle melody like fragrant perfume. In 1865, to return to pictures, we have "Fact and Fancy" and "The Death Barge of King Arthur;" in 1866, "Mors Janua Vitæ;" in 1867, "The Fairy Raid;" and since then many other notable pictures—"Satan watching the Sleep of Christ," "The Man of Sorrows," "The Spirit of the Twilight," "Christ the Great Shepherd," "The Man with the Muck Rake," and "Thy Will be Done." In 1867 Sir Noël Paton attended at Windsor, by command of her Majesty, and



THE DEAD LADY.

(From the Picture by Sir J. Noël Paton, R.S.A. By permission of Mr. Thomas A. Hill, of Edinburgh.)

received the honour of knighthood—he had in the previous year been appointed "Limner for Scotland"—and, in 1876, the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Thus far, in outline, we have endeavoured to trace the chief incidents in the career of our "living painter." The character of the man is best sought in his works, and few painters have as completely made their canvases the mirror of themselves. A key to the formation of his style is found in one of his earlier poems, worthy of a place in these pages.

"No, Buonarroti, thou shalt not subdue
My mind with thy Thor-hammer! All that play
Of ponderous science with Titanic thew
And spastic tendon—marvellous, 'tis true—
Says nothing to my soul. Thy 'terrible way'
Has led enow of worshippers astray;
I will not walk therein! Nor yet shalt thou,
Majestic Raphael—though before thee bow
The nations, with their tribute of renown—
Lead my heart captive. Great thou art, I own—
Great, but a Pagan still. But here—breathe low,
The place is hallowed—here, Angelico!
Heart, mind, and soul, with reverent love confess
The Christian Painter, sent to purify and bless."

And, indeed, in more respects than one, the sincerity and purity of the Florentine Frate are present in the life of his modern disciple. The success of Sir Noël's scriptural subjects is due mainly to their thoroughly devout and reverent sentiment, and, even in those works which we are least inclined to praise on technical grounds, we are insensibly disarmed by the depth and purity of thought and by the genuine earnestness of intention. Had Sir Noël Paton devoted himself more exclusively to sculpture, it might have been that on the marble he would have found a more ready outlet for the eminently sympathetic characteristics of his mind and the poetic refinement of his hand. Among the recollections one bears of a visit to his studios, the brightest is that which hangs about some tender little studies in wax—"The Bathers," a child clinging furtively to his mother's side for protection, and a bright group of sea-nymphs disporting themselves on the waves.



THE LION AND TYPHON.

(From the Group by Sir J. Noël Paton, R.S.A.)

Of Sir Noël Paton's private life it becomes us to speak with extreme diffidence. It is not for us, in a paper such as this, to pass the threshold of the family circle—our business is rather with the *artistic* life of an eminent painter—but those who have that privilege can tell of a loyal friend who regards friendship's bond neither lightly nor capriciously.

GEORGE R. HALKETT.

ON SOME OF THE "SIGHTS" OF LONDON.



MONGST the characteristics of this remarkable age at which posterity will "stare and gasp" we may safely assign a prominent place to our public statues and our chimney-tops. They mark, so to speak, the base and summit of our home and art life, and resemble each other as a class in more respects than one—in the weird diversity of their outline and their uniform griminess of feature. Upon the unique character of these twin embellishments of our centre of civilisation let the nation take its stand, and it may, in the fine commercial phrase of the day, defy competition.

As the chimneys and their terminals reflect somewhat on my own profession, I will take them first, and as the only probable cure for them I would respectfully but earnestly suggest that not another penny of the nation's money should be spent upon its so-called art-education until the authorities get at the bottom, or rather at the top, of this crying abomination. Oh! for an official Asmodeus, who should not content himself with peeping down the chimneys of a Christian people, but should carry away and clear from the sky the reeking array of horrors which are now everywhere rampant. What cultivation of national taste is *possible* while a whole people sit complacently under this nightmare of cowls and the numberless and nameless abominations of the ubiquitous smoke doctor? Is it not a mockery to pretend to sensitiveness in art-matters, whilst we accept without complaint so degrading a domination? How can we discuss with a grave face niceties of lines and contours, and subtle refinements of colour, form, and proportion, while we allow our noblest buildings to be crowned with these indefensible excrescences—these loathsome "arrangements" in zinc and soot? They lie, metaphorically speaking, at the root of the architecture of the day, and would that they could be literally buried beneath the lowest foundation pit. The disease, like some forms of fever, appears to attack the wealthier classes first. There is hardly a cowl on the whole of the Shaftesbury Park estate, while on the other hand scarcely a building of any importance escapes them. Only the other day I observed with sorrow their incipient appearance on the otherwise noble mansions which have lately adorned the Chelsea Embankment. They are shooting like young horns from the Duke of Buccleugh's mansion in Whitehall. The new Foreign Office—that palatial pile costing the nation hundreds of thousands of pounds—has mounted its row of oscillating cowls and wavering vanes, feebly nodding, "nid-nid nodding" all day long, waggling with provoking imbecility against the wind and calling to each other in piteous creaking wails.

Our greatest living painter builds himself a "lordly pleasure-house" in the old court suburb, when, lo! it is instantly crowned by these fool's-caps of hideous mien and preposterous altitude. Nay, the Royal Castle at Windsor itself bristles with cowls and such contrivances in every form of ugliness. In those fashionable quarters for which the speculating builder is alone responsible such things might be expected, though even there they should no longer be patiently borne. We know what is coming, and acquiesce supinely in the inevitable. As the bill comes down from the window, up go the cowls. But with the mansions of the very rich, built by this eminent architect or the other, such a disgrace to our skill should not be tolerated for a moment. It is a standing confession of an inability to meet one of the first necessities of our boasted home comforts. Least of all should the noble structures bequeathed to us by our ancestors be rendered ridiculous by such additions.

The universality of the affliction is not more disheartening than the apathy with which it is regarded even in quarters where better things might have been expected. The public sight appears to have been so demoralised that it fails to perceive the evil. If the art-feeling of the nation can be so far touched as to lead it to revolt against the ugliness of its sky lines, there may be some hope: South Kensington will have a *point d'appui*, and the nineteenth century may set about its art-training in earnest. But if the public still prove apathetic, let the authorities look to it. By all means let us revert to a chimney tax in a new form—a tax on cowls.

We have not as yet let out the surfaces of our public buildings to advertising contractors; but the smoke nuisance is a warning. The familiarity of the public with the efforts of the commercial world to find tongues in stones will

gradually accustom us to the habit, and render us callous to the sight; and we may hereafter see the Foreign Office and the surfaces of St. Paul's covered with vulgar placards.

Our abhorrence of the fantastic horrors of the sky has carried us away, and all the while the statues have been kept waiting. "What are these so withered and so wild in their attire? They look not like the inhabitants of the earth, and yet are on't." A motley throng surely. Still, one can't but confess to a tenderness for them. They are many of them old acquaintances, and "seen too oft, familiar with their face, we pity first." They have been so often the butt of the critic that it seems almost cruel to join in the hunt and run them down. They are, moreover, outcasts. They have no friends. They are the deserted children of this great city. Let us at least hear what is said in mitigation of their grotesque appearance and their woe-begone and forlorn condition generally.

Their authors plead the costume of the time. The climate. Admitted. The absence of out-door life in ennobling forms. The tendency of the pursuits of the age to perpetuate ignoble traits. All of these are no doubt difficulties. But have the sculptors made the most of the opportunities left to them? Are there not some points in their *practice* capable of improvement, even if the improvement of their *subjects* is beyond their reach? The bulk of our sculpture will in future probably answer to the painter's easel pictures, and will be portrait sculpture in some shape, and of this portrait statues to our public men will form a considerable proportion.

We have hitherto apparently felt no incongruity in placing Nelson and the Duke of York out of mortal view, adding a finish to them by way of a spiky lightning conductor, looking as though the peril of their position had set their hair on end. There may be some excuse for thus getting the duke out of sight, but why on earth should the admiral be mast-headed? Thanks to the purer ether and diviner air of cloudland, and to the bleaching sun and rain, Nelson's statue is not so hopelessly begrimed as some of lowlier place. But when near enough to be seen in detail it is from its position foreshortened out of all possible appreciation of whatever artistic merits it may possess. Seen from a distance it is only a dark mass against the luminous sky, in which the sculptor's work goes for nothing.

The public have, however, long since accepted the conditions with aggravating equanimity, and the puzzled foreigner is informed—"That? That is the Duke of York's *column*. That is Nelson's *column!*"

The above anomalies are happily too costly to be often repeated, still a little ingenuity has contrived to invest less costly mistakes with an almost equal absurdity. Our military heroes are scandalously treated. Take the statue of Lord Clyde in Waterloo Place, or that of Sir George Outram in the Embankment gardens. As statues, and in their sculptors' studios, no doubt well enough. But it was felt essential to their exhibition in public to provide them with pedestals, or something to raise them into public observation, and to show them off to the best advantage. Of course the less obtrusive and self-assertive the pedestal, the more the attention would be directed to the statue. And how has this necessary accessory been provided? These heroes have been hoisted upon blocks of *polished* granite. The material in which the figures themselves are cast speedily assumes in our sooty atmosphere a sombre grey, which obliterates all the delicate work of the sculptor, and the closest scrutiny from the nearest accessible point scarcely suffices to reveal the lineaments of the great men whose deeds we honour *in the dust*. But the pedestal is a brilliant object far and near. Observation, whether with extensive view or not, cannot escape the blinding sheen of the obtrusive pedestal. Worse still—one of these pedestals is actually cylindrical in figure, and carries a line of white light from top to bottom. The "highest light" in the picture falls necessarily and permanently on the unimportant accessory, and carries off the eye from the modest figure, which should be the only thing about it which the eye *could not choose but see*. There was no need to further dilute the effect by the aid of the lion and the lady at the base. The distraction was complete without them.

The pedestal is the rock upon which the sculptors split. They desire to give something of an architectural character to it and its surroundings, and in few cases do they succeed. The best way is to leave it quite plain, bearing only names and dates. The best material is unpolished *grey* granite, which both in tint and texture gives preciousness to the costlier material and finish of the statue. Long ago Mr. Ruskin besought us to leave a "little architectural silence" about our statues, and every day the wisdom of the advice becomes more and more apparent.

E. Ingress Bell.

(*To be continued.*)



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE GEMMI.

SKETCHING GROUNDS: THE OESCHINEN SEE AND THE GEMMI PASS.



A MOUTHFUL BY THE WAY.

IN passing Mr. Spooner's shop in the Strand one day, my eyes happened to light upon a large photograph of the Oeschinen See, near Kandersteg, the beauty of which struck me so much that I immediately resolved to make it the chief object of my next sketching excursion.

Within a week or two I was on my way, *viâ* the Rhine and Basle. Some pleasant travelling companions, whose acquaintance I had made on board the Rhine steamer, accompanied me as far as Berne, where we parted, as I thought, for good: their route being towards Chamouni, and mine towards Kandersteg.

At Thun I caught the afternoon boat for Interlaken, in which I proceeded as far as Spiez. Here I landed, and, shouldering my knapsack, set out with the virtuous intention of walking to Frutigen that evening. My way lay under the magnificent slope of the Niesen, that beautiful mountain which overhangs the Lake of Thun, and which is seen to such especial advantage from the neighbourhood of Interlaken.

I had not gone more than a mile or two, when I was overtaken by an omnibus which plies between Thun and Frutigen. It occurred to me that if I took advantage of the conveyance as far as the latter place, I might manage to get a trap on to Kandersteg the same night, and thus be enabled to reach the main object of my journey—the Oeschinen See—early the next morning.

We arrived at Frutigen at about six o'clock. There I was fortunate enough to find the proprietor of the Bear Inn, at Kandersteg, about to start in a return carriage. I therefore arranged to accompany him.

The night was very fine. As we drew near Kandersteg the moon came up over the magnificent snows of the Weiss Frau, which closed the valley to the left. Wonderful rays of silver light cast their long arms across the silent mists, and weird shadows from the intervening mountain crags here and there enwrapped our path in gloom.

While walking up a long hill to ease the horse, I overtook a young German, who was also pursuing his way to Kandersteg. We fell into conversation, and while skirting the banks of the Kander I noticed that peculiar effect of the water appearing to run up-hill, which I had once or twice before observed in Switzerland. We were, of course, meeting the stream, which was here flowing over a comparatively level bed. I wondered if my companion would notice the effect, and waited to see. Presently he exclaimed, "The water is running up-hill!" and paused in amazement. I told him I had seen the same thing while journeying to Chamouni one night, and also in the Lauterbrunnen Valley. We vainly endeavoured to account for it, and could only conclude that it was in some way referable to the fact that the extreme height of the

surrounding mountains confuses to some extent one's idea of the horizontal line.

As I was travelling with mine host of the Bear—a most intelligent man, who had spent some years in England—I, of course, took up my quarters at that hotel, which lies close under the slope of the Gemmi. The morning following my arrival was magnificent. Looking from my window soon after sunrise, the bare rocky summit of the Gellihorn was before me, its sharp peak, tinted with the rosy light, soaring into the pure blue ether. It is impossible to be a laggard in Switzerland. The crimson tint of morning on the mountain tops, the tinkle of the cattle-bells, the loud voices of the hurrying streams, and, above all, the fresh pure scent of the pine forests all combine to call one forth, hours before the dwellers in cities open their eyes to the dull, smoky light. By six o'clock, therefore, I was working rapidly up the Oeschinen Thal, which runs eastward from the valley of the Kander, at about a mile from the Bear Hotel.

Exquisite views opened on every side as my path rose higher and higher. Behind me was Kandersteg, with its green pastures and rich brown châlets. In front was the glorious Weiss-Frau, crowned with everlasting snows. To the right, in a deep gorge, the stream from the Oeschinen See rushed and tumbled over its rocky bed with a low thunder, which came up to me in a clear monotone through the still air. Away across the stream to the right, a thin cascade came over a buttress of the Doldenhorn, dropping a thousand feet perpendicularly into the gorge below.

As I ascended the last slope, and approached the point from which I expected to get my first view of the lake, I felt some anxiety as to the result. Having come so far almost exclusively to see it, the disappointment would have been great had it failed to come up to my anticipations. My anxiety proved to be groundless. Never in my life had I looked upon a more wondrous scene than that which lay before me on surmounting the summit of the path. In the immediate foreground was a stretch of rich grass, intermingled with grey rocks and riven stumps of pines. A little to the left the broken ground rose abruptly to a pine forest, which stretched for a thousand feet up the mountain side. A few solitary trees—out-lying pickets of the main body as it were—rose on the other side of the grassy foreground, and beyond these lay the lake itself, locked in the arms of the mighty mountains, as still as a sleeping child. The unruffled surface was of that exquisite blue which we get in the hedge-sparrow's egg, and sometimes in the evening sky. Beyond its glassy surface was a scene of splendour which held one breathless. The precipices and snows of the Weiss-Frau soared upwards, in almost interminable slopes and crags, to the height of twelve thousand feet. Glaciers stretched their mighty arms far down the dim blue gorges, and from their beds of glistening ice, streams, like silver threads, wound downwards to the precipices which overhung the lake, and then dropped in one straight plunge into its placid waters. To the right, pines and bluffs and slopes of grass stretched upward to the Doldenhorn. To the left, the purple crags above the pine-forest quite shut in the view. It was an amphitheatre of wonder and beauty, with the lovely lake sleeping in the midst. There was not a sight or sound of man to disturb the magical solitude of the spot. One seemed to be locked in the very bosom of the mountains; to be in actual intercourse with the mighty mysteries of nature which surrounded one on every side.

It was long before I could bring myself to the seemingly prosaic task of endeavouring to carry away some slight record of the spot. The whole scene was so awe-inspiring, so overwhelming, that it seemed almost like desecration to attempt it. The hours flew by in contemplation of the lovely scene, and the afternoon sun was declining before I commenced the descent.

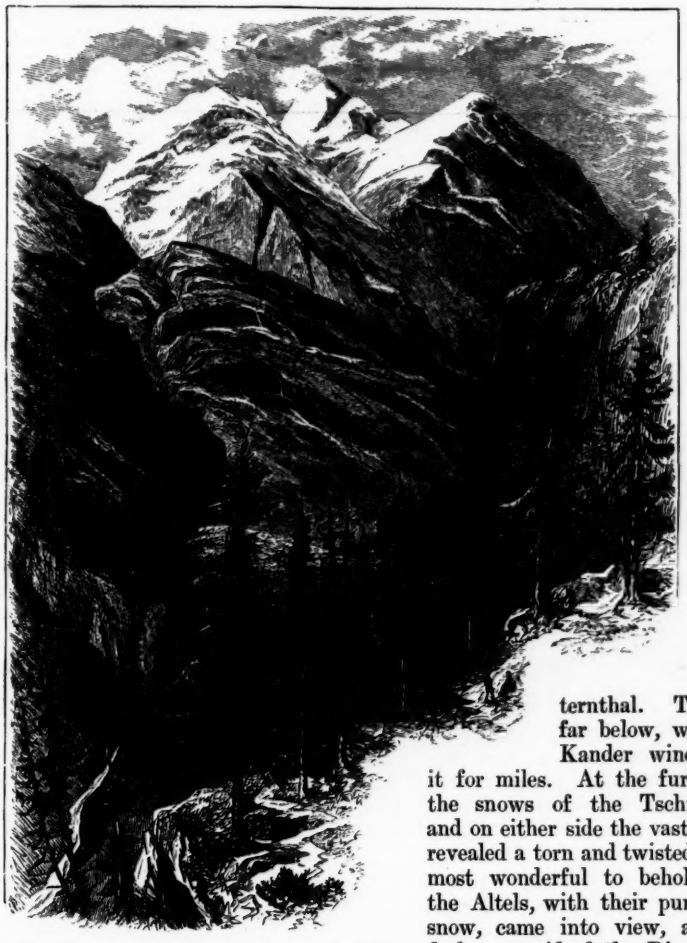
I left the Oeschinen See with great reluctance. It dwells in my memory as one of the most enchanting spots it was ever my lot to behold. It is but little invaded by tourists. Only one party arrived during the day, and they soon departed, leaving me to my task, and to the companionship of the peasant in charge of the cattle in the high pastures, who came and watched me as I worked, and was put into a seventh heaven of delight at being presented with a franc in return for some delicious milk which he brought me from a châlet, hidden somewhere up among the pines.

I secured another slight sketch on my way back to Kandersteg, bringing in the cascade to the right, to which I have before referred. Before it was finished, however, down came the rain from some huge thunder-clouds, which had been long threatening overhead. I sought shelter beneath a broad-eaved châlet, and for upwards of half an hour stood and watched a thunder-storm such as I have never seen equalled elsewhere. The heavens were lit up by such ruddy lightning, that the mountains

seemed transformed to volcanoes. At times I was literally enveloped in sheets of fire, while the thunder shook the very earth. Never did I realise so forcibly that grand line of Homer's—

"Heaven opened, roared the mountains, thundered all the ground."

As I was studying my Bædeker that evening, a hand was placed on my shoulder, and a familiar voice addressed me. I looked up, and there were my travelling acquaintances whom I had left the day before at Berne. They had changed their minds about going to Chamouni, and had come on for the purpose of walking over the Gemmi with me. It was a pleasant surprise, and added much to the enjoyment of my trip.



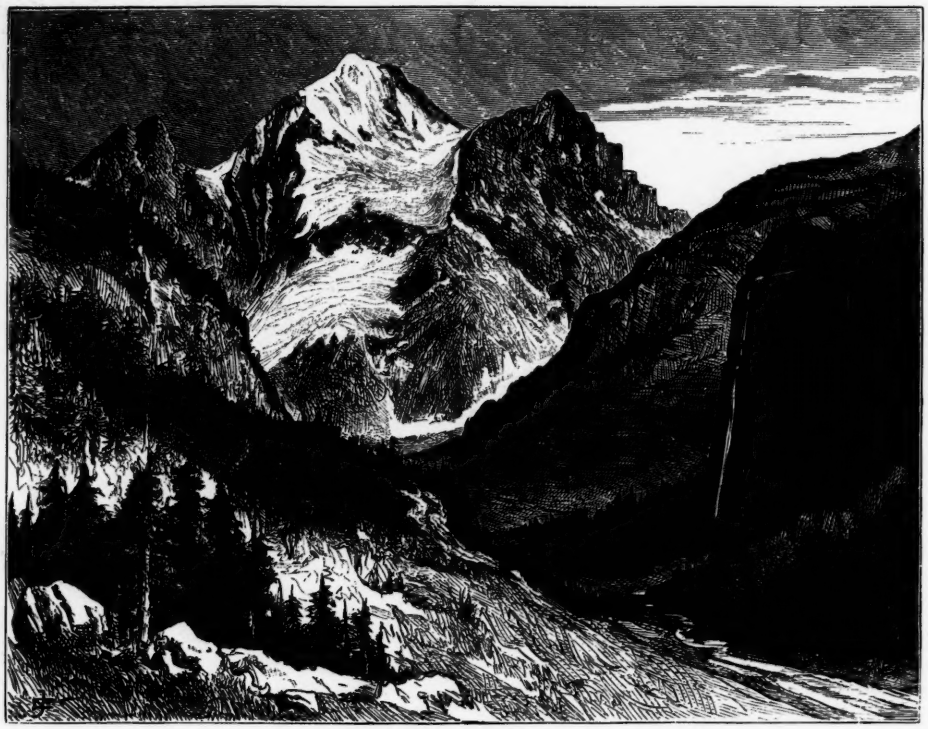
THE RINDERHORN AND THE ALTELS, GEMMI PASS.

We were away early next morning. The weather was glorious, and that indescribable freshness and beauty which pertains to these mountain heights was over everything. We wound up through the delicious pine forest for an hour or more, and then reached the almost level pathway which skirts the glorious Gasternthal. The valley lay far below, with the silver Kander winding through it for miles. At the further end rose the snows of the Tschingel glacier, and on either side the vast walls of rock revealed a torn and twisted stratification most wonderful to behold. Presently the Altels, with their pure summits of snow, came into view, and then the dark pyramid of the Rinderhorn. We made a two hours' halt here for the purpose of sketching, and then pursued our way steadily up the high pastures, until we reached the inn of Schwarenbach, 6,778 feet above the sea.

After a rest of half an hour, we proceeded on our way towards the summit. Patches of snow now began to appear, and here and there the purple gentian raised its exquisite bells from its snowy bed. We skirted the banks of the

melancholy Daubensee, and in a short time stood on the highest point of the pass.

There is no greater surprise in all Switzerland than that which awaits the tourist on the summit of the Gemmi. The ascent from the north is comparatively gradual, but on the south side the pass drops sheer down some three thousand feet, almost perpendicularly. The village of Leukerbad lies at a giddy depth below. You fancy you could throw a stone on to its roofs. The bare precipices of the Daubenhorn rise to upwards of an hour we stood there watching the lightning far below us, and listening to the reverberations of the thunder among those magnificent crags. By-and-by the storm cleared, and was succeeded by a splendid rainbow, which spread an almost perfect circle before our astonished gaze. As it arched to the left, its curve corresponded exactly to the curve of the rocky pinnacle of the Rinderhorn, which it transformed to a vivid opal of almost unimaginable beauty. The rain-clouds cleared,



THE WEISS-FRAU.

the right. Away to the left lies the Torrenthorn, and the pastures about Albinen, while far away in front, one may look for the glorious range of the Pennine Alps beyond the Rhone Valley. We were, however, doomed to disappointment in this respect, for gathering clouds rendered them only just dimly visible for a few moments, and then a storm, which had been threatening for some time, broke upon us with indescribable fury.

A thunder-storm on the summit of the Gemmi is a thing to be remembered for a lifetime. We found shelter in the little stone hut just below the highest point of the pass. For and, as the darkness was coming on apace, we hastened on our way down the precipitous pathway, which is here cut in the perpendicular face of the rock. This pathway is one of the marvels of Switzerland. In places, one portion of it actually overhangs another, and, from the abrupt angles, you may look down thousands of feet into the gloomy gorges below.

I was determined, if possible, to see the view of the Pennine Alps from the summit. The next morning, therefore, I started from Leukerbad before six, and made my way to the foot of the ascent. The weather was glorious; but

even at this hour the sun was beating with unusual power on the southern face of the rocks. It was warm work surmounting the steep and apparently interminable zig-zags, but I stuck to my self-imposed task, and at eight o'clock stood on the highest point, with the keen mountain air playing on my heated forehead, and a prospect of unsurpassable beauty before me. The whole range of the central Alps was visible, including the giant pyramid of the Matterhorn. The clear air was palpitating in the sunny radiance. The cool breeze from the Lämmeren glacier, close to me on the right, acted like a refreshing draught, and stretching myself on the short grass, I enjoyed, in contemplating the wondrous scene before me, half an hour of the purest delight the world can give.

I was back at the hotel by half-past nine, and, on entering the *salle-à-manger*, found my companions of the day before at breakfast. They were somewhat astonished to learn I had been to the summit of the pass and back; though I verily believe the rapidity with which I caused the viands to disappear from the breakfast table astonished them still more.

SYDNEY HODGES.



THE OESCHINEN SEE.

DANNECKER.

A STUDY OF MODERN SCULPTURE (1758—1841).

SINCE sculpture is an art the limits of which are narrower than those of the sister art of painting, and since from this characteristic there is no room for the widely differing schools which may legitimately exist among painters, all sculptors should, as far as possible, be equally studied, without regard to their nationality. One reason, indeed, why modern Rome is so attractive to any sculptor of ambition, is that he there finds himself surrounded by men of all nationalities, from the artist whose birthplace was the sunny slopes of southern Italy, to him whose home was once among the distant villages by the side of the Ohio or the Mississippi, who are striving side by side in one common arena. But, generally speaking, it may be doubted whether those in England who are not wholly indifferent to art, sufficiently consider the merits and the faults of the sculptors who, though they are members of the modern European school, are now dead, and whose works alone remain for criticism. But if what we have said be true, that sculpture has no bounds in the frontiers of kingdoms and in the difference of races, then it is obvious that we in England are encompassed by a very evil insularity if we do not now and again approach

for a short study the works of sculptors who have created for themselves a widespread European reputation.

Among those whose name stands high on the Continent, Johann Heinrich Dannecker, who was born at Stuttgart, October 15th, 1758, is worthy of study, though we cannot hold that he should be ranked so highly as foreign critics usually estimate him. "Dannecker," says Lübke, in his "History of Sculpture" (ii., 437), "has the merit of having conceived the beauty of the antique with noble feeling, and of having partly expressed it in graceful works." It is true that this is hardly so clear and incisive a criticism as one could desire, but read with the succeeding remarks, it evidently points to the fact that Dannecker had imbued his works with the Greek spirit, and had executed them in forms of delicate beauty. But we doubt if Dannecker had thoroughly grasped that spirit, and the work which is cited by Lübke as an example—the Cupid in the Rosenstein Palace—appears to us to be in the highest degree artificial in conception and execution, though it is undoubtedly a very graceful work. But it should be remembered that Dannecker lived at a time when there was much that was vicious in sculpture to be contended against. It is true he spent five years in Rome, from 1785 to 1790, but Canova was then justly attaining his rank as the first of modern sculptors, and in spite of many excellences, he was a master whose example was not the best which a young sculptor could follow.

None of Dannecker's works exhibit any strong individual imagination, and in nearly all of them there is a kind of artificialness apparent, which may not improbably have been caused by the influence of Canova. There is his large and powerful statue of "Hector"—depicted at the moment when he reproaches Paris for his cowardice in refusing to do battle with Menelaus—

"This when Hector beheld with reproachful words he assailed him,
'Paris too fatally fair! Seducer of women, deceiver!
Would thou hadst never been born, or died ere thine ill-omened nuptials!
That would I rather have seen, and that for thyself had been better
Than to stand forth the scandal and scorn of the hosts who behold thee.
Well may the long-haired Greeks break forth in these shouts of derision,
Looking for martial deeds from so gay, so handsome a hero:
Looking in vain! for strength thou hast none, nor spirit within thee.'"

Iliad, Book iii., 38.

The passion of the brave Trojan is finely shown, especially in the delineation of the muscular action of the left arm and violently clenched hand. But, at the same time, there is, especially in the attitude of the head, something unnatural and strained, which prevents this work from being ranked so highly as would otherwise be the case. To our mind, the two works in which Dannecker was most successful are his statue of "Faith," and his fine bust of Schiller.* The latter is really a masterpiece—there is no want of generalisation about it; we are not attracted by details, and yet the face is admirably rendered. The mind of a great poet is visible in every feature, and in this work there is more of the spirit of Greek art in all its largeness, its simplicity, and its perfection of execution, than in a dozen Cupids brandishing the arrow of love.

The statue of "Faith" pleases because it is also characterised by the same qualities, and shows a purity and yet a strength of imagination which are very noticeable. "Faith" is a young woman, finely proportioned, indeed of a most womanly form, kneeling and looking up to heaven. Over her head is a long robe, which descends in ample folds, whilst she rests partially on a Bible. Simplicity is the characteristic of this composition, though the gentle fervour of the praying woman is well portrayed. But, as we have said, it is pleasing because it possesses the elements of true art, and bears witness to the imagination which its author clearly possessed.

In the most ambitious effort which Dannecker made, his life-size statue of "Christ," which stands in the mortuary chapel of the Abbey Church of Ratisbon,† whilst the statue is a successful work as a study of man, the great subject is not fully worked out. The expression on the face of Christ, who is supposed to be uttering the words, "Durch Mich zum Vater" ("through me must you approach my Father"), is finely and delicately rendered. His right hand pointing to his bosom intensifies the idea, whilst his uplifted left hand shows that he is exhorting the surrounding crowds. But the face and the form want ideal beauty, and the long lines of the clinging drapery, through which the limbs of Christ are seen, detract from the beauty of form, and add in no way to the impressiveness of the delineation. But, on the other hand, we must remember how exceedingly difficult a subject this is, and we shall be

* At Stuttgart.

† A cast of this statue is in the chancel of the Spitalkirche, in Stuttgart.

inclined to rank this statue higher than Thorwaldsen's well-known colossal figure of "Christ," for the Frauenkirche in Copenhagen, which is more commonplace though more powerful, and far less delicate and refined than Dannecker's smaller work. There are several other works to which allusion might be made for the purpose of further exemplifying the qualities which characterise Dannecker as a sculptor. Such, for instance, is the creation by which he is perhaps best known to Englishmen, the "Ariadne" at Frankfort. But they would do little more than add unnecessarily to what has been already said.

Dannecker was not an artist of prolific genius; he had none of that fertility and freshness of imagination which so distinguished his great Bavarian contemporary, Schwanthaler. When he died, in 1841, he had spent the last forty years of his life almost wholly at Stuttgart, and during a large part of that time had been Professor of Sculpture in the School of Art. In Stuttgart, the artistic life and energy which Ludwig I. has done so much to stimulate in the neighbouring capital of Munich, did not exist, so that Dannecker lived in an atmosphere where the afternoon of life would naturally be passed in professorial repose rather than in professional labour. But if he did not produce a strong effect on sculpture in Germany by creating vivid examples of the art, yet his works always displayed a refined taste, rising, as in the statue of "Faith," to quite a noble delicacy. Sometimes, as in this instance, he showed more original intellectual power than his works from classical subjects exhibit, and sometimes, as in his "Christ," he ventures to grapple with a subject the greatness of which would surely appal most artists. But these works, though, in considering the result of his labours, they must cause him to be ranked high among modern European sculptors, yet do not give him the great place to which a generally loftier class of work would assuredly entitle him, for they must be regarded as exceptions to the general tenor of his labours. Dannecker, taken all in all, may be considered an artist gifted with a very pure taste, with very considerable knowledge of the limits of his art, and with a great deal of technical power, who, from time to time did work much above the level of that which he usually executed. He is superior to most modern artists who were his contemporaries, but assuredly both Flaxman and Schwanthaler take rank above him. Dannecker, in short, can only be ranked in the second grade of sculptors, but he, at any rate, has one merit—that he never is exaggerated in his conceptions, or extravagant and flashy in his execution, and if he is oftentimes wanting in originality and power, he never offends by gross faults either in the choice or the treatment of his subjects.* E. S. Roscoe.

* Casts of several of Dannecker's principal statues are exhibited among the works of art in the Royal Museum at Stuttgart.

OLD KEYS.—II.

HAVING already traced the earlier history of keys in Roman and mediæval times, we now propose to consider their character and treatment during that great period of the revival of art which almost coincides with the reign of our Tudor sovereigns in England.

But it is right, in passing, to allude to the so-called "Gothic" keys of the fifteenth century, which, as the name suggests, owe their origin to the influence that architecture has always exercised on the industrial arts. They are often of beautiful workmanship and of most elegant design, but instead of being cut in the solid steel, like those of the following period, their open-work tracery is formed in detached pieces, afterwards soldered together into the required shape. Their handles are wont to assume the form of a rose window, or some pattern appropriate to the character of the carved door or coffer that they were intended to secure. These were the immediate predecessors of the keys of the Renaissance.

It may seem at first sight not a little remarkable that such common and necessary implements should have been chosen for the elaborate manipulation of the great workmen of the sixteenth century; but if we examine the long catalogue of household utensils of that age which figure in our museums as exemplary works of art, we should rather wonder at the absence of decoration in any object of every-day use that was capable of being transformed into

a thing of beauty. The passion for decoration, indeed, was so strong that nothing seems to have been tolerated that had not been fashioned in the artistic manner of the time, and nothing was too trivial to engage the attention of accomplished craftsmen. One need only glance at the wondrous door-knockers, bells, candlesticks, lamps, fountain-spouts, inkstands, fire-dogs, hammer-heads, snuffers, handles, escutcheons, stirrups, clasps, buckles, book-mounts, knives, forks, spoons, fire-irons, bellows, mirrors, and furniture of every kind—not to mention the finer work in more precious substances—produced in Italy in the sixteenth century to understand the art-spirit which there prevailed, and was thence handed on to other countries. This spirit, it is needless to say, derived its impulse from an appreciative study of the antique, so that the forms and conceits which found favour in the days of ancient Greece and Rome were now applied to every kind of domestic object. Nor were the artists of the Renaissance content with mere imitation of the old designs, but they displayed a power of the most exuberant fancy in the flowing and graceful variations that they practised on their original models.



Fig. 1.

It should also be remembered that before the close of the fifteenth century the artistic locksmith—himself quite as much an artist as a smith—found a rival in the person of the armourer, who was now beginning to apply very high skill to his craft, and to execute work of the greatest richness and luxury. The cuirass and other armour of elaborate design had now superseded the plain coat of mail, and thus it came to pass that not only the most apt workmen, but the most distinguished artists, applied their talents to this branch of industry, which was made to include other kinds of steel-work. The guilds, too, that were formed for the protection and cultivation of each particular manufacture assisted greatly in stimulating excellence of workmanship. As none but qualified members were admitted to these corporations, emulation naturally arose, coupled with a personal interest in work that was regulated and supervised by competent judges. Production remained in the hands of a choice few, and had not yet passed into the broad road of wholesale manufacture.

It was usual for an apprentice who sought admission as a master to his guild to offer a *chef-d'œuvre* of his work in proof of his qualification, and some of the more elaborate specimens of the locksmith's art which have come down to us may be traced to such an origin. It would be impossible otherwise to account for the infinite amount of hand labour with file and graver bestowed on those massive locks, transformed into pieces of sculpture, with statuettes, or even groups, standing out in full relief under richly-ornamented canopies or framework of scrolls and foliage. The magnificent cabinets of the sixteenth century are also accountable for the existence of many of the most costly keys of this time. The specimens chosen for illustration (Figs. 1 and 2) represent not uncommon types of the Renaissance keys, showing a marked change from the superseded Gothic patterns. The stem becomes a miniature column ending in a Corinthian capital, and this is surmounted by some classical design, in the shape of dolphins, mermaids, syrens, or griffins, placed back to back, with wings or tails interlaced to form a handle. In a specimen preserved in the Louvre, little figures of St. Peter and St. Paul have replaced the dolphins, resting daintily on the Grecian capital in the midst of arabesques and acanthus leaves. The stems are hollow, and frequently triangular or barrelled, and they seem to have been objects of such tender care



Fig. 2.

chat many were fitted with steel cases to protect them from the intrusion of foreign substances. A curious variety occurs in which the wards are made like a fine comb or the notes of a musical box, the handle having the shape of a lantern or dome with open-work cutting. Masks, too, are commonly introduced, and a favourite device was a handle formed of graceful curves and foliage supporting an armorial crown (Fig. 3), or surrounding a labyrinthine monogram. The great centres of the manufacture of these keys appear to have been Florence, Ghent, and Nuremburg.



Fig. 3.

But the most striking example of the beauty and exquisite finish that a key can attain is one lately exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. It is known to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini, goldsmith, sculptor, engraver, and medallist, of Florence, the most celebrated designer and artist in metal-work the world has ever seen. This key has a pedigree such as few can boast, for it remained in the Strozzi family, for whom it was made, ever since its creation till, quite recently, it passed into the hands of Baron Adolphe de Rothschild for the sum of 35,000 francs. This seems indeed a "fancy" price, but it represents the market value of matchless art and consummate labour. The design is beautiful in the extreme. The sides of the "bow" consist of two goddess-like forms bending outward in flowing curves, above which rises a marvellous specimen of what Chaucer calls a "winking Cupid." Then, to add ornament to ornament, this again is surmounted by another *amorino*, whose uplifted wings meet high above the head, forming a grand crown to the whole. The stem has the more conventional form of the Corinthian column, of workmanship well worthy to support its burden, and the wards are of the kind already described, resembling the teeth of a fine comb. Every feather of the wings stands out in such sharp relief that the pointed tips seem as if they would pierce the hand of one who would rashly seize them—a proud threat from a veritable masterpiece of a champion artificer.

But the days of these great works were not to last for ever, and in the following century, keys, like other objects of art, suffered from the common decline of classical taste. A new style seems to have come in with the long wigs, but although the mermaids and masks and statuettes gradually disappeared, much lavish decoration was still bestowed on keys of cabinets and other luxurious furniture, the patterns becoming less graceful and more geometrical. Perhaps the chamberlains' keys of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are the most remarkable for the extravagant richness of their adornment. Fig. 4 represents one of these, made of gun-metal, gilt and highly chased, the handle exhibiting the royal monogram and crown of William and Mary, surrounded by complicated scroll-work.

Another not uncommon form of decorated handle in the seventeenth century is a shaped cross issuing from the end of the stem, and protected by three graceful curves. The stems of these keys are generally fluted or spiral. A design of ornamental piercings, having the appearance of net-work, is also peculiar to the same period, but after this time the bow gradually degenerated till it again assumed its primitive shape of the common ring.



Fig. 4.

It is worthy of notice that the history of old English spoons offers a curious analogy to that of keys. From the year 1500 till 1620 their handles, which are round or of baluster shape, are "knopped" (knobbed), with a Renaissance ornament, such as "the image of our lady," the bust or head of a boy or maiden, an owl, a pomegranate, a ball, an acorn, or a lion, while the well-known figures of Apostles occur as late as 1659. But from the time of the Restoration we find the fashion changed both as to stem and handle. The latter is divided into three cloven

points, while the stem becomes flat and broad, the bowl being strengthened by the well-known "rat-tail" at the back. This form lasted through the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and Anne, when a fresh change was introduced by making the end of the handle quite round, but turning what we call the wrong way, and with a sharp ridge running down the middle. It has been suggested* that the different fashions may have been imported with the plate of the respective courts of the second Charles and the first king of the House of Hanover. But, whatever the causes may have been, there are three distinct types of spoons for the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, corresponding in date more or less closely with equally distinct changes in the forms of keys.

Without going more fully into technical peculiarities, but having treated the subject entirely from an amateur's point of view, it may be sufficient to say that these keys, insignificant though they may appear when compared with the greater things of which they only form a part, do nevertheless, from their long and varied existence, afford most interesting evidence not only of the rise and progress, but, unfortunately, also of the decline of art.

T. W. GREENE.

* Cripps's "Old English Plate," p. 229.

ART IN THE STREETS.—I.

ST. JAMES'S STREET TO PALL MALL.

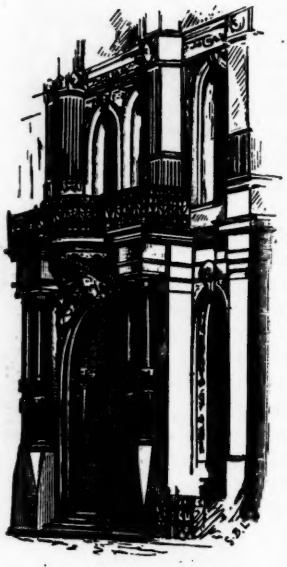


Fig. 1.—THE DOORWAY OF THE BEACONSFIELD CLUB.

A BUSY man passes a good section of the day in the streets, posting from one point to another; and the idle are forced to devote a far greater portion of time to this patrolling. With most persons walking the London streets is a mechanical function; and the daily progress to the Bank or Charing Cross is as indifferent a process as that of being shot to one's destination through the long tunnel that runs underground. Yet the street is infinitely and inexhaustibly entertaining, and the practised observer is certain, in the course of his day's or hour's walk, to have seen much that was novel and curious in the shape of faces and incidents that are profitable and amusing. But the man of artistic sympathies may even educate himself to a great degree as he walks. He can reprobate what is bad; and after many speculations, forced on him by repeatedly passing the object, at last hit on a satisfactory solution. He can wish some things to be better, and can fancy how he would work. He can compare—travel back to the past, and, in fact, carry out the "eyes and no eyes" principle; which little essay has done more valuable service than it has received credit for. Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and many more have found the streets singularly suggestive, and any one constituting himself "Inspector of Public Buildings"—the only office, a poor spendthrift rather wittily said, which was open to him—will find plenty of æsthetic (ill-used word!) entertainment. "Sir, let us take a walk"—not down Fleet Street, *à la* Johnson, but along Pall Mall, which offers a certain platitude, and reputable dulness, which will test our "eyes and no eyes" principles pretty severely. We may, indeed, start from a little beyond, from that Land's End—or House End—which is found at the Green Park, by Stafford House.

I suppose no one ever passes this strange building without some curious reflections, and we would like to hear Mr. Ruskin expound on such a text—the general air and hue of it, the vast size yet meanness, the unintentional squalor, the total absence of any meaning or significance of its being a great nobleman's palace, stored with treasures, and scene of great State festivities, of its having cost great sums. This look could not have been successfully attained had it been sought after. The curious hulking air, the gross porch, the dirty stone, the mean air of approach, though there is ample space, all fill the mind with degrading

ideas, and makes us attach "a seamy side" to what is aristocratic. This is also owing to the ignoring of the pretty prospect of the greenery at its feet, which it turns away from in surly fashion; for we could conceive what a cheerful present to the public would have been a cheerful edifice, with a gay laughing façade. Some of this effect is owing to the longing in human nature to get cheap additional accommodation by encroaching on the air, and for which nothing is paid—*i.e.*, by adding a storey. Few think how a thing like this destroys the perfection of a building: for windows, doors, everything, are all proportioned to the original height, as well as the space between them, and they remain as they are. It is as though one added half a foot to a person's neck or legs. Yet this process is carried out all over the metropolis, as it were on *cela va sans dire* principles. In old prints of Stafford House—originally built or begun for one of the royal dukes—the roof is where the ponderous upper storey now is, and the effect is better. It may be noted in the case of one of its neighbours—the smiling, interesting Spencer House—that the statues that crown the pediment were vastly admired by a great artist on the ground of their being so beautifully proportioned to the building.



Fig. 2.—OLD HOUSE IN GREAT QUEEN STREET.

Then, Clarence House, altered and improved, and indeed the whole *congeries* within that sacred enclosure of St. James's Palace, leaves the æsthetic mind in a state of depression. Clarence House has a curiously poor air, more emphasised by the recent "improvements," when a large room was built out over the porch of the hall. The general look of the whole is that of the wing of a decent infirmary. The palace adjoining has been sadly maimed by other improvements; witness the "skimpy" colonnade in its court. The really picturesque bit is the old-fashioned gateway (Fig. 3), with its towers of fine rubicund-brick, hard as stone, as ripe in colour and crusted as old port. It is a welcome, old familiar object, well proportioned, with a Dutch quaintness and effect in its belfry. How pleasant and satisfactory it is, may be conceived by imagining its absence from the bottom of St. James's Street. It will hardly be credited that some fifty years ago it was suggested to George IV., by his Minister, that the whole palace should be sold, and pulled down, to supply resources for building ugly Buckingham Palace. Mr. Whistler has done an etching of this lively view. Every passer-by avails himself of the services of the pleasant clock, and its agreeable unpretending chime. Our old friend is all for use, his tall cupola sheltering the bells, his gate being for passage, his dial for telling time. And what a right well-proportioned, conspicuous dial it is! It is seen at once that the building was intended for it, and it for the building; whereas in numberless so-called clock-towers, the clock face seems to have been merely "stuck on" as an afterthought, or a hole made, in which a dial was inserted. There is an art in so simple a thing as this. In Antwerp Cathedral, for instance, how effective is the dial of open-work, which cannot be overlooked, and yet does not disturb. In many a feeble clock-tower the dial would escape you altogether. Some are painted blue, with hideous effect. So the cheerful, honest dial of our St. James's clock should be, on all accounts, appreciated.

The palace, indeed, is in a very hopeless condition, and it is hard to point out what could be done to it to improve it. Every one would feel that a "Restoration" on the sacrilegious principles now being applied to cathedrals, would end in rebuilding. Even recently the builder has been at work, and has run up yellow brick additions, much as he would do at Brixton. The court is hopeless, half of it being built within living memory, and after modern principles. Still, if Mr. Street were given a small sum, if some honest red tiles were specially made, some touchings and edgings, with a few yards of honest brick added here and there, the façade might be judiciously improved. But it should be tenderly done.

Would we realise the "poker and tongs" sort of art that sways the breasts of Boards of Works and Vestries, we need only look at the zinc funnel or chimney which has been run up beside one of these towers, using it as a fungus would an old tree; and also at the singular lamp—

intended as a praiseworthy exertion—which stands as a half-way house of the crossing. Close by we have Marlborough House, whose ancient steep roof and genuine red, seen through the trees, was a pleasant object from the Mall. But, as the Prince of Wales's family increased, the architect was called in to add a storey, with the usual effect of destroying the proportion. The old mansion has now a modern roof—a hat of our day to a coat of a couple of centuries back. This trick cannot be done with the frail-built houses of the present day; but our honest ancestors have made the walls of their structures stout enough to bear several extra storeys, and suffer accordingly.

Before going further, we can glance up the line of club-houses in St. James's Street. These buildings are in all styles, and after all patterns. We may note the newly "skinned" Conservative Club-house—a singular and even barbarous process for cleaning stone, namely, by chipping away the surface. There is a colour which brick and stone acquires from age and the rough usage of the elements, and which is akin to the "bronzing" of the face from climate. To presume that this is "dirt" would surely be as much ignorance in the one case as in the other. Scouring—not flaying—would be the remedy, and any impartial judge would prefer the dark shadows and mellowness of the old state to the ghastly spick-and-span air of the new. There will be noted in the case of "White's," and "Brooks's," that graceful and old-fashioned style which the Brothers Adam introduced so largely into London, and gentlemen's seats in the country, and which consists in decorating plain surfaces with garlands and festoons, medallions, bands, and very flat pilasters, good specimens of which will be found in the Adelphi, Strand, and especially in the house of the Society of Arts. There is a certain grace in this mode, which almost seems suggested by that Grecian style of ladies' dress, which came into favour a little later, during the Empire: for here we have the festooning over the chest, the belt round the waist, the classical drooping folds in the waist, and the fillet round the hair. The suggestion from the too massive façade of the Devonshire Club is, that there must be enormous buildings behind, with vast halls, which do not exist, and which is quite opposed to the conception of a Club. The University Club front, near it, is very stiff, gaunt, monastic, and uninviting; cheerless from the attempt to give too much window space.

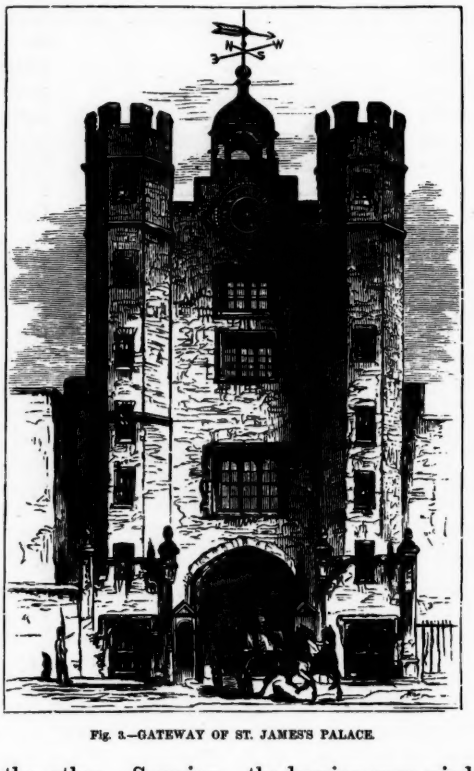


Fig. 2.—GATEWAY OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

After this glimpse up St. James's Street, we turn to that curious and elaborately decorated building next the gate of Marlborough House—the Beaconsfield Club-house (Fig. 1). It will be seen at once that it is too attenuated; but without noting other defects, two blemishes might furnish a sermon on the besetting sin of all architecture of our time. Over the doorway projects a semicircular cornice, sustained on the projected capitals of two pillars. As these furnished a sort of shelf beneath the drawing-room windows, they were fitted with a rail, and became a balcony. Thus the capital and cornice perform two functions—always a suggestion of feebleness. However, as by a sort of convention the porch generally supplies a balcony, it might be tolerated in this case; if the rail were not continued over the pillars the effect would be improved. The idea of a guest coming out to enjoy his cigar, and standing, *à la Stylites*, on the top of a pillar, with a railing in front of him, is a *bizarre* notion. And the doorway! It is an imposing semicircular archway; but it has been divided into segments, one to the left being the entrance,

the other forming the window of the smoking-room! But this may not be the architect's fault.

We pass on to the great Tory halls of the Carlton, with its costly and elaborate *façade* of yellow stone, set off with Aberdeen granite columns. Next to it rises the grander Reform Club, one of the most successful structures in London, owing, no doubt, to its being a close copy of a famous Italian palace. It would be a good exercise to study these two buildings, and our "artist in the streets," as he passes them, say twice a day, might work out for himself the problem how it is the one impresses with an air of majesty, exciting respect and even awe, much as if we were in the company of some wise statesman who speaks little but exacts respect; while the other leaves an idea of meretricious dandyism, and of something that is volatile. In the one case, there is a sense of unity and purpose; in the other, that of a collection and combination of objects. One is simple, and but little adorned, full of majestic shadows; the other all surface and apertures; and, though elaborately adorned, like a bride-cake, somehow has not the effect of decoration. Further observation will show to what these effects are owing. In the Reform Club, note that it is a wall surface pierced with windows; in the Carlton, the idea is of windows rather than wall. This gives the Carlton more an air of a glazed colonnade, whereas in the Reform the beautiful proportions of the windows must excite admiration. The noble cornice, too, seems to have a function, like eyebrows in the face, of sheltering and shielding. Then as to the granite columns in its companion, they have not the air of noble imperishable strength which an Aberdeen granite column should present, because each is made up of several pieces, which gives a weak dilapidated look. A column of polished granite, the hardest material known, should be of one piece, so as to get the full idea of its strength and value, otherwise any common stone would do as well. There is a waste of power. The granite, too, knows how to revenge itself for the fashion in which it has been treated; for as common stone combines with its fellow, and appears to become one mass, the granite on the other hand shows the joining by a perpetual, hard black line, and suggests the idea of dissolution. The colours, too, do not harmonise; the yellow background with the more faded yellow of the pillars. Indeed, the tone of this Aberdeen material, which now prevails so extensively, is not harmonious, and with age the rich reddish tone "flies," leaving a sort of poor yellow.



Fig. 4.—STATUE OF SIDNEY HERBERT.

A fault certainly in the Reform is the breadth of its flank, which seems to shorten the length, and impairs the sense of proportion. Many other matters bearing on the study of architecture could be suggested in these two buildings. We might compare, also, the *vis-à-vis*, the Junior Carlton, a large and pretentious building, with the Reform, and to the disadvantage of the former. Here there is size, an attempt at classical treatment and dignity; and yet for all this space and treatment, the result is a sense of poverty and flatness—insipid is, perhaps, the word. The length and height do not seem well proportioned. It is rather a decorated wall than a building: and we do not say, "What a grand whole!" It might be a bank, or barracks, or a hospital. It is certainly not a house. The same look or effect is evident in its neighbour, the Military Club, which, translated in its simplest expression, seems one huge roofed hall, so much emphasis is given to the one floor. The cornice, rich as it is, overloads the whole.

In Pall Mall we find a piece of Vandalism, which few pause to notice, or have ever noticed. All the world knows the row of buildings of all sizes and shapes which make up the War Office. Among them is a tall old Queen Anne's mansion, of brick (Fig. 5), with a quaint pediment, one wing, and gay with many windows. The other wing was demolished, and a decent modern thing set up. The maimed edifice is left standing, looking ridiculous, with an attempt to preserve its dignity. Anything so barbarous and stupid as this proceeding it is impossible to conceive; for the old mansion had historical traditions, and was a quaint ornament to the street—as rare as it was quaint. If the lost wing was dilapidated, it should have been rebuilt in the same style. The worthy who did this "job," may be classed with the sapient being who levelled Bacon's fine old mansion because he did not like the style, and erected what was more suitable to his taste.

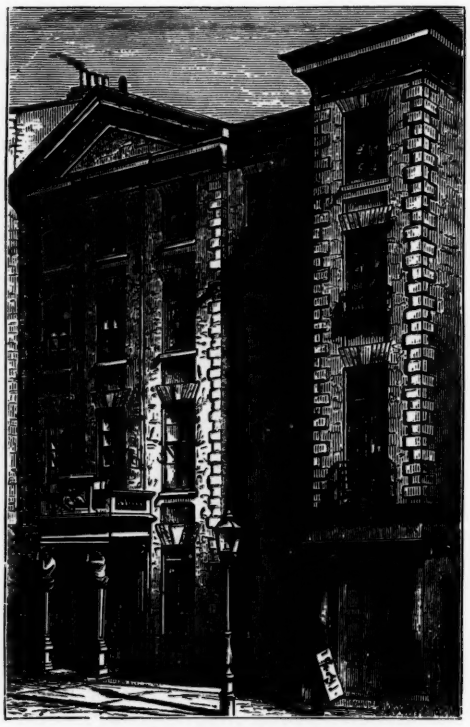


Fig. 5.—SCHOMBERG HOUSE.

It may be added—though to see it we have to fly from Pall Mall to Long Acre—that the most beautiful old brick house in London is a coachmaker's in Great Queen Street (Fig. 2), not very far from the Freemasons' Tavern. This piece of work is said to bear marks of Inigo Jones' design, and is in perfect order, with its rich cornice and capitals to its pilasters and sound old brick. How it has escaped so long is a mystery, but one trembles lest the coachmaker, by-and-by, should want increased loft accommodation. Such a house would be a worthy model for a modern structure.

But here, in Pall Mall, we come on what is sufficient to thrill with pleasure the artistic mind—Foley's statue of Sidney Herbert (Fig. 4); this will illustrate fairly what is to be gained by him who runs and would read as he runs. For a good statue, like a good human being, takes his part in aiding and comforting his fellows. A bad statue is like a churl, an annoyance to all that see him. Havelock and Napier, at Charing Cross, gallant men as they were, have, we may be sure, never excited a single emotion of curiosity, admiration, or liking in the crowds that pass. They might as well be any Colonel Smith or General Brown, though the names on the pedestals may cause emotion of some sort. In this case, indeed, a large placard or huge tablet set on high, with "Havelock" or "Napier," would be about as effective. But with a good statue, having sentiment, how different—how strong the effect! A stranger passing sees this figure of Sidney Herbert: the head drooped sadly or reflectively, the general air of heavy responsibility and thought. He is told that is the image of a war minister, conscientious, borne down by the weight of his office, of a man who was the soldiers' friend, and who was cut off prematurely. The stranger at once sees the statue answers to this description. No one, indeed, could ever pass this pensive figure without his attention or sympathy being roused, and few of artistic sense could pass it without being more or less refined, or being drawn to the man it represented. Such is the service a good statue does to the memory of the person it represents. In Dublin, on the contrary, a city which has many fine statues, there is one of Moore, so prosaic and gross that it is insensibly, though no one is conscious of the process, assailing his memory with all that is degrading. The judicious turn their eyes away and try to forget him and his statue altogether.

But here we are at Charing Cross. It may be fairly asked, have we not in so short a stroll started something to furnish food for speculation, and taken an "eyes and no eyes" walk?

PERCY FITZGERALD.

FRANCIS SNYDERS.

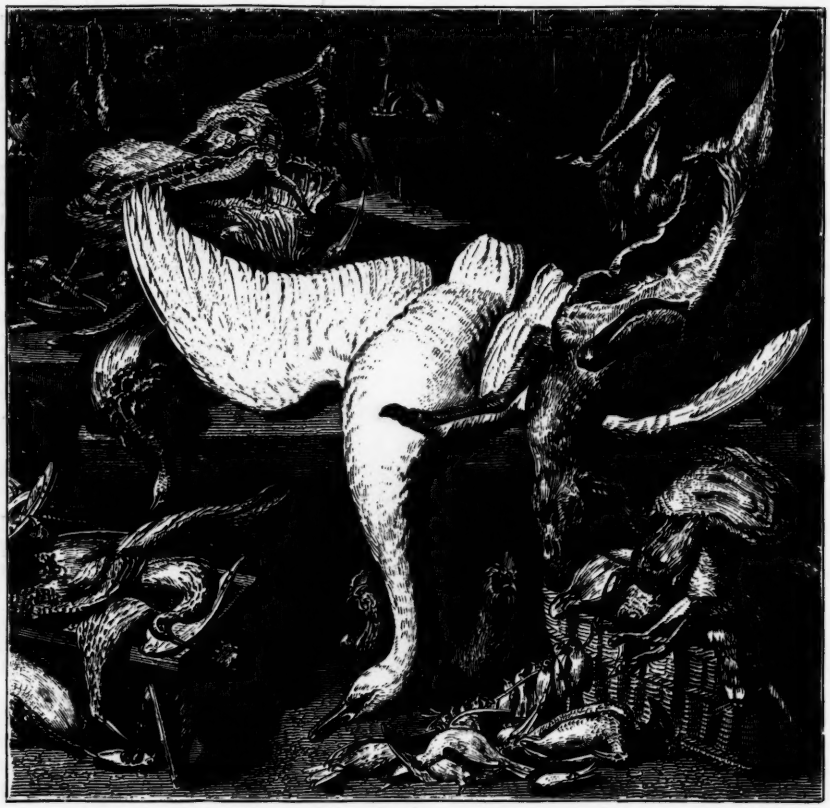
FRANCIS SNYDERS was born at Antwerp in 1579. He painted during the first half of the seventeenth century, and lived till the year 1657. Of his early life nothing has been said by his biographers. He studied the art of painting under Henry van Balen, and worked with and for the great Flemish painters of his time. The influence of the Italian masters of the sixteenth century had been felt throughout the German empire, Flanders, France, and Spain. This was a natural consequence of the wide extent of the dominions of Charles V., and of the wealth of many of his subject states. As the arts of the fifteenth century had been encouraged in the splendid court of the princes of Burgundy, so were those of the Renaissance. No states in Europe contained, in proportion to the space they occupied, so many wealthy cities, corporations, and religious establishments. Antwerp, a rich and important seaport, in the centre of a fertile and productive country, was the money-making centre of the commerce of northern Europe. Painters and sculptors, goldsmiths and metal-workers found constant employment in such a capital. It contained a school of painters, of whom we may name Peter Paul Rubens as the supreme master. Francis Snyders belonged to this school. He found frequent employment in the work-rooms of Rubens. Much of his vigorous handling he had, without doubt, acquired from that master. Rubens occasionally helped his pupil in his pictures, and executed more than one of the figures introduced into his paintings of dead game and other subjects studied in the market-place. Snyders seems to have shown from the first a singular power of painting animal and vegetable life, and to have taken heartily to subjects of this kind. In some respects he was unequal to the Flemish artists of his day, who treated the human figure in painting and sculpture with great ease and power, as may be seen even in the architectural decoration, church stalls, furniture and wood carving of that time. He either could not master the study of the human figure, or he had no aspiration for the higher subjects which attracted most of his contemporaries. The persons occasionally represented in his pictures were put in by friends; oftenest, perhaps, by Jordaens and Martin de Vos. Owing to his reputation as a painter of animals he was engaged by Philip III., who had seen one of his hunting pieces when making peace with the United Provinces, to decorate his palace of Buon Retiro in Spain.



F Sneyders 1632 F. Snyders inv

The truest record, however, of Snyders, is to be gathered from his works. He was above all things a student of nature, and worked when he could in the open air. If his canvases were often too large to be carried about, as they probably were, he must have been the most unwearied of sketchers. His most important works are his hunting pieces. Such paintings were popular with men of rank and wealth in his time, and from the excellence of his handling they are prized as masterpieces in ours. In his treatment of hunting subjects he stands alone. He represents the actual hunting of wild animals by dogs, or of one wild beast by another. Rubens occasionally painted a hunt, but his hunts are the exciting diversion of sportsmen, with riders, male and female, beaters, prickers, gamekeepers, horses and dogs, the brute members of which, possibly enough, he owed to his friend and pupil. But generally incidents of sporting life with which the rank and means of Rubens

made him well acquainted, are worked up into decorative compositions. The great landscape in the National Gallery in which he has painted his own *château* or country-house has such an incident in the foreground; a sportsman with his dog and gun is stalking a covey of partridges, the action of the man and the dog and birds showing how careful a student he also is only a decorative composition of figures, poor and tame when compared with the work of Snyders. Or he represents gentlemen and ladies starting on hawking or hunting parties, trim, neat, and well dressed; or sportsmen refreshing themselves after their labours at the tavern door, with tall glasses of Flanders beer—incidents common enough no doubt. These pictures



THE GAME-DEALER'S STALL.

(From a Painting by Snyders in the Brussels Museum.)

was of out-door nature, and with how great a facility he painted every sort of object, animal or vegetable, that came in his way. Other painters, Flemish and Dutch, devoted their talent to animal painting and to hunting compositions in proportion to their powers of treating horses, dogs, and the human figure. Wouvermann has left many such pictures behind him. In the National Gallery (975, Winn Ellis collection) a picture of Wouvermann represents hounds and huntsmen closing round a stag in a wooded landscape, in which the chase are well painted, and are decorative and agreeable compositions, with considerable sameness about most of them.

Snyders had no taste for dresses or proprieties, nor for such incidents as might equally well be illustrative of common country life. Nor would he have had much sympathy with those modern artists who represent the lunch, or the gipsy details of hunt and race meetings; still less the gallops of ladies and gentlemen in dresses of a by-gone time, adopted in order to add to the incidental



THE BOAR HUNT. *(From the Painting by Snyders.)*

splendour or romance of hunting. To the hunting-men of his day, that diversion was the excitement of a sort of passion, a mimic war, and Snyders seized upon the actual struggle for life and death as the main interest to which other incidents should be subordinate. The wood-cut (page 25) from one of his pictures represents a wild boar fiercely attacked by a pack of boar-hounds, but fighting hard to the last. Fire gleams in the eyes, and life and energy in every limb of the animals. The painter was familiar with the boar, which was hunted and occasionally brought to market from the forests of Flanders and Brabant. Another famous picture of his represents a lioness attacking a wild boar. What he knew of lions was what he could see in menageries at Antwerp and Brussels, or in the hunting-lodges of feudal princes, where wild beasts were kept for show, and for occasional baiting with dogs. There he could see such animals teased to fury, and fed when ravenous with hunger. To represent with truth this violent action, this ferocious excitement of brutes driven to desperation, is a test of the painter's power and knowledge, and few have ever made the attempt. He must have been often in at the death of dangerous game and observed them closely, not without considerable personal risk.

One cannot but remark in this class of his pictures a want—more properly a total disregard—of those rules of composition which had been so carefully observed by the generation of great painters and sculptors of Italy, the forefathers of the artists of Flanders and other countries exterior to themselves. These laws are of great importance in all decorative painting and sculpture: and decorative treatment was then the aim of painters, sculptors, and architects. Compositions of either kind should look harmonious, orderly, and complete when submitted to the eye from a distance, before their details can be examined. The larger the work the more serious will be the want of such a defined structural idea or figure, even when it can be no more than a proportional division of parts balanced with each other, as in architecture. When we come close we appreciate the beauty and excellence of numerous details that can only be guessed at from a distance; while the general harmony, though present, is no longer equally apparent. It is lost sight of, to be recovered again as we recede. This capacity of satisfying the judgment, whether a work of art be seen from far or near, makes up a great aspect of its perfection. It gives us endless contentment with the work of the Creator in the panorama of the natural world. The leading lines, divisions, and continuity of distant mountains and gullies; their connection with water-courses, valleys, and rivers, under cover of woods and trees, are lost when the traveller is close to them. These great arrangements are broken into endless variety of detail, which is then unfolded to the eye; beautiful, tender, and captivating, in proportion to the completeness and subtlety of shapes and colours that are then discernible. If laws of composition are so universally observed in nature, they cannot be less imperative for the painter, the sculptor, or the architect.

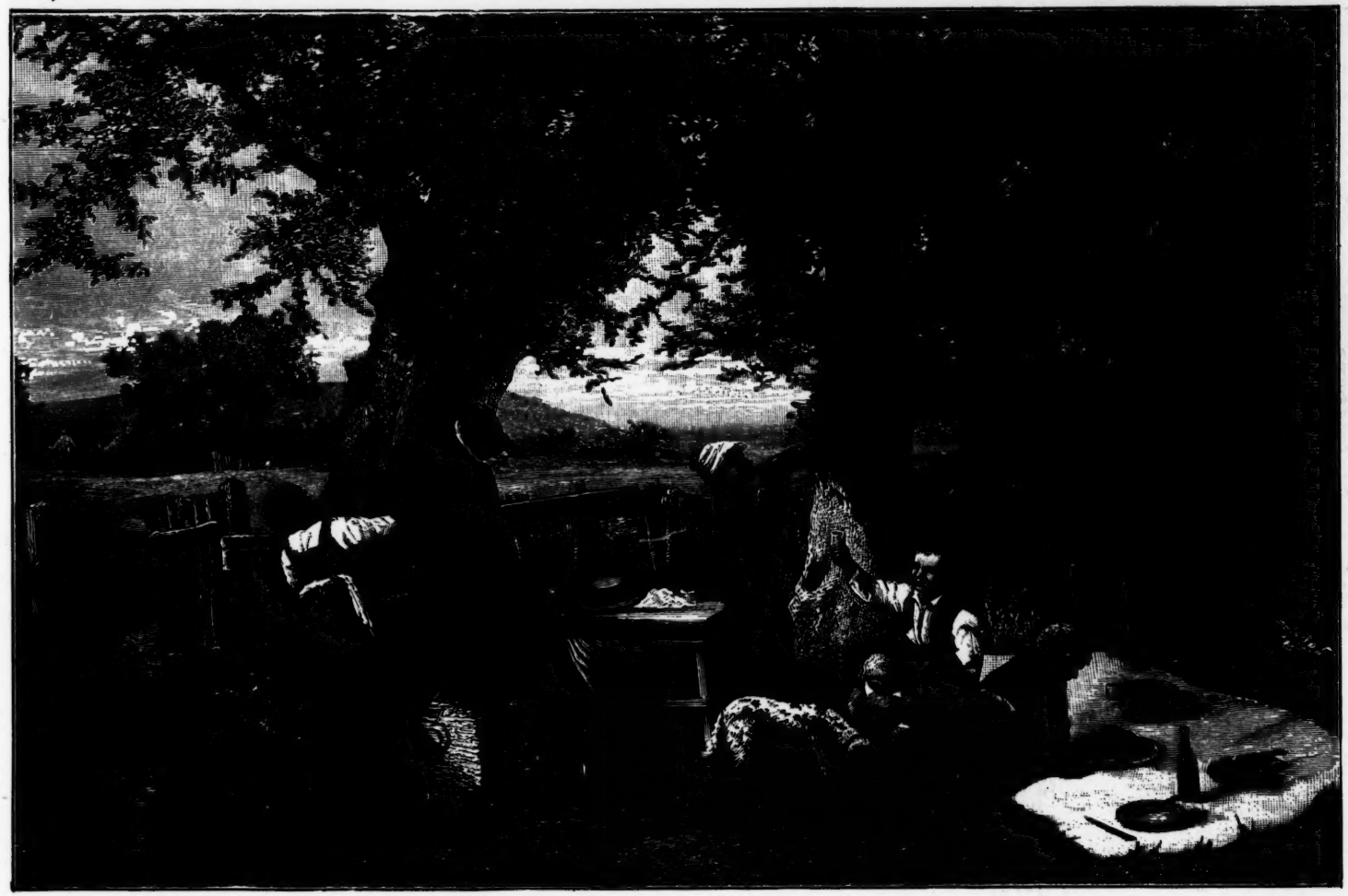
Such perfection was wanting, and such laws were not thought of by Snyders. His wild boars, his roebucks, his hounds are dashed on the canvas as he happened to see them, or as his hand happened to set them down, without any regard to the rest of the space over which his design was to run. The various parts of his pictures have often no balance with each other, nor is the chief object always in the middle of the canvas. But the animals are life-like, and all details studied straight from nature. As hunting-pictures, they are not probably as popular now as they were in the painter's day. Manners are changed. Modern hunting is more thought of as an invigorating ride with the spice of some moderate risk of accident, to the cry of the hounds and the notes of the horn. The savage onslaughts of Snyders are barbarous to modern eyes; but they were not so much opposed to the hunter's instinct of the seventeenth century. Hunting is sometimes a cruel sport, and in the Flemish forests, two centuries ago, it was often dangerous. With the advantage of reflection and experience, numbers and weapons, the sportsman hunts the beast that is too swift to be caught, or too fierce to be met single-handed. Snyders, with his vigorous courage, liked to grapple with the difficulties of his subject without affecting admiration for the courage, or compassion for the weakness of the victim, however harmless and beautiful a creature. In mimic as in real war natural instinct leads men to hunt out, break down, and destroy the creatures that oppose them; the greater the destruction the "finer the style" of such actions. Snyders chooses the culminating point—the supreme moment when the hounds are on the very haunches of the quarry, not forgetting the disembowelling of the dogs when the quarry is a boar. Subordinate details of soil or herbage, banks, bushes, heath, or brambles stand out like creations on his canvas.

Besides his living animals Snyders has left behind him a number of powerful paintings of dead game, butcher's meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables of all sorts. What he had not time to look for in the forest he could find ready to his hand in the city. The markets of Antwerp were well supplied. Beef and mutton, poultry and venison were sent to the butcher's stalls, and were painted by Snyders as they lay, with astonishing power and rapidity (see page 24). Fish from the ocean and the neighbouring estuaries—lobsters, oysters, crabs, salmon, pike, eels from ponds and moats deep with the mud of centuries—all were taken as they happened to come, and painted with delight. The more ungainly in shape, such as the turbot and skate; the more weird and rugged, such as the oyster and the lobster; the less "picturesque" and beautiful, the more he seems to have enjoyed mastering the creature before him. Though these paintings are without the pictorial effect, such as it is, and the dignity of his hunting pieces, many of them are among the most powerful and best executed of his works. If there is a want of "composition" in his more historical subjects, this fault is still more apparent in the class just described. Except a rough bench or table on which the dealer exposed his goods for sale, with the shaded space that naturally falls below it, there is scarcely any attempt at arrangement. The figures of a dealer or purchaser add little to the interest of any of these works as a whole. It is the detail of growth, colour, or texture in which the painter's strength lies.

Four admirable examples, all large and of one size, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, were exhibited this year (1879) in the Royal Academy. One represents a poultry stall, another a meat, a third a fish, and a fourth a vegetable stall. Most unfortunately one of these paintings has suffered serious injury in the recent fire at Clumber. It is to be regretted that no painting by Snyders is as yet included in the collections of the National Gallery. Seven of his pictures are in the Louvre, others at Madrid, Munich, Dresden, Florence; and a valuable collection in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. He is best known in this country by examples in private hands, and by numerous copies, so far as copies can illustrate a painter whose excellence lies not so much in his choice of subject as in the masterly handling of his detail. The few strokes of the brush firmly laid on, with which he brings up in relief of light and shadow broad masses or slight details—such as the outlines of animals, the legs and claws of shell-fish, the fluted lines of celery-stalks, stems of bushes or blades of grass, making them as if solid and tangible realities—can rarely be imitated; and scarcely now when firm, crisp, honest painting of such accessories seems, except to Mr. Millais and some few modern masters, a lost art. His colours are laid on broadly over his solid modelling, but always with great subtlety, and with nature before him. He never uses tricks of the brush to represent furs, bristles, plumage, mosses, or other surfaces which from their delicacy or subtlety require special care, patience, and observation. A fine portrait of him by Vandyck is preserved at Petworth House, Sussex.

If we compare Snyders with other painters of animals of his century—Hondekooter for instance, and Weenix, whose power lay rather in birds and poultry—we shall find their painting smoother, but not more finished. Many of their canvases were intended for covering defined spaces of wall. They are scenic, and well arranged for their purpose. Garden architecture, such as balustrades and vases, sky, landscape, and trees are brought into their compositions, and their animals are broadly and powerfully painted. The animal painters of Flanders and Holland—of the latter country especially—were consummate masters of the use of oil as a vehicle. Their colours were pure and very carefully ground. The delicacy, lightness, and transparency of their shadows, the solid painting of their light, the even completeness of fine lines of colour in single hairs, feathers, and other thin strokes of the brush, they owe in some measure to these well-prepared materials which add such finish and charm to their workmanship. In our times we have had painters gifted with singular powers of observing the habits, and with insight into the tempers and dispositions of animals, but who have been wanting in this power of actual painting, and in mastery of material. It is the business of the painter *to paint*, not merely to sketch cleverly, whatever the particular order of nature with which his sympathies may be most keen. He may choose commonplace, even unlovely subjects, and yet produce beautiful pictures. But however poetic or noble his conceptions, weak treatment or want of command of his brushes or his pigments will not be redeemed by a lofty ideal. There are noted pictures in the world, works of famous masters, which may show deficiencies in certain kinds of knowledge, but rarely in the skilful management of the materials in use during the painter's day.

J. H. P.



THE LITTLE ROBBERS. *(From a Painting by M. ten Kate.)*

"THE LITTLE ROBBERS."

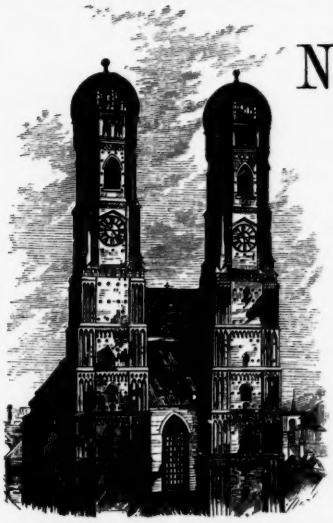
FROM A PAINTING BY M. TEN KATE.

DUTCH children are the most stolid little people to be met with among the races of Europe, though they are not without unlimited capacity for a certain silent but persistent curiosity which the wanderer among the boompjes of Rotterdam and on the dykes of the pearl-grey rivers and canals may find at times a little oppressive. But even Dutch infantile solemnity is not proof against the excitement of discovering a pic-nic dinner spread unguarded in the absence of its owners, as the sturdy young urchins of both sexes seem to have done in M. ten Kate's picture. The small marauders have lost no time in attacking the simple and substantial though no doubt sufficiently fascinating feast. A shady, homely garden is the site of the banquet; pastures stretch beyond in the sunshine; and in the distance rises a hill of unwonted height in Holland.

THE LITTLE ROBBERS. (From a Painting by M. ten Kate.)

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH.—I.

BY JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.



MUNICH CATHEDRAL.

NEITHER the great bronze statue of "Bavaria," in whose head half a dozen people can easily ensconce themselves, nor the Glyptothek, nor the Pinakotheks, old and new, nor the Hall of Fame, nor any of those palatial edifices which make the Bavarian capital a pilgrim's shrine to the artist, give any visible sign to the traveller that he is approaching a great city. These classic temples, in which are housed so much that is artistically precious, both of the sixteenth and of the nineteenth century Renaissance, are only discoverable when Munich itself is entered. There is one architectural feature, however, which rises commandingly above its fellows and impressively beckons to the traveller, and that is the cathedral, the Frauenkirche, the Notre Dame of Munich. Its twin-towers, lofty as the cross of St. Paul's, rise curiously gaunt, and in cloudy weather almost grim, like two great Californian tree-trunks which the lightning has left featureless and stark. They are a conspicuous landmark to the whole of that vast peat-bog, now, happily, all but reclaimed, which forms the central plain of Europe. The traveller descries them from afar, and knows that yet a little while and he will alight in the art-capital of Germany.

For nearly four hundred years have the Bavarian Alps beheld these towers. When they were crowned, Albert Dürer was in the prime of his manhood, the Fugger family, in neighbouring Augsburg, were fast becoming the Medici of Germany, and the Renaissance in Italy was in the full flush and glow of what seemed an ever-increasing vitality. The baldness of these towers bespeaks the decrepitude of Gothic art, and they give here and there a hint of another growth; it is because they stand, as it were, between two worlds, and embrace in their own existence almost the whole active career of Munich, that we have chosen them, rather than any of the modern edifices, for our initial illustration.

Externally, the building in which the magnificent collection of international art of which we are about to speak is housed has the appearance of a reduced and rather worn copy of the great London Exhibition of 1851. It is situated in a by-street in the "Gallery quarter" of the town, and, except its high ridge-and-furrow roof of the Sir Joseph Paxton order, there is nothing about it to attract the eye of the stranger. Nevertheless, it is 800 feet long by 160 broad. Internally, however, it is not without architectural pretensions, the oblong entrance-hall, and the great square vestibule on

which it opens, and which may serve at times as an official reception *salon*, are in the richest style of the Renaissance. The architect is Albert Schmidt, and he has been assisted by the first painters and decorators in Munich.

In the centre of the great vestibule is a triple-jetted fountain, enclosed with greenery, and further enriched at commanding points with marble sculptures, mainly by Italian chisels. In the coved ceiling are colossal golden medallions of the world's famous artists, and round the cornice runs in large characters, which, not without aid, I deciphered in this fashion: "Favourable fortune allows us to rejoice here between the old and the new. We look back upon our progress from time to time, and the past teaches us to look forward with confidence."

After passing through the entrance-hall, which, like the great square *salon* to which it acts as ante-chamber, is decorated with statuary, and, instead of pictures, with immense panels of tapestry after designs of Raphael, we find ourselves before a colossal bust of the present King of Bavaria, which, placed high amidst the greenery of the fountain already mentioned, has a very imposing effect. Besides life-sized portraits of Bismarck and Moltke, by Lenbach—there is, by the way, no reference to them in the catalogue—there are, among others, the following: an originally treated "Perseus and Andromeda," by G. Wertheimer, in which the hero frightens the monster by holding towards it the Gorgon's head; the mythic warrior Hagen contemplating the daughters of the Rhine bathing, by J. Schmid, of Vienna; a powerfully rendered "Temptation of St. Anthony," by an artist whose name I could not ascertain; the "Interview between Francis I. and Charles V. at Madrid," by A. Treidler, of Berlin; and Cromwell's daughter, Mrs. Claypole, persuading him to eschew the crown, towards which she holds out her hand deprecatingly, by J. Schrader, of Berlin.

The same variety of subject pervades the sculpture, and history and mythology are alike the object of the chisel. Notwithstanding the many fine Italian works in this portion of the exhibition, I cannot resist calling special attention to two sculpture groups by German artists, viz., R. Ohmann, of Berlin, and R. Diez, of Dresden. The former sends a very touching life-sized subject in plaster of a seated man holding across his knees his drowned son, while with uplifted arm he appeals to heaven against so bitter a deprivation. The other, also in plaster, is called "The Goose Stealer," and represents in a humorous way the difficulty with which a wandering piper retains possession of a couple of obstreperous geese which he has requisitioned. The group is life-sized, and modelled with admirable facility and knowledge.

According to the latest edition of the catalogue, the exhibits, including engravings and book illustrations, as well as drawings in black and white and architectural designs, number roundly about 2,050. The left half of the building is devoted to Germany, but the plastic works, which adorn the various halls and apartments throughout the whole extent of the building, are arranged without any regard to nationality. The opposite half of the building, —*i.e.*, to the right of the square architectural hall in the centre already described—contains the works of foreign countries, of which the *facile princeps* in importance is France, and the most insignificant—in numbers at least—is England.

The last-named we may dismiss at once in a few words. Alma-Tadema's life-sized nude figure of "The Sculptor's Model" occupies the place of honour in one of the smaller rooms, flanked on one side by Sir Frederick Leighton's telling portrait of "Captain Burton," and on the other by the "Robert Browning" of G. F. Watts; and a little farther on there is, by the same artist, an equally masterly portrait of "Philip Calderon, R.A." Alma-Tadema has also one of his little Roman gems representing two young people conversing on a stone seat by the sea; and Frederick Goodall, R.A., a small finished study of Moses being hid away in the bulrushes. Above this hangs the powerful portrait of "Mrs. Bischoffsheim," by J. E. Millais, R.A., and in another room the same artist's gold-medal picture of "The Rape of the Sabines," painted when he was a youth of seventeen. Sir Frederick Leighton's only figure subject is that of a very sweet "Mignon," in pale green robe and white dress, leaning pensively by a wall. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., is represented by the French soldier embracing, on his return from the wars, his wife, who, during his brief absence, has to his great delight brought him a baby, as his little daughter tells him by pointing to the cradle. Hubert Herkomer has in the water-colour department some forcible heads and other drawings; but, with the brilliant exceptions named, the British school, as a school, goes unrepresented.

When we turn to Germany our respect is at once called forth by the magnitude of the effort made by the artists of that country, and by

the really high level of excellence they have attained. It is true, there is nothing from the pencil of Piloty, the greatest German artist, perhaps, which the century has produced; and nothing but a portrait from his illustrious pupil, Makart, of Vienna, the prince of decorative colourists, and whose "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp" will, in all probability, be exhibited in London next season by the famous Munich house of Fleischmann. Still, there are many men of mark remaining, and some of them, without entering into detailed criticism, we will name as we walk through the various rooms.

I may as well here premise—reverting for a moment to the first personal pronoun—that there is no longer the difference there used to be between the schools of Düsseldorf, Berlin, and Munich. These places of study are interchangeable, and none but one familiar to expertness with the characteristics of the various art-centres of Germany would presume to say whether a picture is in this school or in that. Dusseldorf, thirty years ago, from the homeliness and lowliness of its subjects, was to art much what Charles Dickens was to literature; and Munich, from its high aims and chivalric themes, was the Sir Walter Scott. Düsseldorf had no King Lewis I. to live, when Crown Prince, on terms of intimacy with German artists in Rome, and inspire their pencils by his intelligent presence. There can be no doubt that this man was the creator of modern Munich, and that, by his keen discernment and boundless expenditure, he was able to gather round him a body of the most eminent artists, who combined with him in making it a centre of excellence By the genius of Piloty, who is still in his prime—for he was born here in 1826, and has been till the other day, a professor of the Royal Academy ever since he was twenty-three years of age—Munich remains the art-capital of Germany. For many years Piloty, indeed, has been the chief director of the Academy; but since my arrival in Munich he has resigned.

Works in *genre*, then, as well as in history—in landscape as well as in sea or cattle pieces, are painted in Munich as in Dusseldorf, or any other German city; and it must always be remembered that, Munich being the dominating school, the old lines of demarcation are untraceable, unless by experts. There is one other remark I would make, and it is this, that I was particularly struck with the assimilative power of Munich artists. Whether it is the sparkle of Fortuny, the strong impasto of Dupré, the sweet smooth surface of Bouguereau, or the masterly brushwork of their own Piloty, the Munich men seem capable of appropriating advantageously the peculiarities of almost any school or period.

Entering the German side of the exhibition, one of the first pictures of a serious kind which catches the eye is "Oliver Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament," by M. Adamo, of Munich, a worthy pupil of Piloty. The composition is good, full of likely movement and sober colour. The next is a life-sized figure of "Sisyphus" with a leopard's skin round his loins, pushing the everlasting rock laboriously up the mountain. The artist is W. Bader, of Darmstadt. His tone is low, and his drawing and modelling sound without savouring too much of the Academy. A little farther on is a fine landscape with some cattle on the sunny side of a hill, worthy of Troyon, by H. Baisch, of Munich. Another very pleasing cattle picture is that by G. Bauernfeind, also of Munich, in which is seen in the foreground of the busy market-place of Verona, a rude dray with a mother and baby picturesquely enthroned on it, being pulled by a couple of fine bullocks. The whole scene is full of animation and brightness.

As an example of battle-pictures—a kind of subject in which German pencils are not especially happy—"King William at Gravelotte" may be cited. The artist is G. Bleithen, whose manner is rough, and possesses a certain coarse effectiveness. The King is seated by a dead horse, and is in the act of receiving a report at the hands of Moltke, while Bismarck stands respectfully behind his master. All are in the full, wild glare of some burning houses. An artist who conveys very completely the noise, confusion, and storm-like swiftness of battle, is J. F. Brandt, of Munich. His surprise of a Tartar encampment at the foot of some rocky heights, with screaming women, and tents overturned, and his cavalry attack in a wood during the Thirty Years' War, are both of them finely imagined and spiritedly carried out. The Historical Hall, as it is called, at the far end of the German wing of the exhibition, has several large canvases illustrating the Franco-German War; but they are more topographical than pictorial, and, though there is no lack of imaginative episodes in some of them, they will be referred to by the future historian more for their archæology than their art. Two are by E. Hünten, of Düsseldorf, and represent—the one, the Grand Ducal Hesse division at a railway cutting, with the Crown Prince and his

staff watching the play of artillery on a distant village; the other, the repulse of the French Cuirassiers at Wörth. Their diagonal sweep down the face of the hill, and the deadly reception they receive at the hands of the Prussians, are vigorous and truth-like. Two others are by J. Adam, of Munich, and show respectively the French cavalry attired in light blue jackets and red trousers, mounted on grey horses, attacking at Sedan an infantry division of the Prussians, who stand out in their dark blue uniforms, an impenetrable wall, and the Duke of Bavaria's Army Corps at the assault of Orleans. There is plenty of life and motion in all these; but there is an inclination to blackness in the last-named, a fault to which more than one section of the Munich school run the risk of too frequently yielding. At one end of this large room hangs a colossal portrait of the German Emperor in full career on his bay war-charger, with Moltke in attendance, while shells hiss through the air; the companion portrait at the opposite end is that of the Crown Prince seated quietly on a red horse. The author of the first is W. Camphausen, of Dusseldorf; and the second, O. von Faber du Faur, of Munich. The last-named is an example of one taking successfully to art rather late in life. He was a cavalry officer, and retiring from the army, became one of Piloty's pupils, and is now deservedly a fashionable portrait painter. The largest canvas here, or in any other part of the building, perhaps—it is about 30 feet by 20—is by A. von Werner, of Berlin, and represents the proclamation of King William as Emperor in the great hall of Versailles. The picture was subscribed for by the various potentates of Germany, and by them presented to his Imperial Majesty. He, his son, and the chief personages of the new empire stand on the left side of the picture on a raised dais, and the rest of the great hall is crowded with the dark blue uniforms of the heads of the army. In spite of the clever management of the light from the large windows, and the breaking up of the great mass of blue by scattering here and there a white, and sometimes a red, uniform, the general impression of the picture is sombre rather than joyous.

When we turn from this picture to the one opposite, which is nearly on as large a canvas, we feel that we have turned our back upon state pageantry, imperial etiquette, and all the pomp and circumstance of victorious war, and are back in the realms of art and imagination. Now, although "The Arrival in the Underworld," by C. Papperitz, showing Charon's boat in the darkling Styx crowded with woe-begone humanity, can scarcely in one sense be called a relief to the eye, still it is in another, inasmuch as we feel that we are away from officially commissioned work, and are privileged to behold the spontaneous outcome of a purely artistic nature. The figures, chiefly those of semi-nude women, are rather more than life-size; and the variety given to their attitudes, which in every instance indicate poignant grief and despair—the foreshortening of limbs and the delineation of the human form generally, are all worthy of the Michael-Angelesque period of art. The threatening rocks, the eagle soaring in mid-air, the murky sky, the dark suicidal water, are all in grim keeping with the wailing women and children—the despairing crew—whom the fabled Charon has ferried across the fearful stream.

Turning to subjects of a simpler, gentler, and homelier kind, we would note the idyllic interest with which A. Braith, of Munich, has invested the boy looking dreamily down on the lake beneath him, while his goats rest quietly beside him on the rocky height, and the truthfulness of delineation with which A. Brendel has painted a sheep-stall in the higher regions of his native Weimar, or the peaceful impression which Dr. P. Burnitz by his fine landscape of "The Mill Valley near Frankfort," leaves on the mind of the beholder. For force in cattle delineation, by the way, H. Zügel perhaps bears away the palm. There is a fine luminous quality in L. Dill's "Venetian Fishers" as well as in his "Morning on the Venetian Lagoons;" and in "The First Roebuck" by A. Eberle, who is also of Munich, there is a happy directness not often found in works of *genre*. The little girl receiving her first lesson in spinning is daintily treated by A. Gabl; and his reverence playing the umpire in a dispute among Bavarian peasants who have been shooting with pegs at a target, is as truthful as it is serio-comic.

Our frontispiece is called "Geiz und Liebe" ("Avarice and Love"), and is from the pencil of L. Löfftz, one of the professors of painting in Munich. The picture, as a composition, fills the canvas fully and naturally, as was the manner of Giorgione and Titian. The grouping is excellent, and those composing it are admirably differentiated. This power of characterisation we regard as peculiarly belonging to the Munich school. Nothing could be finer than the head of the old man, who gloats over his golden pieces, or sweeter

A RESTING-PLACE.

(From the Painting by George H. Boughton, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879. By permission of Mr. Thomas H. Ismay.)

(See p. 84.)

than the face of his lovely daughter, as it sparkles up archly in the presence of her lover. Both colour and *chiaroscuro* are treated with a master's intelligence, and the picture may be regarded as a fair example of the capacity of the Munich school in *genre* of the higher kind. We are indebted to Mr. E. A. Fleischmann, of Munich, who has lent to the exhibition so many of his valuable pictures, for the privilege of being allowed to reduce "Avarice and Love" to black and white, and transfer it to our pages. Although the old man is avaricious, his avarice is dominated by a stronger passion—that of love for his daughter. The two have had a long chat about the young clerk before he entered; and her winning ways and sparkling eyes have made the old man relent. It is this delightful change that we see her telegraphing to her lover by means of the flower in her hand; and we feel, as we gaze on the picture, that all will end well, and that Avarice will own willing allegiance to Love. Let us wish the lovers happiness, and trust that their mutual confidence through life may always be as cordial as now.

"A RESTING-PLACE."

TO give an interest to the modern English life of the roads and streets is not altogether an easy matter. We are all familiar with the peasant of fictitious art; indeed, truth compels us to own that we are somewhat tired of him. On the other hand, many of the phases of contemporary agricultural life might hardly be supposed to bear reproduction in any emphatic or insistent manner. Nevertheless it is rather by sincerity than even by judicious selection or desirable omission that art must treat such phases, and render them both sympathetic and interesting. In "A Resting-Place" (page 33), Mr. Boughton has softened little or nothing, and yet his group of tired tramps is excessively poetical, with a far more intimate and real poetry than any facile idealisation of the facts could possibly have produced. The figure of the young "rough" to the left contains in type, character, and costume the most hazardous realism of the picture, but the elegance of hand with which Mr. Boughton draws even inelegant forms, without falsifying them, redeems the passage from so much as a hint of vulgarism. The women are far nobler in type, and are nobly treated. The perfectly unconscious and unaffected expression of melancholy and weariness is given with fine appreciation. In addition to this gravity of sentiment must be noted the graceful, firm, and scientific drawing of the forms, the charm of touch with which the vegetation is treated, and the tender beauty of the landscape passage, with its reticent suggestions of life and colour. This beautiful picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—III.

LAMBETH PALACE. By S. W. Kershaw, M.A.

IN continuation of the series of the "Treasure-Houses of Art," we now describe Lambeth Palace, illustrious as a building in which history, antiquity, and art have long been associated in varied and pleasing combination. The mansions of our land are deservedly famous; many of them were built by noted architects whose skill was supplemented by the aid of foreign workmen, who were chiefly introduced into England by Henry VIII. and his court. It is sufficient to mention Burleigh, Hatfield, Penshurst, Hever, Haddon, and others, as representative examples of such houses, which were further enriched with all the accessories of wood carvings, tapestry, and ancient decorative painting. These edifices, away from London, are in less danger of destruction or removal than are others in the heart almost of this great city, now remaining as a witness of much that is enduring in history, literature, and art. Such is Lambeth Palace, and by the kind permission of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait) we are enabled to give illustrations



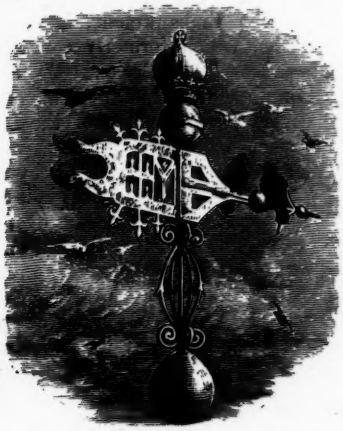
"GEIZ UND LIEBE" ("AVARICE AND LOVE").

(From the Painting by L. Löfftz, in the Munich International Art Exhibition of 1879. By permission of Mr. E. A. Fleischmann, of Munich.)

(See p. 24.)

of the distinctive features of this palace and its varied groups of buildings.

We seek for the early history of Lambeth in



VANE OVER LIBRARY.

the eleventh century, when the manor was given by Goda to the see of Rochester: the foundation of the present palace was laid by Archbishop Boniface about 1262.

From that period to the sixteenth century, some of its features have of necessity been altered, though the main portions of the building —the noble gateway, great hall (Juxon's), the chapel, and Lollards' Tower—outlive the varying fortunes of the day. Most of the Archbishops have been associated with the building or reconstruction of the palace. Archbishop Chichele erected the Lollards' Tower and rebuilt the great hall; Archbishop Stafford, about 1450, improved the building, but the fame of the beautiful entrance gateway rests with Cardinal Archbishop Morton, who erected the present, on the site of the ancient and earlier structure. Thus, the very additions and repairs to the palace, after so many hundred years of existence, cause a graceful and historical charm to be attached to all its parts. From the Thames, these portions are prominently seen: the hall (rebuilt by Archbishop Juxon, 1660), the gateway and Lollards' Tower, the mellowed brick of the one harmonising with the grey stonework of the other, thus forming a combination of much interest to the river scenery. Some parts of the building (since removed) would have added great interest to the present structure, as the cloisters, demolished about 1828, and the Water Tower, which tradition links with an ancient river-approach to this palace, when the silvery Thames was the great but silent highway of the world. History records this entrance to the palace, and representations in old prints further corroborate its existence. The Archbishops were accustomed to take their barge, which would carry them across to Westminster or London, for business or pleasure. This method of river transit is to be seen in old prints, and local names once and still existing, such as Horseferry Road, and Lambeth Stairs, point to the fact of a former entrance to the palace by water. We can almost picture, in those Tudor times, the approach of the royal barge, heralded by music, and Henry VIII. summoning his chaplain (as he was), Archbishop Cranmer, to attend him at Greenwich, or in later years we can recall the state visits of Queen Elizabeth to her Primates, Parker and Grindal. The river was then the great street of London, and from Westminster to the Tower the eye rested on a continuous line of houses or river palaces. Such was Lambeth in its mediæval glory, and the whole neighbourhood (then in the country) was very much the resort

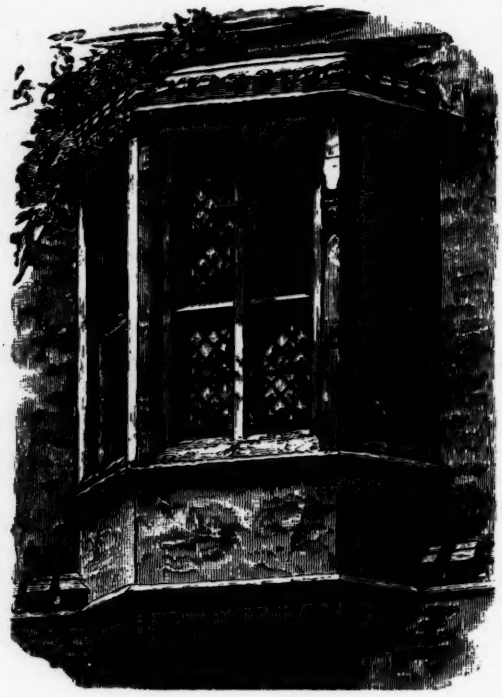


DOORWAY IN LIBRARY.

of the nobles of the Tudor court. The Civil War period made many an inroad on the palace. The chapel was turned into a stable for the

Parliamentary army, who attacked the building; the great hall was despoiled, and many other parts, which severely suffered at that time, were rebuilt after the Restoration (1660).

Then, the task of Archbishop Juxon in renewing the great hall (now library) was begun, and carved cornices and stone parapets, enriched with the ball flower or other ornament, bear his arms in memory of this grand work, afterwards completed by his successor, Archbishop Sheldon, in 1670. From that period to 1830 no important alterations were made, until the removal of the cloisters and the erection of the present dwelling apartments at the expense of Archbishop Howley. The latest work—the decoration of the chapel and the insertion of the stained-glass windows, from designs by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, at the instance of the present Archbishop—was completed in 1878. On entering the palace, we cannot but be struck with the imposing square towers of the battlemented gateway and their brickwork with stone dressings; the archway is pointed, and the roof beautifully groined. To Cardinal Morton the reconstruction is due, and with him we also associate other great ecclesiastical works in England. A fine chamber over this gateway is supposed to have been the chief or state apartment of that Archbishop, and we have only to notice the massive oaken roof and the doorway, so elaborately carved with the linen pattern, in order to establish the great importance of this room, the whole of which breathes the spirit of fifteenth century work. Outside this gateway tower and under the shelter of Lambeth Church, went forth, in 1688, Mary of Modena, as a fugitive, escaping for her life to the coast with her infant son, the Prince of Wales, the future "Pretender." The Queen afterwards arrived in safety at Gravesend.



ORIEL WINDOW OVERLOOKING COURTYARD.

Almost opposite to this gateway is the Lollards' Tower, one of the extreme portions of the palace, built of solid grey stone, by Archbishop Chichele. On the outer walls, and visible from the Embankment, is an elegant canopied niche, which formerly contained the figure of Thomas à Becket. The whole building is replete with historical memories, of which the most famous is that of the Lollards' prison, approached by a circular or newel staircase. The apartment, about 13 feet by 12, and 8 feet high, is entirely boarded over; iron rings are attached to the wainscot, and over the chimney-piece are various scratches, letters, and crosses, &c., supposed to have been written by the unfortunate persons confined here. That this tower was used as a prison both for ecclesiastical and political offenders is well known; here also the Earls of Essex, Southampton, and Lovelace the poet were, for a time, imprisoned. The view from the summit of the Lollards' Tower is indeed pleasing; the eye wanders over the distant buildings, massed and crowned by the great dome of St. Paul's, while the opposite Houses of Parliament, of graceful and elegant proportion, contrast forcibly with the ancient pile of Westminster Abbey.

In another direction, the river can be traced to Chelsea, while the outlying suburban houses, so thickly studded, are at length closed in by the Surrey Hills and the Crystal Palace. On leaving the tower, we descend into the large room which forms a sort of vestibule or chief entrance to the private chapel. The flat panelled ceiling of this room is ornamented at the intersections, with many grotesque forms, angels bearing shields of arms and scrolls. An arched doorway, surmounted by the heraldic bearings of Archbishop Laud, gives a special interest to this part of the palace. Probably

commenced by Archbishop Boniface in 1216, this chapel resembles in general features, and is contemporary with, the choir of the Temple Church.

The roof was originally vaulted with stone, but the vaulting having disappeared, a flat ceiling, panelled and ornamented, was put over it by Archbishop Laud. This has since been replaced by a sham vaulting in lath and plaster. The fifteenth century windows, said to have been fitted with glass by Cardinal Morton, and representing Biblical history, were repaired by Archbishop Laud, and this act was imputed to him as one of the charges at his trial. The very elaborately carved late Renaissance screen was also erected by that Primate, and escaping the havoc of the Civil War, still remains to tell its original story. The chapel was repaired and refitted under Archbishop Juxon, and more lately by the Primates Howley and Sumner. The present elegant glass has been lately (1878) inserted from the designs of Messrs. Clayton and Bell. The original subjects of Morton's time (the scriptural types and antitypes) have been retained in the east window, and the vaulting of the sacrarium has been painted in fresco with figures of the heavenly hierarchies. New glass has also been inserted in the side lancet windows, one of which is specially designed as a memorial to the Rev. Crauford Tait, only son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The chapel communicates with the ancient guard-room by a long portrait-gallery. The existence of a guard-chamber, or room for the storage of arms, was a common feature of every important mediæval house, and churchmen specially in those troublous and feudal days were obliged to have a staff of "men-at-arms" to protect their person as well as their property. The coats of mail, which once hung, have all disappeared, and have been replaced by a series of portraits of the Archbishops: these pictures we shall describe in our next paper. With the exception of the noble roof (part of the original building), the room has been considerably altered. A short staircase conducts us to the great hall (Juxon's), converted about 1830 for the reception of that ancient and very valuable library, which (by the liberality of the Primate) has been freely opened to the public for some years. This, the grandest room in the palace, owes its reconstruction after demolition during the Commonwealth period to Archbishop Juxon, who specially directed the roof to be a copy of the earlier structure of Chichele, and to this day it remains a marvel of architectural beauty, rivalled only by that of Westminster Hall, Eltham, and Hampton Court Palace. From the centre rises an elegant *louvre*, or lantern, carrying a weather vane; carvings and grotesques profusely surround both the roof pendants and arch vaulting; the ornamental work generally is of a late character, and exhibits the true spirit of the seventeenth century. A beautiful example of "classical" design which characterised that period, is the doorway at the south-east angle of the library. The pilasters, richly ornamented, bear above them a kind of tablet, on which is sculptured the armorial bearings of the Primate Juxon, two cherub figures, of good execution, supporting



PORTION OF CARVED SCREEN FROM PRIVATE CHAPEL.

on either side this heraldic device. The subject is replete with historical and artistic interest, which is heightened by the tradition that the work was designed by Inigo Jones.



GROTESQUE FROM LIBRARY.

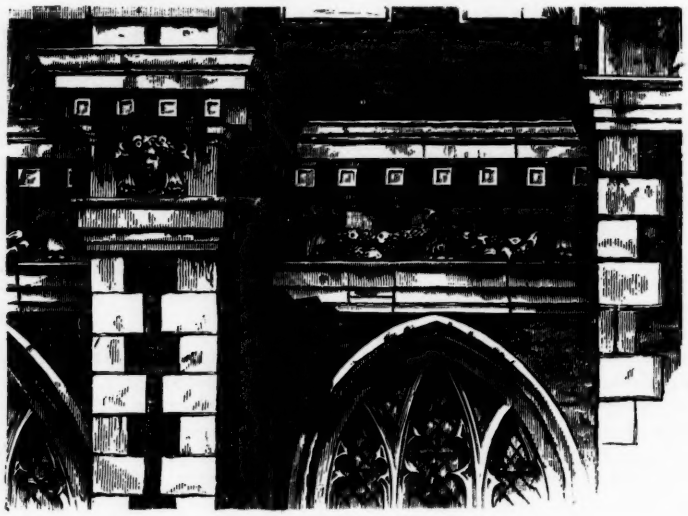
Opposite to this doorway is a large bay-window, containing various portions of ancient glass which escaped the spoliation of the palace during the Civil War. Here, along with the heraldic bearings of those Primates chiefly connected with the library, are portraits, designs, and other interesting subjects to be fully described in our next paper.

Throughout different portions of the palace many details of carving both in wood and stone can be noticed, which for variety and character are full of importance. The door leading to the large room over the gate-tower is carved with the well-known "linen" pattern; the inside of the *louvre*, or lantern, in the library is also enriched with grotesques; and in the chapel many small figure-subjects, adapted to scriptural treatment, are to be studied.

Both historically and scientifically, English wood-work has much interest for us, for its employment in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is a matter of history, and the grand timber roofs which adorn our buildings are a marvel in scientific construction. In England, more than in other lands, the details of wood-work can be easily studied; the vast forests which formerly existed having provided abundance of timber, and having in consequence led to its cheapness and greater use. The adaptation of wood to the more decorative uses of furniture developed a taste and feeling which, strengthened by the customs of the Middle Ages, became universal and marked. *(To be continued.)*



A CARVED BRACKET FROM LIBRARY.



CORNICE OUTSIDE LIBRARY.

SOME ANACHRONISMS OF ART.

By John Oldcastle.

THE dictionary says that an anachronism is "an error in computing time by placing an event earlier or later than it really happened," and it refers in illustration to Virgil's famous mention of Æneas and Dido as contemporaries. This word, however, like so many others, bears a wider significance than that attached to it by the technical lexicographer, and comprehends a thousand and one tricks played by Time with men and their reputations, as well as those myriad miscalculations about principles and things of which the present convicts the past, and will itself be convicted by the future. Nor shall we find anywhere more abundant illustrations of such anachronisms as these than in the history of artists and of art.

In the first place, by what a cruel anachronism have some master spirits been born before their time, toiling in a world that did not comprehend their greatness, and passing poverty-stricken into a grave that posterity holds to be ground consecrated and holy indeed. The old story of the bard, conveyed in the couplet,—

"Seven rival towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread,"—

is an old, old story of the studio too, and one that in each successive generation is repeated.

Cruel anachronisms, for instance, were those by which the works of David Cox, now held priceless, were rejected five-and-thirty years ago—when the artist's hand was at its firmest and best—from the Academy; and by which, only the other day, Charles Meryon, whom Seymour Haden describes as "one of the greatest artists on copper that the world has produced, and whose work, like that of every true genius, resembles in no one feature the work of any one else," had his etchings unnoticed and unrewarded in the Salon year by year, was disowned by his father (a London physician), and wandered about the "stony-hearted" streets of that old Paris which hardly afforded him a shelter, until, starved and mad, he died. The history of genius contains hosts of passages such as these, written in blood. Too literally, alas, might many an artist have paraphrased the lines of Wordsworth—

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

Happy, indeed, the poet or the artist who expects nothing. For it is rare to read of eminent men what has been stated of Sir Rowland Hill, how he was often heard to say in later life that in the days of his youth he had denounced all titles and pensions, little dreaming that he would ever be made a knight, with a grant of £20,000, and a pension of £2,000 a year. Far oftener does it happen that the heart of youth *does* hope for, and eats itself away in hoping for, glories which maturity never attains.

Those are anachronisms, too, by which artists sell works to-day for a tithe of what they will fetch on the morrow, whether that morrow be a month, or a year, or a century later. Of such ill-requited toil a number of instances was recently given in an article in this magazine, entitled, "Fortunes Lost and Won over Works of Art," and, if needful, many more might be adduced. Gainsborough, while he lived, could not find any purchaser who would pay £100 for "The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm," one of his favourite compositions, yet, after his death, 500 guineas were given for it by Lord Gainsborough, and had it not been since destroyed by fire, it would fetch 5,000 now. For Wilkie's "Village Politicians," Lord Mansfield thought thirty guineas "a large sum," while "The Blind Fiddler" was painted in fulfilment of a commission for £52 10s. Let either work be put into the market now, and the figure it will fetch will illustrate the anachronisms constantly perpetrated in the sale-room.

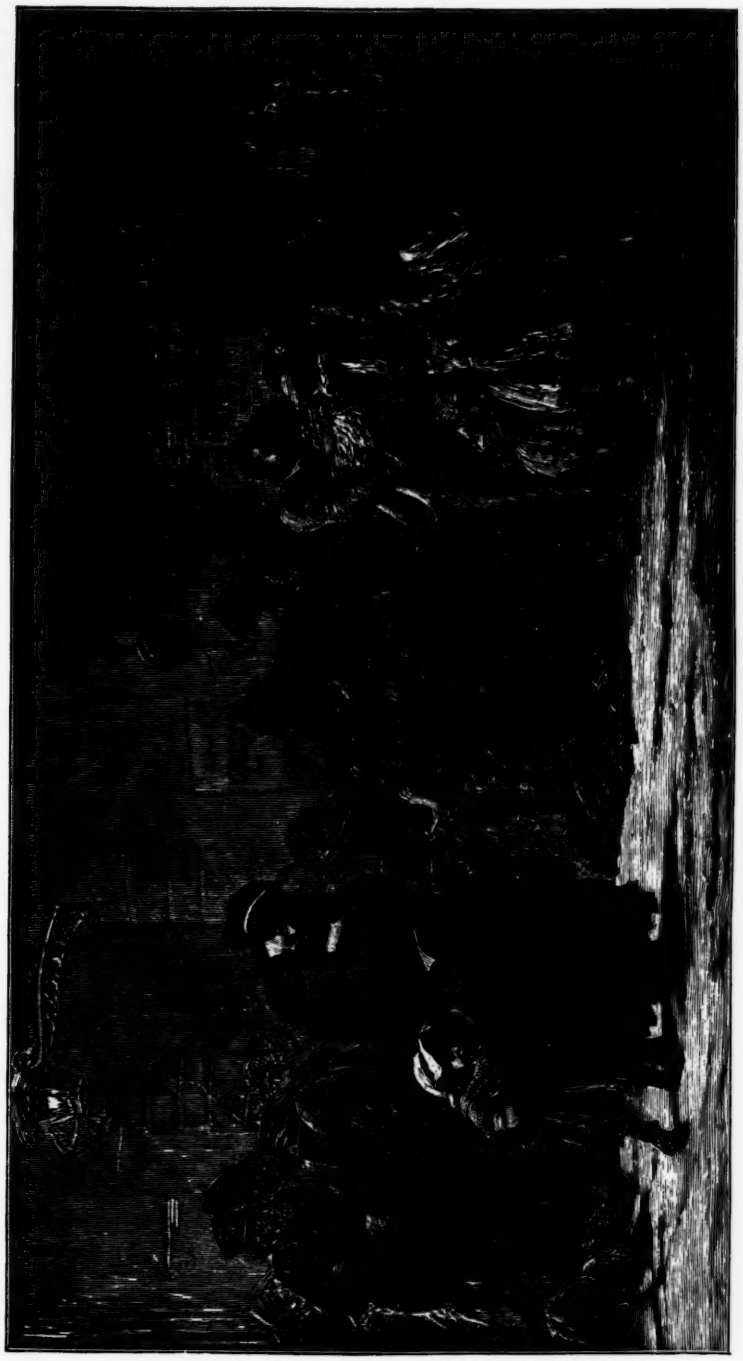
Coming to anachronisms which are to be found on the canvases themselves, we find them in the works of almost every artist of every age. The aged Simeon has been painted with spectacles at the Circumcision; Tintoretto, in his picture of the children of Israel gathering manna, takes the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns; in a representation of Abraham offering up his son, the patriarch, instead of stretching forth his hand and taking his knife, holds to Isaac's head a blunderbuss; in Verrio's picture of Christ healing the sick, the lookers-on wear periwigs; the angel who expelled Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden is drawn by Dürer in a fashionable dress with flounces; and the same hand has depicted, in the scene of Peter denying Christ, a Roman soldier smoking his pipe; Rebecca has been represented at the well, with

Grecian architecture for a background. One painter has shown us *red* lobsters before, not after, they were boiled, listening to the preaching of the gentle Anthony of Padua; and Benjamin West exhibited in the Academy of 1812, a picture entitled "Saul before Samuel and the Prophets, an Historical Landscape," about which I find, in a contemporary journal, the following guarded declaration:—"The critic who should descend to minutiæ, would object against the introduction of the king's horse, that Solomon, long after Saul, was the first king of Israel who used a horse."

Before leaving the subject of religious pictures, it is well to observe that much mistaken criticism has been lavished on the old masters, for introducing personages belonging to widely different epochs into a single group. The fact is, however, that the habit of doing so denotes a very high theory of art as something which is in its noblest moments visionary rather than illustrative or realistic. Besides, a very clear distinction is made, in the religious art of the great painters, between *events* and *mysteries*, the same scene being treated, in different works, by the same master, as the one or the other, and nothing is more interesting to the student of mediæval art and thought than the division of historical from mystical compositions. Hardly one of the fathers of art has failed to leave distinctive and typical examples of both methods, though, as might be expected, a Perugino inclines to the mystical, and a Domenichino to the historical. The Crucifixion, for instance, is treated in both methods. When it is an event—bound by the unities of place and time—no anachronisms are introduced save such as must be attributed to the *naïveté*, ignorance, or disregard of local colour which has distinguished every age but ours; the two thieves are represented, and the group at the foot of the cross comprises only the persons who were present at the actual scene. When it is treated as a mystery, place and time cease to control the painter's imagination. Saints from far distant countries and other ages are introduced as witnesses of what they have so often contemplated by faith. St. Jerome in his ecclesiastical vestments and St. Sebastian transfixed with his arrows stand by the cross in a lovely Perugino at Rome; and St. Dominic is in Fra Angelico's great Crucifixion at St. Mark's, Florence.

In secular, as often as in religious subjects, whether by modern men or by old masters, anachronisms may be found. Every one knows the saying about the season for oysters, that they are only eaten when there is an *r* in the name of the month; yet Wilkie delineates "the succulent bivalve" in his "Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo" in June. Then there is a very typical story told about Dubufe's well-known paintings of Adam and Eve, and a remark made thereon by Mr. McNab, a curator of the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens, who was taken to see them, and asked for his opinion. "I think very little of them," said the great gardener. "Why, man, Eve's temptin' Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago." Our own living limners are not above availing themselves of some license in these matters. An instance or two may be taken at random. Mr. Birdwood, writing to the *Athenæum*, àpropos of the Academy exhibition of 1877, complains that in "The Egyptian Feast," Mr. Long, A.R.A., has introduced both the plantain and the aloe. Artists, he says, are always introducing the aloe and cactus and maize into their pictures of the ancient life of the Old World, though they were all three natives of the New World, and were unknown in the countries of the Mediterranean Sea before the discovery of America. Nor was the plantain probably known in Egypt before the Saracens introduced it, together with the orange and lemon, from India, between the seventh and twelfth centuries, and it is scarcely possible that it could have become naturalised in the Lower Nile Valley at the date of Mr. Long's picture. Then we are given nearly every year pictures of classical life into which oranges are introduced by a curious carelessness which contrasts with the learned accuracy displayed, for instance, by Mr. Watts, R.A., in the exhibition already referred to, where one of his works represented the dove from the ark resting on the broken ivy-clad trunk of an elm tree. It is the British elm and the British ivy, but both plants are also natives of Western Asia. And finally, those are anachronisms, to name no more, by which even Alma-Tadema, R.A., and other skilful painters, give us modern women, with Northern hair and eyes, in antique dress.

Whether anachronisms will be so common in the canvases of the future as they have been in the canvases of the past, may well be open to doubt. Science and criticism will be the flail and fan to all those incongruities which are the results of ignorance, and which offend sense and sensibility; while leaving liberty and teaching forbearance for those which answer the noble purposes of idealisation.



THE CASUALS.

(By Luke Fildes, A.R.A. From the Painting exhibited in 1874 at the Royal Academy. By permission of Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Aston Rowant.)

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—IV.

LAMBETH PALACE (*continued*). By S. W. Kershaw, M.A.

UNDER the friendly roof of the Archbishops of Canterbury many eminent persons and men of letters found shelter during the troublous times of evil and persecution in the Middle Ages, and there is no doubt that the collection of MSS. and objects of art in this ancient palace was largely increased by their grateful contributions.

We read of the early Reformers, Martyr and Bucer, finding here a safe retreat, and of the learned Bishop of Spalatro being entertained by Archbishop Abbot.

To the Primate, Matthew Parker, the palm of generosity must be awarded, for history relates that the engraver Hogenberg, several portrait-painters, John Daye, the illustrious printer, and others were employed in his service, and a rare work, brought out under the auspices of this Archbishop, was printed at Lambeth in 1572. This contains an early, if not unique likeness of that Primate by Hogenberg, in 1573. The grand series of oil portraits of the Archbishops hung in the Guard-chamber (now great dining-room) are of world-wide interest—showing an unbroken series of the representatives of the See of Canterbury for nearly four centuries.

It is much to be regretted that the Archbishops before the Reformation are scantily represented, but from that time to the present a succession of portraits is to be found which, in relation to the Church and history, cannot be rivalled in any of the more noted art-collections of Europe. Of Archbishop Chichele (1414–43), illustrious as a statesman, a patron of art and architecture, and the founder of All Souls', Oxford, an interesting painting on panel exists, and a counterpart on stained glass is in the large window of the library. We regret to find no portrait of Archbishop Morton, who, eminent as having built the gate-tower of this palace, and associated with the erection of some fine churches, was no less famed as a statesman and politician.

Chief in excellence is the portrait of the Primate Warham, an original (which we engrave on page 45), copies of which are at Lambeth, the Louvre, etc. Report pronounces it to have been one of the first portraits of importance painted by Holbein in England, and was probably acquired by his patron, Sir Thomas More.

There are portraits of the Primates Cranmer, Grindal, Whitgift, and Bancroft, though we cannot verify the artists. All are interesting, as they could not fail to be, of men who lived in such eventful times. Of Archbishop Cranmer there are portraits by English and foreign artists—also in the National Portrait Gallery, and at Jesus College, Cambridge. Of Archbishop Abbot, who founded the hospital of that name at Guildford, who attended James I. in his last illness, and took part in the coronation of Charles I., a portrait exists, remarkable for rich colouring and form of expression.

By Vandyke is a portrait of the Primate Laud, a picture of world-known interest. To this belongs a story which the Archbishop considered ominous, like other incidents in his life. "In 1640," he says, "in my study hung my picture taken from the life, and coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall." Archbishop Sheldon, famous as founding the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, and liberally assisting in the re-building of St. Paul's, is represented here in a portrait (a copy); there is another at Oxford. Of his successor, Sancroft, one of the "seven Bishops committed to the Tower," there is an oil painting, and a small crayon drawing on vellum. By Kneller we have Tillotson, and Tenison by Dubois, both Primates of known ability in the ecclesiastical world; another portrait of Archbishop Tillotson hangs in Clare College, Cambridge. Tenison is associated with many events in history; as Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields he attended Nell Gwynne in her dying moments, and as Archbishop of Canterbury was present at the death-bed of Mary, wife of William III.; the Grammar-school in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was founded by him. By Hogarth is Archbishop Herring, who was Primate from 1747–57.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds is the portrait of Archbishop Secker. This work shows his too

common employment of some pigment, by which a most pallid hue was imparted to the complexion. By Romney is a striking likeness of Archbishop Moore, a face of intellectual vigour and handsome features.

Sir Martin Arthur Shee, a former President of the Royal Academy, painted the portrait of Dr. Howley, Primate from 1828–48, and who assisted at the coronation of our Queen. By G. Richmond, R.A., are portraits of Archbishops Sumner and Longley, the later occupants of the See; and of Archbishop Tait is one by J. Sant, R.A., hung, for want of room, in the private apartments. Another of Archbishop Tait, painted by Sydney Hodges, placed in the Bishop of London's Palace at Fulham, is more commanding.

There are several *copies* in this famous picture gallery, and the most noted of them is that of Cardinal Pole, from the original in the Barberini Palace, Rome. Cardinal Pole lived only for a short time in England, and it is said Queen Mary, who was his first cousin, had "Lambeth House" entirely fitted up for his reception. He died only a few hours after the queen. Archbishop Juxon's portrait (from the original at Longleat) is somewhat similar in appearance to that of Laud. Of Thomas Arundel, Archbishop (1396—1414), the original is at Penshurst among the other historical pictures of that noble collection. Archbishop Arundel was one of the constables of Queenboro' Castle, in the Isle of Sheppey, in the days when ecclesiastical and temporal dignity went hand in hand.

The long gallery adjoining the "Guard-room" contains portraits of much interest, though not so technically famous as those already described. Here are to be observed divines, statesmen, and *literati*, of whom we may distinguish, for historical and artistic prominence, the following:—Archbishops Tillotson, Abbot, Wake, Herring, and Potter, Bishop Lloyd, of Worcester (one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower), Bishop Fox, of Winchester (author of the "Book of Martyrs"), Martin Luther, which is on panel, a Duchess of Devonshire (painter unknown), and many others, interspersed with engraved copies.

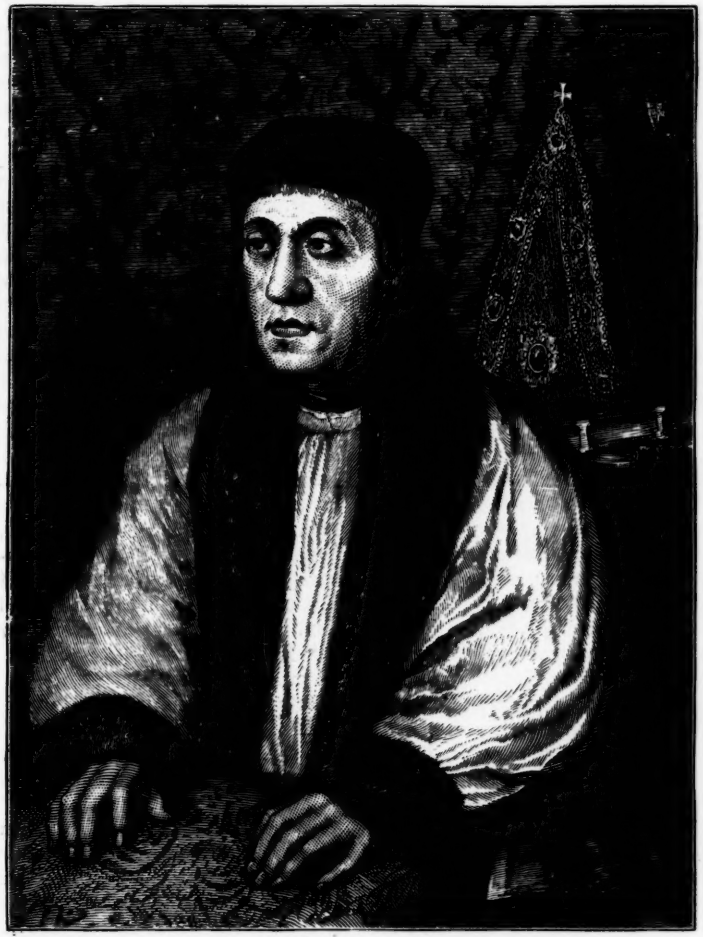
A few interesting landscapes and *replicas* from the old Masters complete this series. Among them we find a picture of the "Money Changers," two views in oil of Lambeth Palace by an unknown artist (1750), and Hollar's famous map of London, engraved in 1647, showing St. Paul's and the picturesquely grouped houses on old London Bridge. In the adjoining corridor is an oil painting of Canterbury Cathedral, presented to Archbishop Herring, and formerly belonging to the palace at Croydon. There are other pictures in the private apartments: "The Four Doctors of the Latin Church"—a fine work, probably a copy after the Flemish school; a full-length figure of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I.; and also one of Charles I., attributed to Vandyke. In the vestry is an elaborately carved chest, used for vestments; this served in all probability in olden times as a linen-chest.

These chests or coffers were carved with much beauty, and were treasured as heirlooms; among the Italians the name of "Cassoni" is given them, and in lieu of carving, all that was picturesque in early decoration was painted on the panels, frequently by great artists, for the noble families of Venice, Florence, and Genoa.

The illuminated MSS. and illustrated printed books are both various and excellent, and we can only describe the most characteristic of them. The earliest MS. (illuminated) is that known as the "Gospels of Mac Durnan" (ninth century), displaying the beauty and intricacies of Irish art in all its forms. Ornamentation of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS. is known to all art students through Professor Westwood's work and Sir Digby Wyatt's exhaustive treatise. The Lambeth "Mac Durnan" has all the prominent features of Irish art—the beautiful scroll and interlacing patterns, and the figures of the four Evangelists, the faces being somewhat after the Byzantine type. The traveller in Ireland or the west of Scotland will recall the wayside crosses—those of Iona being famous for their ornamentation—a counterpart to the designs of the Irish school of illumination.

Anglo-Saxon art, that interesting memorial of the times of the Norman Conquest, is exemplified in the Bayeux tapestry, preserved in the museum of that town. We know that in those early ages ladies employed themselves at home in needlework, which generally illustrated the daring exploits of their husbands. The illuminator of the Anglo-Saxon MSS. had his employment, though the examples are few and far between. Lambeth library possesses a drawing (in outline) of an abbess and her attendants receiving a copy of a treatise of Bishop Aldhelm. The drawing, valuable for the costume of the period, has been engraved by Strutt in his "Dress and Habits of the People of England." All who have visited the British Museum, and examined the "show cases" in the MS. department, will have

wondered at the choice examples produced by the skill of the artist and illuminator, and will have known that this long and patient work was chiefly accomplished in the monasteries of England and the continent. St. Albans, Tewkesbury, St. Edmunds Bury, Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, and several others, had their regular staff of persons employed in the writing and ornamentation of MSS. The outline of an initial letter is of itself an elegant design, and when aided by colour would reveal the glories of the miniaturist's skill. According to the period, the design of the letter embodied the passing spirit of the time, in the early ages somewhat formal, but full of meaning, while in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries possessing all the variety which could be found. Flowers and foliage, both natural and conventional, formed the enrichments of an initial letter, which, spreading over half the page, or combined with the border, made a graceful framework to the mediæval picture. Miniature paintings, often adapted from the schools of the Netherlands, were frequent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and landscape backgrounds took the place of the burnished gold or earlier mosaic treatment. Every species of ornament found its way into the illuminated pages, which, through successive periods, are an excellent study for the artist



ARCHBISHOP WARHAM.

(From a Painting by Holbein in the Guard-chamber at Lambeth Palace.)

in design, affording many ideas for painting on china, for crewel work, or other material.

The service books of the Romish Church were richly embellished with sacred and legendary subjects, specially exemplified in the Missal or mass book, and the Breviary. "Books of Hours," often produced for royalty, had the most sumptuous art lavished on their pages; the office of illuminator being mentioned in early writings as a distinct and honourable post. In those days, before printing, pictures had a speech and meaning, and clasped and jewel-embossed volumes, replete with miniatures, formed the companion of the wealthy and learned, and were the reverential instructors of the less educated classes.

Lambeth library possesses several rare and artistic books; among them an Apocalypse of the end of the thirteenth century, ornamented with some seventy paintings from the story of the Revelation of St. John. Some of the paintings recall the figures of Fra Angelico, and the brilliant colouring, heightened by backgrounds of burnished gold or ultramarine, enhances the rare beauty of the volume.

The Psalter, or Book of Psalms, was choicely illuminated, as seen here, in fine examples; one, of the fourteenth century, is very remarkable, some of the letters displaying grotesques, figures playing on musical instruments, and other forms in endless variety. The principal painting is the design of the "Jesse Tree," often introduced in stained glass, and in this MS. having no less than fourteen small medallion pictures. The "Jesse Tree" has for a long time formed one of the principal subjects for the illuminator, and is sometimes adapted to secular work. As one of the recognised types of sacred art, it was also introduced into *printed* books long after it had been painted on vellum by the artist's hand. We have seen it applied to the modern decoration of wall spaces in a château in France, by the skilful interpretation of some legend converting the Scriptural design into its mediæval transcripts, taken from secular forms. Chronicles and legends, the favourite theme of the monkish writer and illuminator, are exemplified at Lambeth in an illuminated MS. known as the "St. Albans Chronicle" (fifteenth century), probably painted and written in the famous abbey of St. Albans. History and fiction blend their story both in the text and the picture: we have the fabled representations of King Arthur; the truthful pictures of the murder of Thomas à Becket; the citizens of Calais surrendering themselves to Queen Philippa; and the signing of several treaties. Architecture, landscape, and costume are all portrayed with much precision. There is, however, a Flemish expression in the faces which indicates that an illuminator or artist of that school was employed on the figure subjects. The Scriptures also formed a fertile subject for the illuminator; and even when printing superseded the work of the copyist, wood-cut illustrations from the pencil of such men as Holbein, Dürer, Beham, and others enriched title-page, border, and text.

We cannot, however, omit mention of a beautiful twelfth century MS. version of the Old Testament, an example of Rhenish art. Some of the initial letters, five or six inches in length, are filled with figures illustrating Bible history. "The Tree of Jesse" occurs in this MS.—medallions which contain figures of the prophets with their attributes, forming the supposed branches of the tree, the stem of which is represented by the figure of the Virgin. This fine allegorical subject occupies the entire page. The art of colouring printed books is shown in several of the Lambeth "treasures," specially in the unique "Book of Private Prayers" belonging to Queen Elizabeth, and printed by John Daye in 1572. Here the border designs are most numerous, exhibiting Tudor ornament, as the portcullis, the bear and ragged staff, the rose and *fleur-de-lis*. This book was given by Queen Anne to Archbishop Tillotson, and by him presented to the collection. A companion volume in artistic interest is "La Danse Macabre," or the realistic and solemn story of "The Dance of Death," told in rhymed verse, with coloured illustrations, printed at Paris, at the end of the fifteenth century. The subject is said to have been first portrayed in the sculptured work of the Church of the Innocents at Paris, and later in the churchyard of the Dominican convent at Basle. Visitors to the Campo Santo at Pisa will recall a similar painting by Andrea Orcagna in the cloisters of that place. The realistic spirit introduced by Holbein and others in England found its outcome in such representations of this moral picture, which existed in some part of old St. Paul's, and in portions of the Archiepiscopal palace at Croydon. As revealing the common religious idea of the age, it is not surprising to find this subject in tapestry, ancient glass, or other adornment of ecclesiastical and domestic work.

In Lambeth there are many objects which, under the general heading of "curiosities," claim certain artistic excellence. Such are the seals attached to some old charters, the

bindings of several works, enriched by gold and silver thread, the excellent designs of mediæval book-clasps, books of maps (hand-coloured), and engraved portraits. Early maps, the outcome of that spirit of discovery and enterprise under the "Tudor seamen," are a most interesting study, as they usually contained devices, views of cities, costume, and other details which help to explain the history of the day. The celebrated series known as "Saxton's Maps" is preserved at Lambeth, and contains a coloured frontispiece, with a full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth. Christopher Saxton, who lived about 1580, compiled the first maps of England and Wales; he was assisted in this work by Hogenberg, the engraver, and others. Many such interesting maps and views will be found in the Crace collection (now being exhibited) at South Kensington. The well-known engravers, Faithorne and Hollar, carried on this work, and the large view of London by Hollar in 1647, which has been often copied, exists in the Lambeth picture gallery.

Early portraits on glass, in missals, wood-cut books, and in tapestry are curiously valuable as the forerunners of engraving on copper and other material. The missal painters often introduced likenesses of their patrons in the ornamental portions of the MS., and one at Lambeth, called "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," recalls this fashion. The painting represents the author of the MS. presenting a copy of his work to Edward IV., his queen, and Prince Edward, afterwards Edward V. The scene has been engraved, and the figure of



THE LOLLARDS' TOWER, LAMBETH PALACE.

Edward V. is supposed to be the only drawing extant of that prince. Portraits were abundant in early printed chronicles—the heads were occasionally from life—and costume is much introduced. Of this "The Nuremberg Chronicle," printed in 1493, the wood-cuts engraved by Pleydenwurff, the master of Albert Dürer, deserves attention.

The study of early portraiture is too vast a subject for this paper, and we can only suggest to the student a search into such works which exist in this, as in all great collections—viz., chronicles, rare Bibles, and histories. The old glass, once in the cloisters and now removed to the great window in the north bay of the library, contains a portrait of Archbishop Chichele, also of the four Latin Doctors—besides armorial bearings of the Primates from Archbishops Parker to Howley in 1848. Prominent among these are the arms of England and Spain, introduced, as tradition says, by Cardinal Pole in compliment to the match between Mary of England and Philip of Spain. There is also a singular device on glass of a globe with a serpent entwined round it, having a dove perched on the head, and bearing Cardinal Pole's motto, "Wise as serpents, harmless as doves." The arts of the Middle Ages, whether metal-work, ivory-carving, stained glass, or other medium, had one common excellence of design, produced in a great measure by unison of mind and heart of the workmen in an age when machinery could not force on the public its feeble imitations.

Bookbinding, in association with much elegant design, is fully illustrated by several examples at Lambeth. The richest ornament was lavished on binding, and the use of precious stones, gilding of leather, stamping-in devices were some of the ordinary methods employed. Indeed, such was the excellence of the art, that we read of Holbein occasionally designing for book-covers, of Catherine de Medici having a staff of binders attached to her court, and of literary men in the Middle Ages whose employment was to supply emblems and devices for binding. The armorial bearings on most of the choice bindings are an interesting clue to their ownership—or association with the library. The royal arms of Queen Elizabeth, James and Charles I., Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and others appear on many an elegantly bound volume, and point to a connection in the history of the collection. A sumptuous example of binding in velvet is a work produced at the expense of Archbishop Laud, whose arms, surrounded by richly silver-chased bosses, are on the outside cover. The bindings of stamped leather with Scriptural scenes or legendary events are here in plenty; such work was occasionally the production of the accomplished printer of the day, who not uncommonly was master of many mediæval arts.



TERMINAL FROM A BENCH IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF LAMBETH PALACE.

It is curious to note how the taste for illustrating MSS. and other documents lingered long after the work of the real illuminator and artist had ceased. Several charters of the time of Charles I. and II. show a certain element of design; the initial letter is often made to serve as the frame, as it were, to the likeness of some important person connected with the charter. As one process of illustration succeeded another, so the literature of each period helped the artist, by the aid of his pencil, to reflect the spirit of the age, in religion, history, and other subjects.

The Palace and library afford so many sources of intelligent research, that the latter has become to a great extent national in its character. As the exponent of ecclesiastical history and literature, the library may fairly compare with the Vatican, revealing in the lighter studies of art many a varied and delightful theme.

As the path of the present is illuminated by the Lamp of the Past, so this ancient building and its contents have been identified with events and associations which will claim for it a lasting and distinguished place in the annals of all time.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

WHEN Charles Dickens selected Mr. Luke Fildes to be the illustrator of the never-completed "Edwin Drood," the great novelist was only giving another instance of the marvellous insight he possessed into character. He saw at a glance, doubtless, that in our present subject he would find a genius that jumped precisely with his own. That he was right must be evident to all who have any knowledge of Mr. Fildes' work. The deep pathos, the dramatic realism, the power of close observation of simple but telling details, the intimate acquaintance with the motives, feelings, and emotions, stirring the heart of every-day common life which it displays, are in the very spirit of Dickens, and in the course of this brief sketch I shall refer to an anecdote fully confirmatory of my words. Admitting, for the moment, that they are justified by what the public know of our artist's ability as a draughtsman on wood, no less than as a painter on canvas; and looking back from the eminence to which he has attained, one hardly expects to see him at the outset of his career stirred by no loftier ambition than that of becoming an ornamental designer, as it is called, or at the most a designer of stained glass. Yet this was so, chiefly because in this comparatively mechanical line of art he probably saw the only loop-hole for the time being by which he could evade those commercial pursuits to which he was destined by his friends, for, born on the 14th of October, 1844, in the midst of a business community, he avers that, as far as he can look back, his ancestry were entirely devoid of artistic instincts. Thus we find him making a compromise by diligently sticking to his general education in the day, so long as he was allowed to attend the school of design in the evening at Chester, the city in which he was brought up, though Liverpool was his actual birthplace. In his seventeenth year, however, the sacred spark within him began to expand, and he tells me that the strong inclination which had always possessed him for watching nature animate and inanimate, in a solitary, absent, mooning sort of fashion, grew so confirmed that, looked upon by his friends at last as a hopeless dreamer, he was permitted to make his choice of a career.



FAIR QUIET, AND SWEET REST.

(From the Painting by Luke Fildes, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1872. By permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic.")

Discontented with the narrow round of mechanical work afforded by the Chester school,

he, now that he was free, sought one founded on a wider basis, then lately established at Warrington. Still, this did not yield sufficient scope and verge for the aspirations now developing in the young artist. Designing patterns for oil-cloth, wall-papers, etc., which was, as at Chester, the principal study followed at the Warrington school, was not likely to satisfy the heart and brain of a lad capable, eventually, of imagining and carrying out "The Casuals"



(which we engrave) and "The Widower." So, after two years more of ornamental designing, he came to London, and in 1863, at the age of nineteen, attached himself to the South Kensington Schools. Labouring diligently thenceforth, with the purpose of lifting himself into a higher position, he, by the time 1866 came round, succeeded in getting himself admitted a student of the Royal Academy; and having kept himself going while in London chiefly by wood-drawing, it can easily be understood that this branch of his profession by degrees opened up to him a fairly remunerative occupation. The editors of such magazines as the *Cornhill*, *London Society*, *Once-a-Week*, etc., when they got an inkling of the stuff that was in him, were glad to attach him to their staffs, and it would be amusing and encouraging to young aspirants were there space to recount some of the anecdotes he tells of the humble estimate he held in those days of the worth of his work. Somewhere about the early part of 1869 it was that he entered into an engagement with Dickens, through Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to illustrate "Edwin Drood," and this led to that close intimacy between artist and author which would have ripened into an affectionate friendship had it not been cut short all too soon by the lamented death of the latter. Very interesting is it to listen to Mr. Fildes' account of their interviews and consultations, and I happen to know that the twelve drawings for the new book gave the most unqualified satisfaction to its writer—as well they might. At the end of this same year, too, it was that the first number of the *Graphic* appeared, and its first page at once riveted the attention of all good judges of art, for on it figured conspicuously "The Casuals," the drawing which, five years later, was destined to be developed into the picture which established Mr. Fildes' reputation as an artist of the highest capabilities. Meanwhile, Dickens never lived to see the triumph of his young colleague, but most of us can remember how appropriately, but painfully, the association of the two was carried on, as it were, for a time, by the large wood-drawing which the artist made of the study at Gad's Hill, and called "The Empty Chair."

While thus pursuing his work on the illustrated paper, and ever claiming increased attention by his successive productions in it, such as the page engravings of "The Dead Napoleon," "The Bashful Model," etc., our artist was earnestly striving to master the *technique* of oil-colour. Hitherto, except through a few modest water-colour drawings (mostly landscapes) exhibited at the Dudley Gallery and elsewhere, no one knew him except by his work in "black and white," but in 1872 he rather astonished those who had only thus known of him by exhibiting at the Royal Academy his first oil picture, entitled "Fair Quiet, and Sweet Rest," of which an engraving is given on page 49. This Watteau-like water party was followed the next year by a smaller canvas in a somewhat similar key, called "Simpletons." Scoring fairly with these, they nevertheless did not promise to lead to such a performance as that which in 1874 drove home and clenched the reputation the Lancashire lad had by degrees been winning.

There was no doubt about "Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward"—it was simply *the* picture of the year at Burlington House.

Whatever this work lacked in mere executive skill—and it was reasonable that there should be some evidence of a hand not entirely at home with the new medium—was more than atoned for by the nobility and power of the genius which it displayed, that genius to which I venture to refer to as Dickensian—and here is my confirmatory anecdote. Mr. John Forster, while this picture was in progress, was writing the life of Dickens, and it happened at the same time that he had some intercourse with Mr. Fildes. One day the painter was telling the biographer about the work he was engaged on, when the latter produced a letter from his deceased friend in which occurred a passage describing some "casuals" as Dickens had seen them somewhere "down Whitechapel way."

"Why!" cried Mr. Fildes, "those words absolutely represent my subject. May I quote them?"

"Assuredly," was the answer; "they will be public property by the time your picture is before the world."

Thus it was that in the catalogue we found against our artist's canvas the pungent and appropriate lines—"Dumb, wet, silent horrors, Sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and none likely to be at the pains of solving them until the *general overthrow*." *

Upon this, fatuous people concluded that the picture had been suggested by the biography, and that, tempted by his success with "Edwin Drood," the artist was further displaying his aptitude for illustrating the great author; whereas the circumstance only showed how the two minds, independently of each other, had been similarly impressed by the terrible spectacle.

* Charles Dickens. (Extract from a letter in the 3rd vol. of Forster's "Life of Dickens.")

Marrying, soon after the production of this work, the lady whose name has honourably figured in more than one Academy catalogue as a painter of *genre*, Mr. Fildes paid a lengthened visit to Paris, where, however, he was not closely engaged in actual work at the easel. Hence he was only represented in 1875 by the comparatively unimportant but still powerfully executed single figure of the buxom milkmaid "Betty." Mr. Fildes' next great effort was "The Widower," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876. Comment on this and on his last supreme effort, "The Return of a Penitent," lately before the public, is unnecessary. Riveting the attention and touching the hearts of all spectators, these two pictures have but served to fully establish his reputation on a high level amongst the younger artists of the day, and to more than justify the award of the medals at Vienna and Philadelphia, and the honour of the Associateship which was conferred upon him in May last (1879) by the Royal Academy.

Apropos of "The Penitent," I may say, as illustrative of the subtlety and depth of meaning he puts into the stories he tells, that he all along desired to call the picture "The Return of the Prodigal." For with this name, as he thinks, he would have conveyed more fully the grim cruelty of the fate which decrees that there shall be no forgiveness for the daughter, however penitent, whilst when the prodigal son returns the fatted calf is killed. Mr. Fildes was, however, assured by high authorities that he could not apply the word "prodigal" to a woman, and so he adopted "penitent," which he has nevertheless regretted ever since, as he believes it would have been permissible to strain this point. The lines of Byron he quoted in the catalogue—

> "And every woe a tear may claim,
> Except an erring sister's shame"—

were a compromise, and only partly indicated the painful truth on which it was his wish to insist as forcibly as possible.

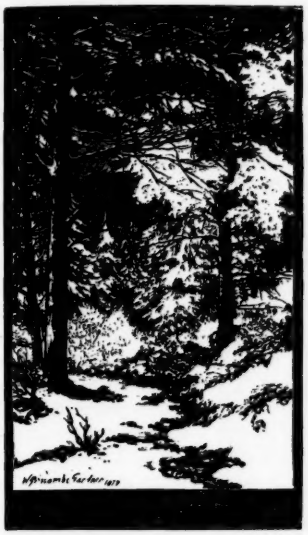
It is not given to many men at the age of thirty-five to justly attain the eminence reached by our young painter, and if it be fair to predicate what he *will* do from what he *has* done, there can be little doubt that he is destined to add lustre to what may be called the purely English school, which, if it be anything, is essentially of the realistic and domestically dramatic order. That he still lacks that perfect hold over the use of oil colour which distinguishes the master in art, is but natural, and must be admitted. If we look at the way in which he paints, and compare it, as an example, with the mere brush-work of Hook, what I mean will be evident. This mastery can only be attained, as we know, by the most untiring and diligent practice; therefore it is gratifying to hear that, alive to his shortcoming, our painter is not ambitious to supply annually a strong sensational picture, but prefers devoting himself, as he is doing at present, to that sort of study which is the surest means of learning to paint perfectly, viz., incessant working at life-sized heads.

The subjects and *dramatis personæ* he deals with are obviously real. The country folk and the hapless waifs of our streets which he portrays are no theatrically ragged or smug dressed-up studio models; they are the people themselves done from the life. He sees and reveals the intense force with which general truths may be brought home by bestowing the utmost care on subtle facts, and by the sincerity and honesty of his work he carries out to the full Goethe's words so aptly used for the motto of the Academy catalogue, 1879. Luke Fildes, above all men, "is not afraid of the commonplace, for his very touch ennobles it." W. W. Fenn.

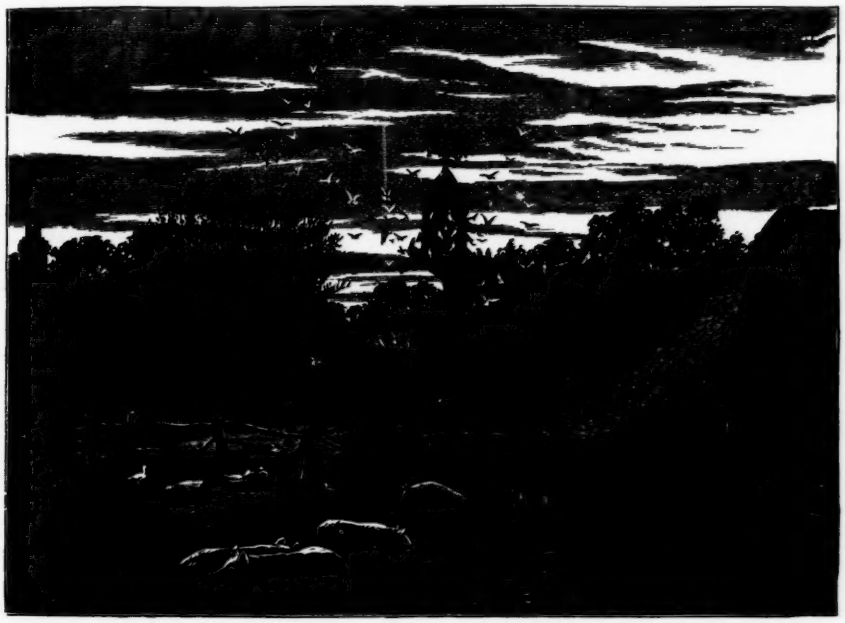
FAVOURITE SKETCHING GROUNDS: SURREY COMMONS.

THE English are essentially a travelling people, and are so ardent in their endeavours after new and distant scenes, that they are in some danger of overlooking the pleasant pastures, breezy commons, and green lanes of their own land. How many of those tourists who "know Switzerland by heart," and can discuss learnedly the by-ways of Italy, are aware of the real picturesqueness and truly English beauty to be found in what they would contemptuously term the "cockney county"? Yet, in the heart of Surrey, not more than twenty-five miles away from busy London, there are many lovely spots, which happily, perhaps, are but little known except to the painters, who have now for some years frequented them, and, notwithstanding their white umbrellas, terrifying alike to cackling geese and to the farmers' market-trotting nags, have secured by their harmless ways the favour of the peasants of the neigh-

bourhood. If you take the train from Victoria one fine morning by the railway to Brighton, after leaving the intricacies and desolation of Clapham Junction behind, as uninteresting a country is passed for several miles as that of the banks of the famous Rhine from Cologne to Bonn, but once we have passed Leatherhead how changed is the scene! The train rushes through short tunnels, and the traveller gets glimpses of as charming a country as the eye, wearied with the monotony of London streets, need care to look upon. Travelling through Dorking, which nestles down surrounded by its hills and shoots up its pretty church spire always picturesquely against their wooded heights, you stop at the small station of Holmwood. Here leave the train, which, after all, is a poor means of showing or seeing the real beauties of a country, and has already whirled you past many delightful green glades, gloomy yew walks, neat lawns and fallows grey, past the village inn where Keats wrote the best part of his "Endymion," the lovely cottage named by Fanny Burney after her novel of "Camilla," and underneath the classic shades of Deepdene, where Disraeli wrote his "Coningsby," and the then owner, Mr. Hope, his "Anastasius." Once out of the station you are soon on Holmwood Common, formerly one of the wastes of the manor of Dorking, known as the Home Wood, and celebrated for its red deer. Here now, instead of deer, the donkeys graze, and in the summer-time herds of geese await the 29th of September, coming in excellently meanwhile along with the bushes, ferns, and furze of the common for what are termed in painters' language "foreground bits." Nor, indeed, as our illustration of the old dove-cote testifies, is the Holmwood wanting in many such foregrounds. Passing through the Redlands Wood, crowned by its tall silver fir, often mistaken in the distance for Leith Hill Tower, one reaches by a



WINTER IN THE REDLANDS WOOD.



THE OLD DOVE-COTE, HOLMWOOD PARK.

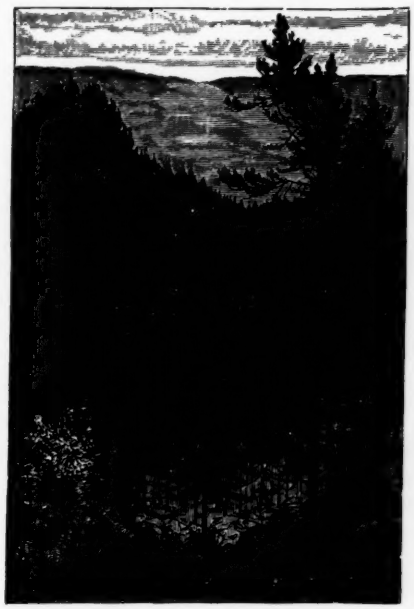
circuitous route the little village of Coldharbour. The Redlands rises to the west of Holmwood, when one is facing Dorking; and to the east many pretty peeps of the country towards Reigate are to be seen, while the view on the north is bounded by the long range of the chalk hills and the valley between Box Hill and Ranmore. The former hill is too well known to need description, but the latter, though it is a heavy toil up it for weary feet, repays the fatigue by the beauty of the view from its common quite as much as does its more frequented opposite neighbour Box Hill. We recollect a very fine Robson, in which Box Hill plays a prominent part, and comes in not at all amiss. The church on Ranmore, though a modern one, built by Sir Gilbert Scott, is quite worth a visit, while its tall spire is a landmark for all the surrounding country. The late John Varley, who knew this neighbourhood well (there is a picture of the millpool at Abinger by him now in the South Kensington collection of water-colours), said he always made a "*look there*" in his pictures, and a less eminent artist has acknowledged his preference for a "wista;" still, the views from the chalk hills are not as attractive to the painters generally as are the wooded glades, the rich hedgerows, and the brilliant varieties of wild flowers which flourish on the sandy soil of the country lying beyond the hills towards the south. But returning to the Holmwood, we give in the wood-cut above a very pretty little bit of close scenery in its winter dress taken in Holmwood Park. The road from hence to Coldharbour lies past the church, and diverges prettily through one or two park-like little estates, always mounting till the heather-covered slopes of Leith Hill are reached. Near Coldharbour is Anstiebury, once a Roman camp. This, with the silver fir on the Redlands, is seen in our engraving of "On the Surrey Hills, above Coldharbour," and cold indeed must the little village be when the winter winds blow, notwithstanding its sheltered position against the side of the hill. The firs of this neighbourhood weighed down with snow are certainly worth seeing, and the snow silted up by the strong winds is sometimes exceedingly deep in the middle of winter. Our first engraving, "Winter in the Redlands Wood," is a good example of the landscape under this aspect. Leith Hill, one of the highest hills in the south of England, towers above the village of Coldharbour and all the surrounding country. Its lines seen from a distance are extremely graceful in character; there is something precipitous in its shape, and mountainous in its outline, which distinguishes it among the more undulating forms of the surrounding hills. On the other hand, the view from the tower which crowns its summit, though more extensive than any other prospect —indeed, it is said that two hundred miles of country can be seen from it on a clear day—is to our mind less picturesque. It is map-like, and the country appears flat. John Linnell has made much use of this hill in his fine pictures, which seem to have assimilated the poetry of Surrey scenery without any of its prose details.



A SNOW SCENE IN HOLMWOOD PARK.

It is curious how many lovely valleys converge from the chalk towards Leith Hill between Dorking and Guildford; all different, yet all in their way perfect treasuries of varied beauties suited to the landscape-painter's art. To take but one, there are the romantic beech woods of Wotton, which, alas! diminish yearly. Seated sketching under their chequered shades, the artist may grow quite nervous in his

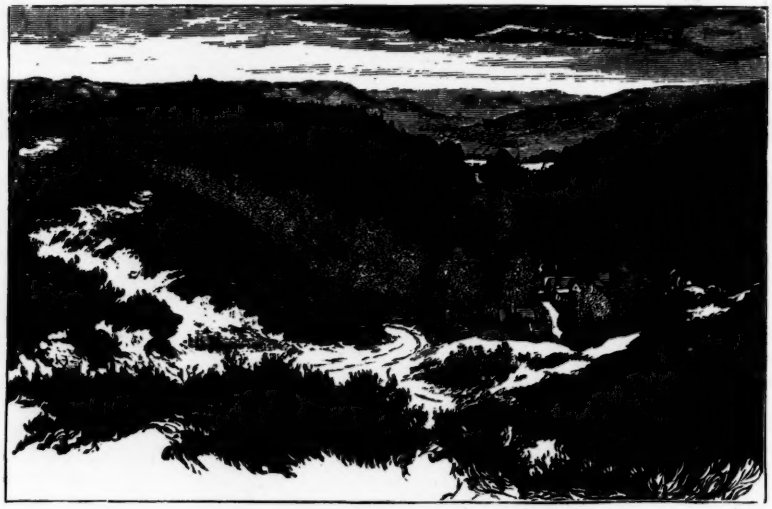
solitude, and listening to the weird and strange noises of the wood expect that Comus and all his rabble rout will suddenly rush past him, or perhaps in a milder mood may fancy the great John Evelyn, their planter, re-visiting the spot, walking through the woods and gathering material for another "Sylva, or Discourse of Forest Trees." The colour of beech foliage in late autumn is exceedingly beautiful, and here it is seen in perfection, while the ruthless cutting down of the woods sometimes discloses new beauties, for the trunks and branches are suddenly revealed standing out against the dark green of the trees in graceful and eloquent drawing, and of a pure and delicate grey colour, attained by their having been so long shut out from light and air. Beyond the beech woods is Friday Street, with its pretty pond and gurgling brook, which leads past a thick fir wood again out on to the Leith Hill heather. A still more retired valley is that of Tillingbourne, named after its winding stream. The road runs through a small property belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and boasts a pretty waterfall and fountain; beyond these lies the retired hamlet of Broadmoor, also a wild upland farm facing the sunset, and then again the heather crowning the height. Or taking a road leading more to the left, one can reach the spot in the Redlands commanding the view of the downs above Reigate, from which our illustration is taken. Farther west, under the chalk hills, one comes upon the rough stone cross marking the spot where the lamented Bishop Wilberforce was thrown from his horse and killed; and passing beyond Abinger Hall and a bright and deep millpool, with its bordering of rushes and reeds bending backwards and forwards in the breeze, one can turn along another valley ending in Leith Hill on the left and Holmbury on the right, the scenery suggesting some of Vicat Cole's best pictures. The walk may also be extended through Abinger Hammer towards Guildford to Shere, a model village teeming with prosperous and flowery cottages, boasting a rushing stream and a quaint old church. The name "Hammer" reminds us that this part of Surrey was once famous for its iron works, and while the wood lasted some of the best charcoal iron was made in the district. This, however, is quite a thing of the past. The group of cottages here and the wheelwright's shop come in picturesquely enough, while the common quite sustains the reputation of Surrey commons by its beauty. We saw some lovely little drawings, by Mrs. Allingham, in the Old Water-colour Society's Exhibition this spring, which had been painted about here. In Shere the artists have so congregated lately that it promises to become in time a second Bettws-y-Coed, and there seems no reason to doubt that the painters may each for many years to come succeed in making "a matter of fifty pund a year out of the country," as a rather grudging rustic once remarked after gazing at an artist hard at work, on a sultry morning, upon a large canvas.



LOOKING TOWARDS REIGATE FROM THE REDLANDS.

Above Shere a walk of about two miles, first through a deep lane with branching hazel-trees overhead, and then across the open moorland, brings you to Ewhurst windmill, a very prominent feature in the landscape. The view from the top of this hill over the Weald of Sussex is very fine. The village of Ewhurst is more to the south below the hill, but still much above the country beyond; it is a pleasant, sleepy-looking place, with a trim green, and some comfortable cottages. There are some pretty lanes round both Ewhurst and Shere; indeed, though we have been more intent on mentioning the commons, the lanes in Surrey are not to be despised, even when compared with those of Devonshire. Somehow, though so beautiful, they are not very paintable. Chart Lane, leading to the Holmwood from Dorking, and separating the two estates of Deepdene and Betchworth, is a charming specimen of the

lanes hereabouts. High banks rise on each side, and the trees join overhead. In walking along it on a bright day the glint of the sunlight through the leaves is very enchanting to the eyes, while the song of the birds in the branches is equally delightful to the ears. The singing of birds, though, does not always please; an acquaintance of ours living near the Redlands Wood, where nightingales abound, complained that they sang so much he could not sleep at night. There is a beautiful walk from Ewhurst to Albury, where the famous ponds have so often afforded fine subjects to the painters. The climate of the valleys about here has been sometimes considered unhealthy, owing to the mists which creep up as evening closes in; this point we will not dispute, but the artistic value of the mists cannot be denied, they give such glorious effects in the low evening light that we often wonder whether a painter will ever be found to do justice to the perpetual surprises they spread over the landscape. These changes, induced by the moisture of our climate, are, after all, what an English landscape painter should aim at. The skill of an artist really lies in reproducing what he sees, though the originality of his work does not consist in mere imitation, but in the reproduction of what he has observed filtered through his mind to his hand. Continual sunshine may appear to us, wearied by our changeful climate, a very blessed thing, but after a time there is a good deal of dreariness in it, and very little variety. A cloudy day with passing showers supplied Constable with his best subjects, and Turner's atmospheric effects form part of the most admirable things in his pictures. From the hill-tops what wonderful changes of rolling clouds may be studied, what interesting bits of country are first revealed by the sun, and then hidden by cloud shadows. Nothing can be more delightful than to stand on the place from which our illustration on this page is drawn, on a fine day in early autumn, and to note the clouds passing rapidly over the scene. In the foreground the rich heather in its purple bloom, the gorse with its golden blossoms; in the middle distance the hamlet of Coldharbour, with its cottages covered with weather-tiling—a method of building, by the way, which is characteristic of this part of the world, and which combines well with sandstone and red brick; beyond, the dark fir wood and the grey downs. Scenes somewhat similar to those which Charles Kingsley has described with such a loving pen in his "Miscellanies," calling himself a "minute philosopher." It is a self-evident fact, that vast space and immense size are not absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of a view; that though in certain cases they enhance the feelings of wonder and amazement with which we gaze, they are not always conducive to pleasant and home-like sensations; but the landscape of Surrey, while not overwhelming in its grandeur, or unattainable by its distance, like so much foreign scenery, is always charming from its thoroughly English character.



ON THE SURREY HILLS, ABOVE COLDHARBOUR.

A VISIT TO RUSKIN'S MUSEUM.

A MUSEUM is, be it first observed, primarily, not at all a place of entertainment, but a place of education. And a museum is, be it secondly observed, not a place of elementary education, but for that of already far-advanced scholars. And it is by no means the same thing as a parish school, or a Sunday school, or day school, or even—the Brighton Aquarium. Be it observed, in the third place, that the word 'school' means 'leisure,' and that the word 'museum' means 'belonging to the Muses,' and that all schools and museums whatsoever can only be what they claim to be and ought to be, places of noble instruction, when the persons who have a mind to use them can obtain so much relief from the work, or exert so much abstinence from the dissipation of the outside world, as may enable them to devote a certain portion of secluded, laborious, reverent life to the attainment of the Divine wisdom, which the Greeks supposed to be the gift of Apollo, or the Sun, but which the Christian knows to be the gift of Christ."

So reads an extract from Letter No. 59 of *Fors Clavigera*, which is printed under the heading of "St. George's Museum," and attached to the garden-door of a little house at Upper Walkley, a hilly suburb of Sheffield. This legend-bearing wicket gives access to a garden-plot of about an acre in extent, with a miniature apple-orchard, and bushes of evergreens and old-fashioned flowers, and to a detached stone house that might be the residence of a country schoolmaster or a rural rector with a little living. Externally there is nothing remarkable about the house. It is, in fact, very plain and commonplace in appearance; it has not even the picturesque advantage of age in its favour. It boasts no Gothic graces of architecture, none of the quaint beauty of the Elizabethan period, or the ornamental interest of the Anglo-Italian or Swiss styles. It is not artistic; only square, grey, bleak, ugly, English, and comfortable. But the landscape it commands is a painter's dream of scenic loveliness. Built on the brow of a hill, the house overlooks the Rivelin Valley, or rather a series of converging valleys, that in their wild uncultivated beauty are suggestive of the Alps. We are here only two miles away from the black heart of the grimy kingdom of industry, from the poisonous river and the Cimmerian sky; almost within sight of the furnace fires, almost within hearing of the hammers and anvils at work. Yet here the sky is blue, the air is elastic in its freshness, the laughing rivulet flashes in the sunlight, and there is the song of birds, and the scent of heather, and scenic surroundings of hanging wood and mountain slope that take the artistic eye captive.

There would seem at first sight some incongruity in Mr. Ruskin selecting Sheffield as the locale for the Museum of St. George. It is not easy to discover the immediate connection of the depressing town with art. Indeed, what George II. called "boetry and bainting" appear crushed out of existence amid the flame and smoke and sordid ugliness of Steelopolis. "Gin and steam hammers" obliterate all that is beautiful, extinguish all that is ideal. The dolorous city of the dirty Don would seem to be the grave rather than the cradle of artistic hopes. Fact—hard, grinding, and repellent—crushes out fancy, beautiful, ennobling, and graceful. Mr. Gradgrind should be the patron saint of the cutlery capital, not Mr. Ruskin. Yet, after all, the association of Sheffield with the chivalrous aims of the Guild of St. George is very close and apposite. Sheffield is the centre of trade tragedies, the home of trades-union terrorism, the birthplace and ingle-nook of Broadheadism. It is from the corrupt thraldom of such social heathenism that the religion of Ruskin would deliver us. Despite its ugliness, too, Sheffield is in one sense very comely. Horace Walpole described it as the foulest town in the fairest country he had ever seen. It is a dirty picture in a beautiful frame, the most prosaic of towns in the most poetical of pretty neighbourhoods. Mr. Ruskin has placed his museum just where the contrast between town and country, between the work of God and that of man, is seen in most effective contrast. Walkley is a tranquil haven on the very edge of a throbbing whirlpool of giant forces. The museum stands on an eminence, yet it is surrounded by hills. Down

below you in front is the romantic Rivelin Valley, stretching out westward to the Peak of Derbyshire. In the hollow behind, encompassed with smoke, beats the metallic heart of Sheffield.

> "There draws the grinder his laborious breath;
> There, coughing, at his deadly trade he bends;"

and there monster armour-plates for floating leviathans are being welded at flashing forges, and steel rails are being drawn out of the fire like incandescent serpents, and ringing hammers are falling on noisy anvils. The ferruginous fog is not so dense to-day; indeed, it is but a dingy haze of smoke—a sadly significant sign this of the acute depression of industry in Hallamshire. The thicker the smoke, unfortunately, the higher the wages; the dirtier the streets, the more prosperous the town. Silent forges spell empty cupboards. The heavy thud of the Nasmyth hammer, and the sharp hiss of escaping steam, is sweet music to the Sheffield soul. Across there is the valley of the Don, where the Don is crystal in its innocent purity, before it wanders astray to the steel Erebus, and becomes as impure as the Styx. Beyond are the waving woods of Wharncliffe, the view from which Lady Mary Montagu, writing from Avignon, placed before the landscape at the junction of the Rhone and Durance, the beauty of which she was describing. Nearer at hand, and almost at our feet, is the tiny tributary stream, the Loxley, which flows by Loxley Chase, the Locksley of the Robin Hood ballads.

When you have let the striking beauty of this Rivelin romance sketch itself on the sensitive plates of memory, an unfading mental photograph, we will, if you please, enter the museum itself. First impressions of the museum, like first impressions of most things, including Niagara, St. Peter's, Raphael's "Transfiguration," and the "Venus de Medici," are disappointing. It is so small. It is a mere bandbox of a place; a cupboard of curiosities. It is so *petit*, that you are reminded of the description of King Pippin's Palace, which is "just too small to live in, and too large to wear on a watch-chain." But one must not measure museums by their immensity, or pictures by the superficial yard. Mr. Ruskin has explained that the Sheffield museum is not intended to be used as a place to which nursemaids may take children to see stuffed lions, but at which students may derive advantage and profit. In his *Deucalion* he further remarks:—"In all museums intended for popular teaching, there are two great evils to be avoided. The first is, superabundance; the second, disorder. The first is having too much of everything. You will find in your own work that the less you have to look at, the better you attend. You can no more see twenty things worth seeing in an hour, than you can read twenty books worth reading in a day. Give little, but that little good and beautiful, and explain it thoroughly." One small room at the house at Walkley contains Mr. Ruskin's collection, which must not be regarded as complete, but rather in process of formation; the rest of the building is used for residential purposes by the intelligent curator, Mr. Swan. But this single apartment comprises much that is notable. Everything in the room bears an obvious impress of earnest art. There is nothing sham or showy; all is honest, thorough-going, and valuable. The one window overlooks the Rivelin Valley. Mention a table, one or two chairs, a couple of cabinets, a glass show-case, and a few nests of drawers, and the furniture of the room is described.

The contents of the museum may be divided into precious stones, pictures, and books. The minerals are, indeed, a choice collection. Many of them were collected by Mr. Ruskin. Note, I beg of you, that magnificent specimen of crystal of topaz from the Ural Mountains. It is nine or ten inches long, and is one of the biggest pieces of topaz it is the lot of the ordinary Englishman to see. There is a grand group of amethysts, along with a specimen of the same stone cut in two to show the sections. Here is a piece of emerald in quartzite; there fine and large specimens of pure crystal. That is a precious beryl. Notice these specimens of translucent or chalcedonic agate, with defined bands; of opaque or jasperine agate; these agates of various classes; that piece of chalcedony, and those illustrations of stalactitic chalcedony becoming agate by development of the interior zones; together with examples of quartz, emerald, opal, ruby, silver, and virgin gold. Very beautiful are these minerals. They are an artist's ideal of colour, the process of burnishing having brought out their delicate tints in the richest profusion. Note, too, that the stones are placed upon such silken texture as is best suited to bring out their delicate lustre. This attention to minute detail, indeed, strikes the intelligent observer in all the arrangements of the room. In the drawers, under the glass show-case, are specimens of the different varieties and qualities of the same stones, mostly collected by Mr. Ruskin during his continental explorations.

Those two little dirty marble slabs are real "stones of Venice," brought from St. Mark's, when the cathedral was restored.

Among the pictures are some very fine etchings by Albert Dürer from the original plates. These impressions, executed with marvellous detail and truthfulness, include "Melancholia;" "Knight and Death," described in "Modern Painters" (De la Motte Fouqué wrote the story of "Sintram and his Companions" on seeing this etching); and "Erasmus." Smaller etchings by the same artist comprise "St. George on Foot" (two impressions, one somewhat superior to the other) and "St. George on Horseback;" "Pilate Washing his Hands as Jesus is being led away to Calvary," with its exquisite delineation of the weak judge, who has condemned the victim against his own judgment; and "Jesus before the High Priest." A number of other etchings by Dürer are in Mr. Ruskin's possession, and will be added to the Sheffield collection. There are a large number of Mr. Ruskin's sketches. Prominent among these is an instructive picture of a chain of Alpine peaks, with snow-swathed spurs and gaping chasms. It is painted in five divisions, and hung along the entire wall. Mr. Ruskin has described the circumstances under which the picture was painted. Hear him: "I took this path because I wanted first to climb the green wooded mass of the hill rising directly over the valley, so as to enfilade the entire profiles of the opposite chain, and length of the valley of the Rhone, from its brow. By mid-day I had mastered it, and got up half as high again, on the barren ridge above it, commanding a little tarn; whence, in one panorama, are seen the Simplon and Saas Alps on the south, with the Matterhorn closing the avenue of the valley of St. Nicolas; and the Aletsch Alps on the north, with all the lower reach of the Aletsch glacier. This panorama I drew carefully, and slightly coloured afterwards, in such crude way as I was then able; and fortunately not having lost this, I place it in the Sheffield Museum, for a perfectly trustworthy witness to the extent of snow on the Breithorn, Fletschhorn, and Montagne De Saas, thirty years ago." Among the other contributions of Mr. Ruskin's pencil are a number of drawings, some partially coloured, to show the various stages of drawing and painting, for the use of students, including coloured sketches of peacock's feathers, of odd bits of sculpture, and of Venetian pictures. We find also a number of birds, of the same inchoate character, drawn for the same instructive purpose by Mr. H. Stacy Marks. Then we examine a capital sketch in colours of the head of St. George as he is about to assail the dragon—an amplification from a complete copy in sepia taken by Mr. Ruskin from Carpaccio's work in Venice.

All Ruskin readers are already familiar with the description of this picture in the second supplement of "St. Mark's Rest," given under the heading of "The Place of Dragons." Next to challenge our criticism are three fine paintings, though copies, illustrating the "Legend of St. Ursula," executed by Mr. Fairfax Murray, one of Mr. Ruskin's pupils. The original pictures are Carpaccio's. Two other sketches from the same master by Mr. Murray deal with St. Jerome. Then we are shown a "Madonna and Child," executed by the same copyist, from Fra Lippo Lippi's picture at Florence; also an *original* "Madonna and Child" by Andrea Verrocchio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci, "given to me," said Mr. Ruskin to Prince Leopold the other day, "in Venice by a gracious fortune to show the people of Sheffield," since the artist was not only a painter, but a great worker in iron. The picture has somewhat suffered from the process of re-mounting.

Over the modest fireplace is a copy by Mr. Severn (Mr. Ruskin's cousin) of Turner's "Ehrenbreitstein, with Coblentz in the distance." The landscape swims in a golden richness of atmospheric glamour, and the copy is not unworthy of the great original. Hung close by is a large water-colour replica of Mr. Small's celebrated "Wreck," a very graphic group on the storm-swept beach. In its dramatic earnestness it leads one's imagination away to the storm scene in "David Copperfield." This is the beach at Yarmouth. There is Ham; that is, of course, Peggotty.

Look we now at the library. There are one or two picture-books. There is a wonderful "Insect Book" by E. Donovan. The artist was a quarter of a century engaged in collecting the insects to make the drawings of them which appear in these pages. *Entre nous*, Mr. Ruskin paid £100 for the volume. Another book contains coloured sketches of fresh-water fish, with letterpress description. It is the work of Mrs. Bowditch, and the illustrations are beyond the reach of criticism. Here is a large folio Bible — Cambridge — Baskerville — MDCCLXIII.; here a MS. illuminated copy of the Scriptures, bearing the date of the thirteenth century; there is a smaller MS. Bible bearing the same date. Claiming special attention is a perfect copy of Holbein's renowned "Dance of Death."

On the shelves we recognise Bacon, and salute Chaucer. We bow to Dr. Johnson, and recognise Pope. Here is "John Guillim's Heritorie," and Richard Hakluyt's "Voyages;" A. J. and E. Le Blunt's "Histoire de la Porcelaine," and Joseph Marryatt's "History of Pottery," together with several volumes of "Natural History." Our attention is now drawn to a splendid edition of books bound in brave green morocco. They are a complete set of the works of Mr. Ruskin's comrade, Thomas Carlyle, who, like his friend, refuses to "bow before the Baals of the world, the sham captains, solemn human shams, phantasies, supreme quacks, dead sea-apes, and dull and dreary humbugs." There are drawerfuls of Mr. Ruskin's own writings. There is a covetable collection of his standard books, an *édition de luxe*, bound in blue. The edition is a model of typographical excellence; it is a positive luxury to peruse such type, and revel in such paper. What queer names are bestowed upon some of the books. Here is that volume on the discipline of the Church, entitled "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," which a gentleman-farmer bought and took down to his farm just before the lambing season, under the delusion that it was a book on bucolic architecture. Here are pamphlets without end. There is every number of *Fors Clavigera*. Indeed, Ruskin and Carlyle monopolise the little library. In the corner there behold a striking bust, executed by a Sheffield "grinder." The face is small, the nose without special character, and the hair disorderly; but it is a refined, sensitive, nervous countenance, with a mobile mouth and magnetic eyes that burn with the fire of genius. That is Professor Ruskin, M.A., D.C.L., the master of the Guild of St. George. Mr. Swan produces the Memorandum of Association of the Guild. It implicitly epitomises Mr. Ruskin's ethics. St. George and the Dragon! Don Quixote and the Windmill, you think; his schemes are Utopian, you say. Perhaps so. But they will do no harm, and have a potentiality for good. In a world of shams Mr. Ruskin is sincere. In an age of apathy he is in earnest. It will not, perhaps, be as the political economist that his name will reach posterity—rather as *the* art-critic of the Victorian era—but with him art and social reform are so closely allied that it is difficult to divide the two, or speak of Mr. Ruskin the poet without thinking of Mr. Ruskin the politician.

The Museum of St. George appears to be appreciated. It was the place of all others in Sheffield that Prince Leopold, during his recent visit to that wonderful town, specially selected for a personal visit. The curator gives a good account of its practical success. You will notice that three or four students are seated at the table to-day absorbed in æsthetics. The room is open to students on each day of the week, except Thursday, from nine to nine, and, by appointment only, from two p.m. till six p.m. on Sundays. Students' tickets are obtainable, free of cost, on application. The landed property of the Guild consists of four other estates besides the one at Sheffield. One at Mickley, in the county of Derby, which is placed under cultivation, with the object of showing the best methods of managing fruit-trees in the climate of Northern England, with greenhouses attached, and botanic garden for the orderly display of all interesting European plants. Another estate of the Guild is at Bewdley, which Mr. Ruskin is content should remain in pasture or wood, a part of the healthy, lovely landscape that is now almost obliterated in the Midlands. There is likewise the Barmouth estate, and a small estate at Cloughton, belonging to the Guild. But the Sheffield estate is the only one to which the master has given special personal attention, and it is the only one where a museum has been established.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

OUR LORD AND MARY MAGDALENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE SEPULCHRE.

THE little picture by Albano, in Earl Spencer's collection, which we engrave, illustrates one of the most suggestive and poetical passages in the New Testament with some little of the conventionality which belongs to a stock subject of the painter's time. Nevertheless, if the Christ is wanting in spirituality and somewhat commonplace in attitude, and if the trees are so generalised as to be indefinable in species, the Magdalene's pose and expression are more spontaneous and true, and the breaking morning in the sky is beautiful in feeling and tone. It is, in effect, generally agreed that Albano, who had a beautiful wife and children for his habitual models, was more successful in feminine and infantine than in masculine figures.



OUR LORD AND MARY MAGDALENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE SEPULCHRE.

(From the Painting by Albano in Earl Spencer's Collection.)

SUGGESTIONS FROM GROWING PLANTS FOR ART DECORATION IN IRON.



Fig. 1.

AT first thought it might appear that the forms of flowers and foliage could be but very imperfectly imitated in so tough a material as malleable iron; yet we all know how tractable it becomes in the hands of the skilled craftsman, who, aided by the potent action of fire, fashions the stubborn metal with hammer and pincers, with chisel and file, into various useful implements and utensils. The blacksmith has ever been a popular favourite, the very nature of his calling tending to develop that vigorous manhood which all admire; but the invention of iron casting was the means of removing his craft from the position it had long occupied among those in which beauty of form is as much a matter of thought and study as mere usefulness. Although much has already been done by a few enterprising manufacturers to revive the old practice of iron-working for decorative purposes, by far the greater part of modern iron-work is still the product of the furnace rather than the forge. The return to the older methods should for obvious reasons be a matter for serious consideration by all who desire to see a beautiful art restored to its former importance, and the substitution at the same time of the reality for the delusive semblance of strength. No class of ornamental work stands more in need of reforming, or rather revolutionising, than this. Mr. Ruskin, with his usual outspokenness, has in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" expressed his conviction that "no cause has been more active in the degradation of our national feeling for beauty than the constant use of cast-iron ornaments;" and he distinctly asserts in his lecture on this subject, published in "The Two Paths," "that the quaint beauty and character of many natural objects, such as intricate branches, grass, foliage, especially thorny branches and prickly foliage, as well as that of many animals, plumed, spined, or bristled, is sculpturally expressible in iron only, and in iron would be majestic and impressive in the highest degree." Fortified by this strongly expressed opinion, we may confidently proceed, first, to ascertain what has been done in times past in the application of iron to purposes of combined utility and beauty; and then we may go on in our exploration among living plants, and see what we can find that will offer to the craftsman of our own day suggestions for the development of this interesting branch of art work.

Much has already been made known to us by architects and others, through the means of engravings, etchings, photographs, etc., of the remains that have come down from the great schools of iron-work that flourished in Italy and Western Europe during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Among the most notable of these may be mentioned Sir M. Digby Wyatt's great book on metal-work, in which he goes with evident relish into the design and construction of some of the more elaborate and instructive examples, including the screen in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence, which he holds to be "the most elaborate and perfect specimen of smith's work in Italy." In this fine work, which is said to be in the style of Andrea Orcagna, who flourished as architect, painter, and sculptor at Florence during the latter half of the fourteenth century, the craftsman may see details of construction, showing by what natural and simple contrivances the finest effects may be produced. For instance, fine half-rounded ribands of metal are bound round the pillars so as to give them the appearance of twisted shafts, and the whole structure is a fine lesson in simple, straightforward, and easily understood putting together. Sir Digby Wyatt figures other grilles from the Italian cities in which the top panels are filled with folial designs, centred with shields of arms. In one instance from Sienna, spikes and floral finials rise from the top bar, adding security as well as beauty to this adjunct of the Public Palace. A fine instance of the same order of work exists in Ely Cathedral, in the screen of



Fig. 2.

Bishop West's Chapel; the semi-circular space over the doorway is filled with a freely treated composition of flowers and stems; the lower part of the screen is made up of well-designed traceries, in which excellent effect is got by a simple expedient much in use among the mediæval smiths; thin plates of iron are pierced with various geometrical figures, then placed one over the other in proper consonance, so that when fastened they form patterns of great richness.

Ornamental iron-work may be described as falling into two main divisions, which are distinguishable as free work, and applied work. The former term is appropriate to all railings, balconies, gates, and other structures which stand off freely from their supports; the other term may be used for all work intended as a means of at once strengthening and adorning objects of reverence or value, such as the doors of ecclesiastical and other public buildings, and the safes and other chest-like structures in which the things most valued by the wealthy are usually deposited. Both varieties are well illustrated by Mr. Waring in his work, entitled "Architectural Notes," in which he has collected a large number of rare and instructive examples of the stone and metal work of past generations, gathered during a tour in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and other Continental states, for his own personal instruction as an architect. The work comprises some fifty sheets of etchings, many of them by his own hand, showing the manner in which the old men carried out their ideas of utility as made attractive by the addition of quaintness and beauty. Mr. Waring had small faith in mere copying with any other view than the legitimate one of learning what kind of objects the mediæval craftsmen drew their ideas from and how they applied them. In addition to his notes of the workmanship of his predecessors, he has given about a dozen plates of his own studies from growing plants; his attention was confined almost exclusively to those of large growth, and especially to varieties of the thistle kind, and from these the worker in iron may derive many useful lessons applicable to his art. Mr. Waring's plates are highly instructive, because being himself a zealous and persistent student of natural form, he could the more readily enter into the meaning and intention of the men whose work he was noting down; his knowledge of plant form enabled him to unravel many a half-obliterated sculptural design, and to delineate them with a degree of truthfulness, added to a noteworthy freedom in handling, that must always rank his book as one of the best of its kind.

Among Mr. Waring's thistle studies are some remarkable for the bold sabre-like sweep of curve in their longer divisions; but none of them have so formidable an appearance as the plant of which a branch is here represented (No. 1). It is known as the *Zamia horrida*, a native of South Africa, where it must prove an awkward obstacle to the passage of man or beast. It puts forth new leaves but once in several years, and when fully grown they become almost as hard and tough as iron itself. Surrounded with these, projecting in all directions, and at every angle, it looks as formidable as would a battalion of halberdiers on the defensive. Our spray may be aptly compared to a collection of obsolete weapons from the Tower Armoury, dating from the times when the bill divided with the bow the honour of being the favourite weapon of the English foot-soldier. It was interesting to watch the new crop of leaves during the month that elapsed between their first appearance, green, and comparatively tender, until they reached their settled and hardened state. Contrary to the habit of the fern tribe, the bold vigorous curvature of line was only developed as the branch approached to its maturity. The variety displayed in the forms of the individual leaves, the bold yet finely graduated curves, the varied perspective in which they may be seen as the point of view is altered, all combine in making this a most useful plant for the study of forms that may be borrowed for purposes of utility. In positions where security from intruders is desired, combined with a certain degree of decorative effect, nothing could be more appropriate or deterring than branch work founded on the model of *Zamia horrida*. Our illustration gives less than half the branch studied from, but comprises all the more characteristic forms of leaf. In addition there is here given a drawing (No. 2) of the base part of another branch, showing the close interlocking of the leaves at that part.



Fig. 3.

For the upward terminations of gables and

other peaked portions of structures, nothing can compete in point of effectiveness with well-designed iron-work; attenuated, light, graceful suggestions of vegetation may be easily made in this, and in endless variety. Mr. Waring has figured some highly instructive relics of this kind—notably, two standard frame-works made for draw-wells; both are now preserved in public museums; that of most ancient date is in the Hôtel Cluny, in Paris; the other in the museum of Toulouse. In the Cluny example, three straight rods rose from the stone edge of the well. At the proper height each branched into several divisions; one is continued straight up, terminating in an elegant leaf and flower form; the others curl boldly round in a spiral form over the well mouth, where the three meet, and are braced together at their point of contact, so forming the hold necessary for suspending the apparatus for lowering and raising the water-bearing vessels; the third branches rise in a fine double curve to a point at which they are again braced together, over which point they again divide into gracefully composed leaf and tendril forms, between which again rises a straight stem terminating in lily-formed flowers. This most exquisite work is worthy of study on the part of all iron-work reformers, as it is as much marked by the economy as by the right use of means. The Toulouse example is less structurally right in design, though more ornate in its parts, and terminates upwards in a rather too close resemblance to an unarranged group of apples and leaves.



Fig. 4.

Our fern studies include one (Fig. 3) which is markedly adapted for what may be called terminal work. There is perfect rigidity in the main stem, and much of the same quality in the boldly curving lines of the lower whorl of leaves, which have fully expanded; the second row are in the act of unfolding, and their points bend in strange curves towards the main stem; the thin upper leaves assume those playfully fantastic forms that make some varieties of ferns of so great value for the study of the ornamentist.

As these drawings were originally made solely with a view to private use, it so happened that many of the very uninteresting and uninforming names of the rare plants were not noted at the time, and it would be difficult in many cases to recover them now; but as the main purpose of these papers is to draw attention to the study of vegetable form in general, rather than to any particular individual plants, it is hoped that it will be sufficient to show in what direction an inquirer may look. For the acquisition of real knowledge of plant form, study at second hand is comparatively worthless; each one must go pencil in hand and search for himself in Nature's store-house, if he would desire to impress her true stamp upon his handiwork.

A favourite form of leaf with the German iron-workers, especially during the fifteenth century, is shown here (Fig. 4). Mr. Waring gives a fine illustration of its use in an example from the Cathedral of Ulm. In that instance some of the leaves are bent back, upwards and inwards, until their points nearly meet; others are bent downwards and inwards so that their points also approach the stem, from which they are again recurved outwards. The arrangement of the leaves in alternate pairs is one only of many possible arrangements which will readily recur to the mind of a designer.

The variety of the aloe tribe figured here (Fig. 5) is remarkable chiefly for the way in which leaf is joined to stem. Abrupt changes in the direction of the main lines seem more reconcilable to us in iron than in other materials; the tenacity inherent in its nature allows of its safe use in forms and in a state of tenuity impossible in less pliable substances.

Again, among the ferns, we find this most strange-looking plant (Fig. 6), which is known as the elk's-horn fern, from some fancied resemblance. Suspended in its wire basket, nothing could look more weird-like; the strange wan colour of the fronds, as they stretched out like so many skeleton fingers, gave it a ghostly oddity of look unlike anything else near. But if the whole were pulled to pieces, and its various fronds, which number from one to four lobes each, re-combined in a regular arrangement, there would no doubt result some highly effective combinations of leaf form.

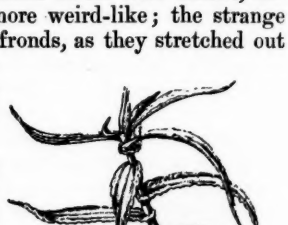


Fig. 5.

Our last subject was but a recent acquisition to the greenhouse from Australia. This (Fig. 7) was a weed found in a rocky dell picturesque with wood and waterfall, and near to the moor edges. The general angularity of the leaf

forms, and the uncommon backward turn of the lower divisions, give a quaint suggestiveness to the plant that might lead to something good in the hands of a competent man.



Fig. 6.

In the course of illustrating these papers there has already been shown a considerable diversity in the manner in which various types of leafage divide at their edges, and as upon this point much of the ultimate effect of folial design depends, a few general remarks on the subject may prove interesting. Beginning with the Vitruvian legend on the origin of the design of the Corinthian capital, by Callimachus, it has always been assumed that the leaf of the acanthus was almost exclusively the source from which the Roman decorators modelled their leafage. Taken up at the Renaissance, it was again largely employed in the elaborate works of that period; and it is again continued in use by some of our modern schools, almost to the exclusion of every other type. Now, whatever may be the case as regards the moderns, who mostly follow their lesson as taught from examples in places of instruction, it seems difficult to imagine that the foliage on the capitals of the Pantheon, those on the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli, and those on the Arch of Septimus Severus, were designed from one and the same source. It cannot be consistently imagined that a succession of men, gifted with the power to sculpture those works, would blindly follow in each other's track, while the riches of nature lay unheeded about them. In the "Grammar of Ornament" of Owen Jones (who, by the way, held the Corinthian capital in slight esteem as an ornamental design, and regarded it as altogether inferior to the capitals of the Egyptians) there is a copy from a photograph of a natural acanthus leaf; looking attentively at this, and then turning to the plates of Roman sculptured ornament in the same book, it will be seen that while in the natural leaf the edges come up in angular points with hollow curves between, in the majority of the sculptured works the foliated divisions are bluntly rounded —a difference sufficient to alter materially the whole general effect of the ornament. There are other differences of aspect, which all tend to the conclusion that the sources from which the Romans drew their materials for design were by no means so circumscribed as has been generally imagined. Yet on the whole there is a chilling monotony running through this school of ornament, and it is not cheering to find it year after year presented to our eyes in compositions from which the natural spring and ever-varying detail of true foliage is conspicuously absent. Let any one who would throw off the shackles of a half-dead conventionalism sit down before a flower-pot containing some one of the beautiful plants we have already indicated, and bringing all his powers of attention to bear on it, make a thoroughly searching drawing of all or of a selected portion, and he will learn more of the true nature of folial ornament than he can by many studies from cast or copy. It is refreshing to turn to such works as those of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Waring, and M. Viollet le Duc, and also the photographs of the Royal Architectural Society, and to see the endless variety of foliated capitals of various ages and countries, some at



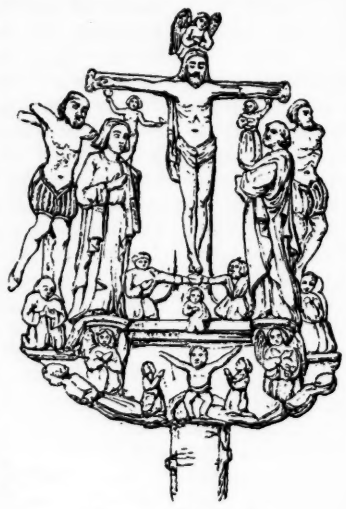
Fig. 7.

first making but a hesitating departure from the model of the Corinthian order, then others gradually venturing to select and appropriate for themselves whatsoever took their fancy, and applying, with consummate art, to the decoration of the monumental buildings of their various countries those types of natural form that charmed their eyes in their native woods and fields.

GILLES MCKENZIE.

WAY-SIDE ART IN BRITTANY.

THE somewhat barren tracts of land and moor in Brittany are compensated by the curious and interesting art remains in the figured "calvaries," monuments, and road-side crosses which are found throughout this department of France. The houses, streets, and by-ways of the more remote and quaint towns have formed many a theme for English and foreign artists, who no less delight in these spots than the rock-bound coast adjoining the bay of Douarnier, and overlooking the greater Bay of Biscay. Dinan, Morlaix, Quimper, Vannes, and Vitré are so many household words to travellers and artists, and the brush of the latter has often transported some souvenir of these to the exhibition walls of London and the provinces. The forms of out-door art so peculiar to Brittany are to the local peasant as much their own picture gallery, as the collections of the Vatican and Uffizzi are to the inhabitants of the South.



A WAY-SIDE "CALVARY."

The remains of ancient art are chiefly to be found in the distant or obscure villages—not reached without much trouble, and accessible only by foot or *char*-road. The grandest of these are the calvaries—the principal of which are at Ploûgastel, near Brest, St. Thégonec, Guimiliau, and Lampaul.

They usually have a stone basement, from which rises the shaft of the cross; around the base are grouped numberless figures, composed so as to form a tableau from Scripture history, united with legendary and local incident.

A great prodigality of detail and a certain singularity of design characterise these calvaries, some of which are late in the sixteenth or early seventeenth century.

Religious importance is attached to them, for the great annual pardon, or fête, is generally begun or ended by a pilgrimage to a noted calvary, or special way-side cross. Lenten sermons are also preached from the gallery or platform which serves as the entrance or arcade to some of the churchyards in Finisterre. They were also used for proclaiming sentences of law, as appears from the "Legend of the Twelve Apostles of Kermaria:"—"'He (Yoon) hastens homewards, thence to go to the justice. I mistake,' said the grandfather, correcting himself; 'a seneschal at that time pronounced his judgments on the stone gallery, which you know on the wall outside the church.'" Legend is closely associated with the Brittany monuments, and is of great importance in illustrating peculiarities of construction or local incidents.

There is also much affinity in nomenclature between this part of France and our own Cornwall; the same customs and idiosyncrasies make a comparison very interesting. A similar prefix to the local names, *Pen*cran, *Pol*-de-Léon, and *Pen*mark in Finisterre, repeat themselves in the *Pen*ryn, *Pen*zance, and *Per*ran of the Land's End district.

The calvaries vary much in form and detail; they are executed in the coarse granitic stone—the leading subject, as the name imports, is the Crucifixion, to which other Scriptural scenes are subordinate. The grouping is very effective. In some cases no less than eighty figures are represented; the illustrations here subjoined give some idea of the general arrangement.

At Ploûgastel, near Brest, is the most renowned calvary, dated 1602, built of the celebrated Kersanton stone, and comprising nearly one hundred figures representing the grand tableau of the Passion. The appearance of the figures standing in bold relief against a clear blue sky is something marvellous, and recalls the wonderful "Stations of the Cross," by Adam Krafft, at Nuremberg.

The costume appears to be a faithful copy of the dress of the period. The Crucifixion scene is treated with much fulness; at the

foot of the cross is the group of holy women in lament, the good and evil spirit, so often



CALVARY OF PLEYBEN.

represented in early mediæval art, is seen hovering above the two thieves, on each side of the cross.

At Guimiliau is another of the great calvaries, not so large as Ploûgastel, and more rudely executed. The single cross rises from the base of the monument, round which are groups of spectators displaying much animation in the bustle and strange grief of that scene; the figures are more vividly represented than at Ploûgastel.

The carved work round the lower portion represents sacred subjects, with that of the Last Supper, wherein is curiously introduced the national dish of Brittany, the fass, or dumpling. This episode shows that the sculptor copied the nearest forms around him, and the fact is of interest for all who study truthfulness of detail and local incidents.

The interior of the church at Guimiliau is studded with carvings of varied though indifferent design, which can be accounted for by the late date, 1680, and the general poverty of detail at that period. The high altar, from its varied workmanship, would lead one to suppose it was a votive task, and executed by many hands. It is dedicated to the patron saint, King Milliau, and has much white and gilt carving, carried to excess.

The gem of the church, however, is the baptistery supported by eight columns with a dome-shaped termination. Innumerable decorations cover this work of art, which is gracefully festooned with carvings of fruit, flowers, birds, and insects.

At the entrance to the churchyard is a gateway, on which small crosses are placed, forming a kind of miniature calvary. The porch, too, is replete with carving of the Apostles and saints as canopied figures, executed in the local granite. Numerous bas-reliefs are underneath the cornice of the porch, and represent scenes from the Creation, in which there is much resemblance to the figures in the MS. German Bible, called the "Bible of Haguenau," dated 1459, and the later well-known wood-cuts of the Creation, in the "Nuremberg Chronicle" of 1493.

A third great calvary is at St. Thégonec, near Morlaix; it is dated 1610, and has several figures. Other calvaries of less note are scattered over Western Brittany, each offering an example of decorative work or some distinctive feature.

The study of any one is instructive, showing how the forms of Christian art and local superstition are constantly blended. They also show that native sculptors and artists were content to execute some very good examples,

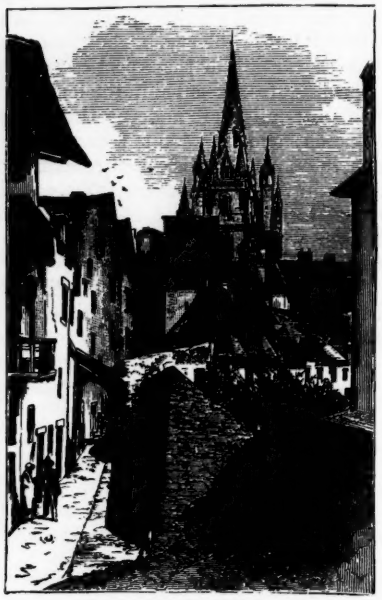


SPIRE OF NOTRE DAME DE KREISKER, ST. POL DE LÉON.

unattracted by the fame of a large city, and content with the quaint out-of-the-world villages of Brittany. St. Pol de Léon, a pic-

turesque coast town, has a fine round church spire visible for miles.

A walk through the streets of Morlaix or



VIEW IN HENNEBONT.

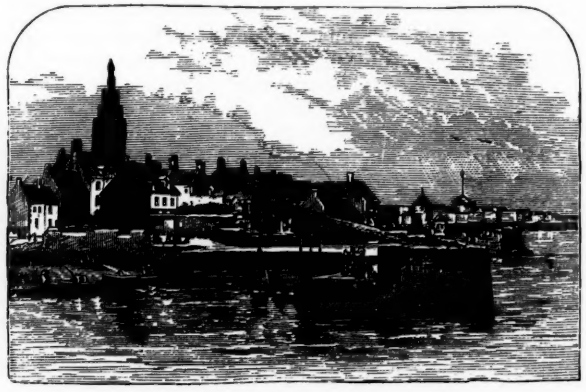
Vannes will disclose the kind of domestic architecture peculiar to the district, timber and slate the prevailing material, the latter often wrought into very fantastic patterns, and encircling half the external walls. The interior reveals choice bits of carving, and one predominant feature, viz., a kind of turret-staircase leading into the upper rooms, and this elaborately ornamented. Of characteristic street views are those in Hennebont, a place associated with the siege of its castle, and its defence by the famous Countess de Montford.

Of the many other vestiges can be noticed the altars, tombs, votive tablets, and shrines which make the churches attractive, if they do not exhibit the best kind of decoration. The church at Crozon, near Brest, has an altar, on the compartments of which are carved scenes representing the legends of 10,000 martyrs; it is inferior to the altar at Lampaul, where the whole story of the Redemption is pictured in stone. The rock-bound coast of Brittany offers endless variety of colour and form to the tourist, painter, or zoologist; and an occasional height is crowned with some interesting object. Near Brest is the ruined St. Matthew's Abbey, the first and last object seen by the mariner on entering or quitting the roadstead of Brest, and occupying a similar position to St. Hilda's Abbey, Whitby. Roscoff, a quaint maritime town, is identified with the ruined chapel of St. Ninien, near which Mary Stuart landed when visiting France, on the occasion of her betrothal to the Dauphin Francis.

In the church is a beautiful series of figures, executed in alabaster, depicting the Passion; the whole placed in a glazed frame against the wall, and probably part of some votive or private altar. Here, as in other maritime Breton churches, can be seen the miniature ships suspended from the roof, as a kind of votive offering for the seafaring inhabitants.

Of carved tombs, that of St. Nonne, at Dirinon, near Brest, is one of the most beautiful, and little known. St. Nonne was patron saint of the commune, and her recumbent effigy lies on the tomb. The sides of the monument are sculptured with figures of the Apostles, and the series is divided by angel groups. This choice example of carved stonework suffered equally with others, during the Great Revolution of 1790, from the havoc of the mob.

Many are the local characteristics which render Brittany so interesting a land of travel; the way-side inn often displays the vine-



ROSCOFF.

branch suspended over the porch, in satirical allusion, perhaps, to the old adage, "Good wine needs no bush." The bunches of maize and corn, nestling under the cottage eaves for

ripening purposes, form a pretty picture, while the interior of the way-side house often reveals very nice wood carvings; the *lit clos*, the antique chest, and the homely spinning-wheel are constantly to be seen.

We can better realise peasant life in Brittany after reading Emile Souvestre's description in "Le Foyer Bréton;" the love of certain customs and habits has been transmitted in great fidelity, owing to the isolated position and the strong clannishness of the race. At times we wonder whether we are in France, on hearing the native patois, partly Welsh, partly Cornish, both in sound and accent. The old Arthurian legends still haunt the land, the rites and ceremonies inherited from early times still exist, while around all is deeply enshrined that intense love of home so characteristic of the Breton. Over all the country is thrown a strange romance, in which religion, history, and superstition have played a prominent part.

S. W. Kershaw.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH.—II.

By John Forbes-Robertson.

PICTURES of a graver and loftier aim than those noticed in the last article are by no means few. We may instance Professor J. Defregger's "Andreas Hofer, the Patriot of the Tyrol, on his way to Execution," and his "Returning Conquerors to a Tyrolese Village." There may be a slight tendency to dryness in the former, yet we cannot withdraw our admiration of the manliness and force with which each is painted. This remark applies also to the portraits of A. Erdtelt, whose brush-work is of the most masterly kind. E. Grützner's "Vintage in the Cloisters," showing the whole process of wine-making, while the cardinal lays his hand in blessing on the proffered grapes, is a work whose art-merits and importance lift it out of the category of mere *genre*. Another illustration of how the artist can aid us in understanding the manners and customs of a people will be found in the picture of "Children's Betrothal in Greece," by N. Gysis, of Munich. I. Fluggen, of the same city, sends a large and brilliant canvas showing the state and ceremony which attended the "Baptism of the Emperor Maximilian;" and F. Keller, of Karlsruhe, on a canvas twenty feet in length represents how remorselessly Ludwig William of Baden, "the Turk Conqueror," as he was called by his countrymen, was in the habit of sweeping down on a Turkish camp when he and his fierce followers caught it unprepared. The Margrave is in the centre of the picture, and mounted on a cream-coloured horse, and both the handling and the colour are in the manner of Makart.

"The First Roebuck," which accompanies the present paper, is another illustration from the exhibition of how thoroughly German artists have mastered all kinds of *genre* subjects. The artist is A. Eberle, of Munich, and he is doubtless familiar with the Bavarian Alps, and has witnessed in a Bavarian home what he so graphically paints. The laughing lad who stands over the roebuck has been on the hills since early dawn, and is now in the act of recounting to a willing and sympathetic audience the various stratagems he adopted in order to get within rifle-range of his prey. "What shall he have who killed the deer?" The admiration and praise of all he loves. To M. Fleischmann, of Munich, we are indebted for the privilege of engraving this picture.

I need not go further into the merits or contents of the German section of the exhibition; and if I have not touched much upon landscape, it is not for want of worthy material, not only in the German manner, but in that also more immediately associated with France and the Low Countries. In handling we have all manner of styles, from the mediæval minuteness of A. Oppel's white-bearded "Jewel Dealer" to the slight yet promising brush-work of W. Trübner. There is a look of haste about the Lapithæ and Centaurs of the last-named, which may possibly account for its lack of definition and distinctness. In the German rooms there is one merit which forces itself upon the eye over and over again, and that is the power of characterisation; and were I asked to point to two of the chief exponents of this quality, I would confidently name Professor Diez and Professor Defregger, both of Munich.

There are three pictures, however, which I must name before closing my remarks on German art, and they are these: First, "Our Saviour on the Cross being kissed by an Angel," a life-sized canvas of rich, warm, suggestive colour, with a sense of grandeur and mystery in the gathering clouds. The artist is B. Piglheim, of Munich. The second is "Christ disputing in the Temple when twelve years old," by E. Zimmermann, of Munich, who is come of an artistic race. The picture has just been sold by the firm of Fleischmann for £800, and will one day sell for thousands. The immediate group consists of four aged Jews and our Saviour. The former are almost huddled together in the eagerness of debate, and the artist has very wisely given to their spokesman rather a pleasing expression of face, while to the Divine Boy, who, in simple white dress encircled by a pale lavender sash, stands in easy argumentative attitude before them, he has given a frank outspoken countenance, that we feel, were it possible to hear Him speak, that His voice is gentle, yet clear and ringing. The two standing figures to the right looking on admiringly are not particularly happy; but it seems thankless to find fault with a work which in composition, *chiaroscuro*, and originality is one of the gems of the exhibition.

The third picture, and perhaps the intensest work of art in the whole exhibition, is from the pencil of Gabriel Max, whose head of our Saviour has been published all over Europe, and whose apparently sadly opening or closing eyes, just as the spectator himself happens to see them, has such a religious fascination for some people. The artist's subject this time is not divine, but terribly human. Yet, who shall say? All we behold is a forlorn woman at the foot of a lonely reed-encircled rock, pressing towards her eager lips with a blood-stained handkerchief the little yielding head of a dead child, whom she holds tenderly in her arms. The picture is "The Infanticide:" let us submit ourselves gratefully to the spell of the painter's pencil, and not intrude with our artistic criticism upon the sanctity of the mother's sorrow and remorse.

Turning to the right of the great vestibule, and entering that half of the building devoted to foreign art, we find the nationalities very unequally represented, and some of them, indeed, not at all. With the exception of France and the Low Countries, the term "international" is almost a misnomer. England, Italy, Spain, and Russia were all amply and characteristically represented on the walls of the Paris International Exhibition of last year; but if an example here and there from any of these countries appears on the walls of that of Munich, they do not figure in the pages of the catalogue. Our German readers, therefore, must not take offence if our notes are neither so methodical nor so exhaustive as they expected.

One of the first canvases which catches the eye on entering the foreign quarter is the famous Belgian picture by Charles Hermans, of Brussels, representing the workman and his family arrested for a moment on their way in the early morning to their daily toil, that a drunken youth in the garb of a gentleman, and his two female companions in debauchery, may issue from their den and flounder past them. The surprise blended with pity in the intelligent faces of the work-people makes an edifying contrast with the drunken and distorted countenances of the revellers, and imparts a moral lesson which the beholder is not likely soon to forget. The artist in this country who most resembles Charles Hermans in freedom of treatment and *vraisemblance* is E. J. Gregory.

In another walk, E. de Schampheleer is no less eminent. His "Dordrecht on the Maas," with its warm stretch of water and bright cumuli rolling over the town and its shipping, is a fine example of a kind of subject peculiar to Belgium, and in the delineation of which her artists greatly excel. J. H. L. de Haas is another of the masters who carries on the traditions of Belgian art, and maintains its practice at a high level. The chief work out of the four he has sent represents four well-fed cattle on a benty shore; sometimes he places them in a brashy meadow, with the irregular crest of a rising ground for a sky-line. In this particular walk De Haas, we think, is in his own country unrivalled. J. T. Coosemans is also to be classed among the great landscape-painters of Belgium. He is represented by a grand rough winter scene, showing some woodcutters toiling through the forest road with their burdens. Besides these there are P. J. Gabriel, J. Verhas, Unterberger, the two De Vriendts, and several others, all of whom may fairly claim to be representatives of the art of Belgium.

Turning to the Dutch school, much characteristic work will be found in the pictures of J. Maris. One of them, for example, represents a windmill, with some water and floating logs in the foreground, and a village beyond with other windmills breaking the sky-line. Belonging also to the Hague, H. W. Mesdag may be regarded as one of the first

marine painters in Europe. His two grand works, representing the going and returning of the Schevinigen life-boat, when those who manned her succeeded in saving the crew of the English schooner *Hopewell*, are a couple of the most stirring and truthful pictures of the kind in the whole exhibition, and they have attracted just as much admiration in Munich as they did in Paris. In one we behold the great anxiety of the crowd on the beach as the life-boat proceeds through an angry and darkling sea to the wreck, and in the other we see the tender anxiety of the same people as they crowd round the cart in which the saved are placed, while low down on the horizon, beyond the foundering vessel, lies a long red gleam bespeaking the close of day. Then we have a very able landscape-painter in G. J. A. Van Luppen, of Antwerp, who proves his quality by his picture of a woman leading goats down a green-grey rocky road. Nor must J. Maris, in his character of a sea-painter, be forgotten. Some of his pieces are second only to those of Mesdag. We do not remember seeing anything of J. Israëls' on the walls, and certainly his name does not appear in the catalogue. In spite of his absence—if he really is absent—Holland is well represented, and the same may be said of Belgium.

Italy has supplied the exhibition with a fair amount of sculptured work, but pictorially she makes a poor show; and as to the art-magnates of Spain, they are simply conspicuous by their absence.

Russia last year made no mean display at Paris, but in Munich she is less fully and powerfully represented. This arises mainly from the absence of H. Siemiradzki's magnificently impressive picture of "The Living Torches of Nero." This gifted Pole, however —by far the greatest painter ever associated in any way with Russia—does not go altogether unrepresented. His Roman Senator hesitating between the Eastern goblet and the lovely lady, and "The Mendicant Mariner" standing by the sea wall, while a queenly woman steps into a gorgeously appointed barge, show how graceful he is in design, and how rich in colour. His knowledge of art, we believe, was mainly acquired in Rome, just as Veretschagin's was gained in Paris under Gerome.

Hungary finds its most truly representative man in J. Munkacsy, whose "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters" carried off the highest honours at the Paris International Exhibition; but the Austrian champion, Hans Makart, the modern Paul Veronese, is entirely absent. His great picture, however, of "Charles V. Entering Antwerp," will be shown in London next season, we are told, by Mr. Fleischmann, of Munich. Munkacsy is as dark and gloomy in his colour as Makart is bright and joyous, and it is rather to be regretted that the visitors to Munich had not an opportunity of comparing two men, each of whom is so worthy of the name of master.

With the English section the German authorities seem to have been as much vexed as we were. Although some of our greatest painters—including the President of the Royal Academy himself—have pictures on the walls, not one of them has received a medal. Hubert Herkomer is certainly an A.R.A., but it was as much in right of his Bavarian blood, as of his artistic genius, that he had the honour of a medal conferred on him. Moreover, his contributions were all in water-colours, whereas the pictures of his English compeers were in oil.

These are so few that we may as well name them without any remark, seeing that our readers are perfectly familiar with them. Sir Frederick Leighton sends "Mignon," who, it will be remembered, is attired in pale green robe and white dress, and leans dreamily against a wall, and his fine portrait of "Captain Burton." J. E. Millais, R.A., has "Mrs. H. L. Bischoffsheim," a wonderful example of what *bravura* of brush can do; also his gold medal picture of "The Rape of the Sabines," painted for the Royal Academy when only seventeen years old. G. F. Watts, R.A., has "Robert Browning," and Alma-Tadema his "Sculptor's Model" and three of his little gems of antique Roman life. Philip Calderon, R.A., is represented by "The Burial of the Hampden;" F. Goodall, R.A., by a small replica of "The Finding of Moses;" H. S. Marks, R.A., by his "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting;" and Marcus Stone, A.R.A., by his "Return of the French Conscript." Hubert Herkomer's (A.R.A.) drawings refer chiefly to Bavarian life, and these, like his magnificent portrait of "Wagner," are, as has been stated, all in water-colours.

The British school was never fairly appealed to, and if British artists have responded but poorly to such call as was made, the fault must be laid at the door of the Munich authorities, who organised their exhibition so badly.

When we turn to the French quarter, we enter the most brilliant part of the whole exhibition; and any unbiassed visitor, passing through the other sections and entering this,

must feel that he has come to the school of the world. The French catalogue, too, is a perfect model, printed with clear type on beautiful paper, and containing everything about a picture and its author which one cares to know. Germans assert that the French, in order to make their display overwhelming, ransacked all the public offices and town halls whose walls are adorned with government-bought pictures; but I found, on examination, that the more important works in the German section were just as much the property of the Imperial Government as similar pictures in the French department were the property of the Republic. It was an honourable contest in which each nationality did its best, and France, as any one at all familiar with the history of art might have predicted, proved the unquestioned victor.

It would be needless, in the present paper, to go over the characteristics of the French school, seeing that the French Gallery, so long established in Pall Mall, has made Londoners tolerably familiar with them; suffice it to say that all the various styles of treatment and manipulation are amply represented here, from the rough impasto of Jules Dupré to the delicacy of W. A. Bouguereau—from the ragged outline of J. J. Henner to the magnificent finish and drawing of J. J. Lefebvre.

Many of the French works were either in last year's Paris International or in last year's *Salon*. In the latter, for example, were Leon Bonnat's masterly portrait of "Victor Hugo," and W. A. Bouguereau's beautiful creation of "The Birth of Venus." Jules Breton, A. Cabanel, Daubigny, Dubufe, Hebert, Isabey, Landelle, Robert-Fleury, the Rousseaus, Corot, Troyon, and Meissonier are all names familiar to our readers, and convey to them definite ideas as to style and subject.

In still life and flowers we have most brilliant examples. First, we have two life-sized cod-fish lying on a board, by A. Vollon; then H. P. Delanoy's "Interior of Don Quixote's House," showing a marvellous collection of illuminated books and armour of all kinds, and both these pictures are painted with a mastery and power, especially in the grand treatment of light and shade, which almost lifts them into the region of high art. Georges Jeannin shows a truck, or small cart, laden with all sorts of beautiful flowers, and Chabal Dussurgey a rose-tree in full bloom by the side of a gateway. Both these pictures, again, are as fine in execution and treatment as they possibly can be.

The modern school of the Tenebrosi is capitally represented by T. Ribot in his picture of two monks washing the wounds of St. Sebastian. In quite another key is Feyen-Perrin's group of pretty fisher-girls, with cheerful smiles, coming from the oyster grounds. In cattle-painting fine examples will be found in the works of Jules Didier, Troyon, and Rosa Bonheur; and the glory of landscape art is maintained by Dupré, Pelouse, Hanoteau, Ségé, Daubigny, and others.

Coming to sacred and historic subjects, we would praise the "Deliverance of the Prisoners of Carcassonne," by Jean Paul Laurens; Leon Lhermitte's "Le Pardon de Ploumanac'h;" Lucien Mélingue's Stephen Marcel, provost of the merchants, hastily exchanging bonnets with the Dauphin, Charles, during the troubles of 1358, by which generous act the life of the latter was saved; Henry Mosler's "Return of the Prodigal;" Cabanel's "Death of Frances di Rimini and Paolo Malatesta;" the grand mural triptych by Ernest A. Duez, representing passages in the life of St. Cuthbert; and especially A. N. Morot's "Episode in the History of the Gauls." According to Thierry, after the defeat of the Ambrons by the Romans, the women of the tribe defended the camp so effectually against the onslaught of the cavalry that the Romans were fain to retire. The artist was a pupil of Cabanel, and carried off the Prix de Rome. He is still comparatively young, and his country has much to expect from him. His attack of the women is delivered with the most startling energy, and when one gazes at the expression and action of these Amazonian furies as they throw themselves on the cavalry, one ceases to wonder at the Roman retreat. It is one of the most spirited pictures painted in modern times. Another brilliant young pupil of Cabanel is Fernand Pelez, whose powerful picture of the Emperor Commodus being strangled at the instance of Marcia, by the athlete Narcissus, as the cruel voluptuary issues from the bath, startles into admiration, and almost awe, every one who enters the gallery where it hangs.

There are many other works which might have been named and even criticised had space permitted; but the object of these papers is to give the reader not so much criticism as a general, and something like an approximate, idea of the Munich International Art Exhibition and its contents. Notwithstanding certain shortcomings to which we have alluded, the Exhibition is decidedly a success, and a success of which the art-capital of Germany may well be proud.



"THE FIRST ROEBUCK."

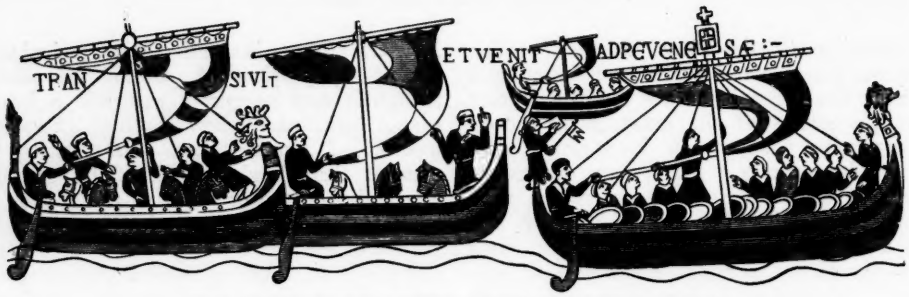
(From the Painting by A. Eberle in the Munich International Art Exhibition of 1879. By permission of Mr. E. A. Fleischmann, of Munich.)

CURIOSITIES OF ART.

IT will certainly not be disputed that in the dictionary of purely legitimate art the word "curiosity" ought rarely, if ever, to be found. Nevertheless under this heading might be instanced those barbarities and crudities which have been put upon canvas during immature periods in the history of art; or those eccentricities which express the character of the individual, as well as multitudes of performances which belong not to the highways, but to the byways of art—or what is called art in the most popular parlance of the day. Of this number are the chalk drawings on the street pavement, or the woolwork patterns which were the glory of our grandmothers, but are now banished to the limbo of British Philistinism by the "art needlework" that is really worthy of its name. Of the same order are the works of the "scissors and paper artist"—a title given to the wife of Adrian Block, who became a proficient in the use of her scissors in the place of brush or pencil, producing portraits and landscapes of great delicacy of line and accuracy of effect. Another lady—the wife of John de Heere, a Flemish sculptor—evidenced an even greater patience, for Van Mander records that she painted a landscape representing a mill, and the miller appearing as if mounting the stairs, laden with a sack, while upon the terrace were seen a cart and horse, and on the road several peasants—the whole highly finished, and pencilled with wonderful delicacy and neatness, and also accurately distinct, yet so amazingly minute that the total surface of it might be covered with one grain of corn.

Hardly less remarkable, for an exactly opposite reason, was a canvas painted in the last century by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, when only eighteen years of age. It was two hundred and odd feet long, and relatively high, representing panoramically the storming and capture of Seringapatam. Nor were the huge proportions of the work more remarkable than the rapidity with which it was executed, for Sir Robert was only engaged at it for six weeks, and he was one of those who followed the advice Dr. Johnson with his last breath gave to Sir Joshua—never to work on Sundays. Added to this, the picture had high artistic merit, according to the voice of contemporary criticism, so far as we can find any record of it now. If, as has been said, the epitaph of a lady must never be believed, perhaps it may also be open to us to accept with some caution the praise that is meted out to an artist with a handle to his name, when it is impossible to observe and verify for ourselves, as is the case with the present work, which was long ago destroyed by fire. Be that as it may, Dr. Dibdin, who went to see it, declares that the learned were amazed and the unlearned were enraptured, and describes it as "a thing dropt from the clouds—all fire, energy, intelligence, and animation. The figures moved, and were commingled in hot and bloody fight; you saw the flash of the cannon, the glitter of the bayonet, the gleam of the falchion; and you longed to be leaping from crag to crag with Sir David Baird, who is hallooing the men on to victory." The work was finished during the time the committees of the Royal Academy were at Somerset House selecting and hanging the pictures for the year's exhibition; and Miss Porter, the artist's sister, tells us that her brother invited his revered old friend, Benjamin West, then P.R.A., to come and look at the result of his labours, before it was submitted to the public view. Mr. West came to the Lyceum one morning on his way to Somerset House, where the committee was kept waiting for him an hour. "What has delayed you so long?" said Sir Thomas Lawrence to him on his entry. "A wonder," he returned; "a wonder of the world. A picture painted by that boy, Kerr Porter, in six weeks, and as admirably done as it could have been by the best historical man among us in as many months." This is still the sister's version; but making what allowance we will for her natural enthusiasm, it may, we think, be fairly conceded to "The Storming and Capture of Seringapatam" that, although not actually the first English panorama exhibited, it was, at any rate, the first which was marked by artistic merit.

Returning to the class of works which illustrate patience rather than conception, and evidence the ingenuity of the mechanic rather than the genius of the artist, it is curious to remember that at no very remote date the Academy hung "a landscape in human hair;" "various devices cut in vellum with scissors, containing the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver sixpence;" and "two birds in shellwork on a rock decorated with sea-coral." Matters would have been more evenly balanced had a little of the patience that was wasted over horrors such as these been expended on certain modern impressionary works that are at the opposite pole of art, or even farther removed, for the two kinds can only be classed together in so far as they deserve the common designation of curiosities of art. All conception and no execution is as fatal in its results as all execution and no conception. Hence the query of Baron Huddleston, "What is it?" which greeted the recent appearance of one of Mr. Whistler's canvases in a court of law, that for the moment forgot the gravity with which convention envelops its proceedings; and hence, also, neither judge nor jury could discover which way up the canvas should be turned. A somewhat similar experience had the celebrated John Martin, who, when he sent his "Zadoc in search of the waters of Oblivion" to be framed, heard the workmen dispute as to which was the top and which the bottom. Nor will even the patience and labour of an artist always secure a work against being turned topsy-turvy by a porter or, indeed, by a hanging committee, especially in the case of an architectural drawing; for Mr. Ruskin's beautiful "Study of the Colours of Marble in the Apse of the Duomo of Pisa" was so hung at the Winter Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours in 1873. A different instance of confusion between head and feet is presented by a portrait of William von Humboldt in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. George IV. asked the minister to sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, being pressed for time, took a canvas on which he had begun a portrait of Lord Liverpool, and had finished his body, purple coat and all. On to this the painter put the head of Von Humboldt, intending to alter it later—an intention which, owing to the death of the king and of Sir Thomas himself, was never carried out. One curiosity of art has become conspicuously familiar since Herr Max's heads of Christ were painted and so largely reproduced—a curiosity which may be defined as the attempt to make a picture comprise a lapse of time. Now this attempt is manifestly and undoubtedly out of the province of pictorial art, which, though it may suggest a past and a future, cannot legitimately show anything except the moment of representation. In making the eyes of these heads capable of being looked at as either opened or closed at the will of the spectator, the artist has proved himself impatient of the lawful restrictions of his own art, and unable to restrain himself from encroaching upon the province of other arts. And this deviation from lawful ways inevitably entails other "misgoings." In order to produce the double effect, an entirely false and impossible shadow is cast upon the upper eyelid. The device is easy enough, and the weird and striking effect is produced at the cost of a little truth to nature and of a great truth to art. The pictures in question were beautiful in many respects, one of them having an expression of pathos in the brow which has seldom been equalled in modern art, while the imitative skill of texture-painting shown in them was uncommonly high. And for this reason it was all the more painful to see that their popular success was dependent on a trick. The infelicitous idea which is their leading motive had its origin, as it found its following, in Germany. At that bend of the Rhine which is dominated by the Drachenfels, just where the beauty of that stream so suddenly and so charmingly begins after the dismal flats of Bonn, Cologne, and Düsseldorf and the mere quaintness of monotonous Holland, and close to the island of Nonnenwerth, with its white convent, is a little German Gothic church, called the Apollinaris Kirche. Every inch of the walls of this building is painted in fresco by the masters of the contemporary German school, men who have followed Overbeck, pious and learned painters in positive colours upon gold backgrounds. The pictures are well enough, but the great attraction of the church is the life-size crucifix in the crypt below the high altar, a masterpiece of a certain school of realistic art, and chiefly popular by reason of this double effect of closed and open eyes—of life and death. It is since the celebrity obtained in Rhenish Prussia by this work that the heads of our Lord have been painted by Herr Max. Their production and their success in England, as in Germany, are due to professional and popular ignorance as to the legitimate and illegitimate in art—an ignorance which is responsible also for numberless other curiosities of the limner's craft to which we need not give a name.



SHIPS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

(An Embroidery in Wool on Linen. Norman, eleventh century.)

ART NEEDLEWORK.—I.

THE revival of decorative art needlework, an incident of the present phase of British fine-art handicrafts, is, like contemporary kindred revivals, much due to the acquaintanceship which, through public and private collections, most well-ordered and inquiring persons are glad to form with the inspiring prototypes of works of modern fine art. The sight of "old works" induces in thoughtful and willing people the desire to produce "new works." The enthusiastic amateur communicates his enthusiasm to others, and in time a body of workers comes into existence. Thus was formed the Royal School of Art Needlework, under the auspices of Royal patronage, and by means of much sincere labour bestowed by three or four ladies who, animated both by philanthropic as well as artistic motives, sought to "supply suitable employment for gentlewomen, and to restore ornamental needlework to the high place it once held amongst the decorative arts."

It was originally intended that this paper should have been devoted to a brief discussion of decorative art needlework, and of the Royal School above mentioned. However, in the course of investigations on the subject, other similar institutions have attracted attention and demand notice. At the same time, it should be understood that this does not pretend to be a treatise upon all the schools of art needlework in the kingdom. Besides those on the Royal School at South Kensington, which—at least by seniority—is the parent institution, a few notes will be given on the Decorative Needlework Society, the Ladies' Work Society, and the St. Katharine's School of Embroidery.



EMBROIDERED CASKET.

(From the South Kensington Museum. English, 1650.)

It is not long since decorative art needle-

work was in the main confined to Berlin wool work. Full-blossomed rubicund roses, grouped with brilliant green leaves of similar and uncertain botany, were features in the designs wrought with the needle. Then there were pictures embroidered on satin—accurate perspective views and picturesque ruins. Miss Linwood zealously strove with her needle and coloured threads to rival the painter with his brush and flowing colours. There is at South Kensington a portrait of the first Napoleon by this lady, in which is displayed an industry almost as tedious as that of an extraordinary mosaic of George IV. from the Pontifical



HOOD OF A COPE.

(From the South Kensington Museum. Flemish, sixteenth century.)

factories. A marvellous fluffy reproduction of Gainsborough's milk-girl, by a Mrs. Catherine Thompson, finds a home in our national collections. It is said that the Royal Academy itself admitted within its walls a work of this kind many years ago. Lavinia and Amanda in costumes and large straw hats, from which fashion in its uncomplimentary, ephemeral manner has adopted hints, were the points of interest on fire-screens, and wrought sometimes on little squares or medallions of satin, asserted themselves as worthy the dignity of being framed and hung side by side with coloured engravings by Bartolozzi, of Elysian and Arcadian compositions designed by Cipriani or "Miss Angel;" and so one may trace backwards British works of the needle until one arrives at the Jacobean period of carefully worked grotesque arrangements of a man and his wife surrounded by their property, family and servants, animals and insects, which subjects often decorated boxes or mirror frames of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This, however, is but one view of embroidery, exhibiting what may be considered as aberrations in the art.

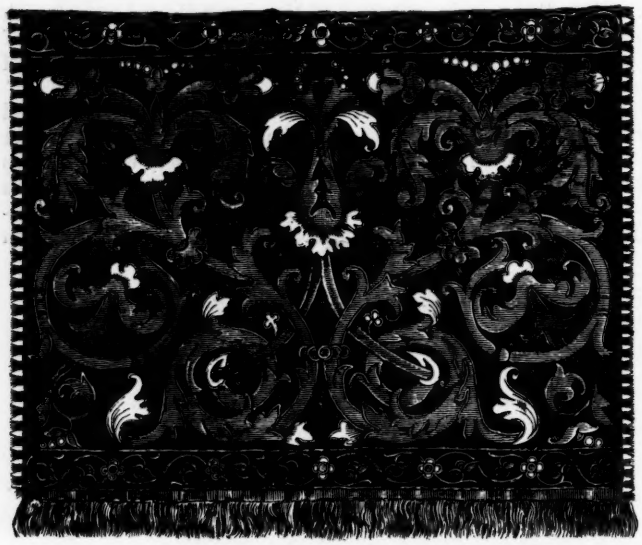
If we turn to Italy and Spain, we shall find a different and more elevating picture. Apart from the treasures of sacristies, the paintings and frescoes, by painters such as Gentile da Fabriano and Benozzo Gozzoli, of princely processions, adorations of the Magi, reveal an insight into the condition of the sumptuous and magnificent embroideries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the splendour of which can almost vie with that of the

> "Fine webs like woven mist, wrought in the dawn
> Long ere the dew had left the sunniest lawn,
> Gold cloth so wrought that nought of gold seemed there,
> But rather sunlight over blossoms fair."

Our National Museum at South Kensington, in truth, furnishes us with a feast of various and rich materials, off which, if we are so minded, we may feed, and thus teach ourselves, among other matters, the history of fine-art needlework.

One of the evils attendant upon modern fine-art needlework is the confusion of stitches which seems to afflict embroideresses. A little consideration must at once show that there are

but few ways of plying the needle. The length or shortness of a stitch does not make the stitch a new one. The intermixture of two



APPLIQUÉ SATIN EMBROIDERY.

(From the South Kensington Museum. Italian, late sixteenth century.)

kinds of stitches does not produce a new stitch. As the late Venerable Dr. Rock, in his admirable work on "Textile Fabrics," writes, there are hardly more than five broad classes of stitches. These are the *opus Anglicum*, or chain stitch; the *opus plumarium*, or feather stitch; the *opus pulvinarium*, or tent stitch, cross stitch, and cushion stitch; the *opus pectineum*, a kind of darning stitch, in which the thread passes across the ground between the woof or the warp of the material embroidered; and the *opus consutum*, or appliqué (applied) work, a class of work dignified by the uses to which it was put by Sandro Botticelli. Again, the point-lace stitches, of which it would appear that there are so many, all virtually come into the class of looped or chain stitches, *opus Anglicum*. The numberless so-called varieties of stitches in arranging the fine threads in laces, in wheels, in stars, in little flowerets, are not, however, distinct kinds of stitches. Almost all are composed of button-hole stitches cast on to threads which form the lines of the design, or else worked in an aërial manner akin in its subtlety to a web spun by Arachne.

It is not unfrequently a supposition that the most valuable and beautiful work is that which involves the most intricate stitchery. Fine effect, however, depends upon skilful design and admixture of harmonious colours rendered in carefully selected and well-manipulated materials. Hence embroidery demands a double artistic talent—that of the painter, that of the needleplier. The painter should be conversant with the materials which he chooses for the use of the needleplier; as, for instance, in the case of certain splendid vestments for the Church of San Giovanni in Florence. Antonio Pollajuolo designed the borders or orphreys of these vestments, in which were figured events from the life of St. John. These designs were executed in embroidery by Paolo da Verona, who laboured at them for twenty-six years, and of whom Vasari says that he was "a man most eminent of his calling and of incomparable ingenuity; the figures are no less ably executed with the needle than they would have been if Antonio had painted them with the pencil." The embellishment of garments and cloths with pictures done by the needle is of very ancient date, and early traces of this are supplied by Pliny, who speaks of the Phrygian work. Virgil writes of the "garments shot with gold and pictured," which Andromache gave to Ascanius. The origin of the art at this undatable period may have been what we should call Oriental. The weavers and embroiderers of Western Asia probably instructed the Phrygians. And Rome, when extending her arms of government and influence along the shores of the Mediterranean, came into immediate contact with the artistic Phrygians, imbibing from them their cunning in the arts of weaving and embroidery.

In retracing our steps from the past to the present we naturally touch for a moment on a monument of British history which has for many years been allowed to be known under the misnomer of tapestry: we allude to the Bayeux tapestry. Now this work, as has been often stated by the various writers describing it, is not a tapestry at all. It is a strip of linen, 226 feet long and 19 inches broad, embroidered in wool, without line forms, representing palaces, king's attendants, country scenes, seashore scenes, soldiers, artificers, sailors, conflicts,

feasts, etc., arranged in a series, with brief descriptions above each event, so as to depict the conquest of England by the Normans. Dr. Rock considered that the work was more likely to be English than French. Its history, however, is identified with the town of Bayeux in Normandy, and the most recent writer on the subject, Mr. Frank Rede Fowke, deduces from the many opinions expressed that the work is Norman. Be that as it may, this interesting piece of eleventh century careful embroidery demands the study of decorative art needleworkers.

Of embroidery some two hundred years later, there is a most invaluable example, known as the "Syon Cope," semi-circular in shape, 9 feet 7 inches by 4 feet 8 inches. Dr. Rock observes that "this is a splendid and instructive example of the *opus Anglicum*, or English work, which won for itself so wide a fame." It will be remembered that *opus Anglicum* is above described as a kind of chain stitch. Exception has been taken to this description as applied to the Syon Cope, and recent investigations into the work of this celebrated example (now in the South Kensington Museum) tend to show that the chain stitch was done, not with a loop as is ordinarily the case, but by splitting instead of looping the thread, by which means a fine and close-lying series of chain stitches was obtained. This method of splitting the thread does not obviously affect the learned Canon Rock's classification of the work *opus Angticum*. The stitch employed, as we have shown, remains a kind of chain stitch, the loop being obtained by a split thread.

It is difficult to resist the temptation of entering into descriptions of or allusions to other well-known works of the needle. Abroad, in the Ambras Museum at Vienna, and in the Treasury of the Cathedral of Toledo in Spain, are magnificently embroidered vestments and cloths.

We must briefly allude to our illustrations. That at the heading of this article is from the Bayeux tapestry. In the original embroidery the tinted portions are of close and flat-lying wool-stitchery; the outlines of the faces, the ships' rigging, the lettering "TRANSIVIT ET VENIT AD PEVENSÆ," are of chain stitch. It is interesting to note that William of Malmesbury chronicles the *vermiculatum velum* of the pretorian—*i.e.*, the admiral's—ship, which may probably imply that the sails of the chiefs' ships were of tapestry, or some coloured decorated material.

Of those archaic and most carefully executed embroideries done in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the casket on page 76 is a good example. The two dames on the front of the box are done in point-lace stitches laid on padded foundation; the mantels and leaves of the bushes, and other details, stand in a relief of tautly-worked lace stitches cast on gimp. The designer has preserved an even balance of details unusual in works of this kind. Illustrative of rich embroideries for religious purposes is the hood of a cope on page 77. The hood is some 20 inches wide by 16 deep, and is, in fact, a mosaic of embroidered pieces joined cunningly together; the greater portion of the design is worked out with coloured fine silken threads twisted round golden wires, which glisten through, suffusing the surface of the work with sunny brightness. As may be seen, the subject depicted is the adoration of the Magi. The hood has preserved a freshness of appearance, and is intact and without blemish from wear and tear. The excellent scroll design on page 78 is wrought in "appliqué" work —yellow and blue applications to a red satin ground. Quilting work on linen, as done by hand in Spain, Portugal, and the Portuguese settlement at Goa, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is shown above. The silks used were generally pale straw colour and red.



PORTION OF A COVERLID, QUILTED IN YELLOW AND RED SILK ON LINEN.
(Spanish, late sixteenth century. By permission of Mr. Montague Guest.)

AUTUMN PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

THE French Gallery in Pall Mall is professedly a collection of works of Continental schools, but the limits are not practically enforced, a large number of pictures as English in workmanship as in origin and inspiration being included in the winter exhibitions. The famous "Le Bourget," by M. de Neuville, being by special request a second time on view, constitutes in 1879, as it did in 1878, the principal and paramount attraction. This noble picture, tolerably well known in London and Paris by the engravings, is nevertheless fresh and even startling in its astonishing reality and realisation when the original painting is first seen. M. de Neuville avenges the defeat of Le Bourget, a village taken by the Prussians in the Franco-German War, by simply showing the terrible and heroic facts. The twenty-eight officers and men who, when the place was a second time lost, barricaded themselves in the village church, and resisted until the Prussian artillery was brought up the narrow street to batter down the windows and doors, and who were found wounded and dying within, are made by the artist the moral victors of the day. It is a pathetic satire on the most military of all nations, the brave and impulsive French, that their victories have not seldom to be sought in this invincibility in defeat. According to Victor Hugo it was not Wellington who was the conqueror at Waterloo, but Cambronne, because in the courage of despair when called upon to surrender he hurled back a single untranslatable word of wild insult as his only reply. The wounded prisoners of Le Bourget won their battle also, and with more dignity than he. The picture is a masterpiece of character and of facile painting. It is, as it were, written off with a brush full of impulse and expressiveness. It is interesting to know that M. de Neuville's next picture will have an English subject—the Defence of Rorke's Drift.

No artist among ourselves resembles himself so invariably and, indeed, so identically, as does M. Münthe, the Bavarian painter of flat snow-landscapes, with heavy winter skies and a gleam of sunset. It is not wonderful that an artist should appreciate the advantage of a line of his own in these days of overcrowded competition; nevertheless, by such obstinate exclusiveness as this he misses the humbler pleasure of watching Nature in her moods, for the more egotistical one of indulging his own. M. Münthe's work is always good, and the example in question, "The Road to the Village," is as good as usual. Almost equally unchangeable is M. Schreyer, whose "Arab Horsemen" are recognisable at any distance. M. Schloesser's work, represented by an interior, "Village Politicians," is less mannered, and excessively careful in style, reminding one indeed of the almost inimitable quality of Gerard Douw's finish. The complete, powerful, and distinct handling shown in the accessories of this rustic room, and the rich yet fine colour, are very remarkable. The heads are hardly up to the painter's usual standard of character and expressiveness. Two small scenes on the Bay of Naples, by M. Tondevilla, have much of the artistic completeness and the atmosphere for which Italian landscape painters are remarkable. In "Ennuyée" M. de Nittis re-paints for the thousandth time a young woman in last century dress, of the coarse and large-featured type so usual with his school, reclining in an attitude more comfortable than graceful, and surrounded with the *bric-à-brac* of a studio—plants, draperies, furniture touched with that exquisite handling and that pure colour—positive reds and blues—which is just now so familiar in Continental galleries.

Prominent among the works of more important size are the Thames scenes of Miss Clara Montalba, "Southwark Bridge," and "Off Erith," in which she has given the broad greys of London weather with great power of effect. Her treatment of the "massy waters," whose opaque grey is accentuated by a dark red barge-sail, of the lighter but still colourless distances, and of the deep shadows that lurk under bridges and boats, will convince any one that London in the hands of a true artist is almost as pictorial, if not altogether as beautiful, as Venice. This lady's younger sister, Miss Hilda Montalba, exhibits a Canadian snow-scene, "Parliament Buildings, Ottawa," in which a sunny glow on the picturesque edifices and a green-tinged sky form a combination of colour charming to the eye, although a little forced. Mr. de Haas' painting is masterly in "Cattle—Early Morning on the Meuse;" and a real pleasure is to be enjoyed from the "Pastoral" of Mr. Tom Lloyd, charmingly painted, full of a very real sentiment in spite of the hackneyed subject—field labourers resting after the day's toils—and exquisite in the light of the distant hills and the aërial sky.



"LE ROI EST MORT; VIVE LE ROI!"

(From the Picture by Marcus Stone, A.R.A., in the possession of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.

THAT a distinguished artist son should follow a distinguished artist father is rare enough to call for special remark, even when father and son are as unlike in the quality of their attainments as in the manner of their successes. The name of Frank Stone is familiar as that of a member of a society which comprised the chief literary and artistic talent of the time. And the father's friends were the son's. Young, full of promise and precocious talent, with a brilliant career assured by the quality of his earliest work, the lad of some sixteen years became the familiar acquaintance of men whose names belong to a waning generation. Marcus Stone is still a young man, but if he should live to eighty years, he will be a link between two worlds of thought and art. He has seen Turner; he was the intimate young companion of Charles Dickens' later years; he knew the father of Edwin Landseer, whose birth dates back to the middle of the last century; he knew Mulready, Lytton, Maclise, Albert Smith, Stanfield, Douglas Jerrold, Augustus Egg, Thackeray. These men did not live so long ago that it is extraordinary to have known them, but it is extraordinary now to find one of their friends in the flower of his age. There is always, and there will always be, an artistic and literary society in London, but to the little knot of writers and painters of that time belongs a character of its own; manners were simpler; club-life as we now know it (though clubs of course existed and were used) was not yet instituted, for in its present refined development it dates back to no very distant day. The old style is all described in Thackeray's works; and the change of manners has been very rapid since he wrote. To belong, in his freshness, to both periods—



SACRIFICE.

(From the Picture by Marcus Stone, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1877. By permission of Messrs. R. Brooks and Sons, Publishers, owners of the Copyright.)

the past and the present—has been Marcus Stone's good fortune.

Born in 1840, the child was an artist by intuition before he was four years old. One of his first feats was the decoration in pencil of a chimney-piece—an attempt which was volunteered, and was not received with much favour. His father, however, in ordering the child's handiwork to be effaced, directed that one figure should be left, because it showed such precocious talent. This precocity marked all the juvenile efforts of Marcus Stone, and must doubtless be taken as an element in estimating the success which attended the exhibition of his early works. The child never at any time contemplated the possibility of any other career for his future life than that of art; but in spite of this invariable resolution he received no actual training in his first years. That he passed through no regular studentship as a boy is, however, more than compensated by the fact that he has *always* been a student; and if at the date of his boyhood a thorough artistic training was not considered to be of very insistent necessity, he lived to work in a time which rates science and discipline at a truer value. At the age of thirteen the young aspirant had made so good an attempt at illustration as to call forth the following note from Charles Dickens, dated from Tavistock House on the 19th of December, 1853:—"My dear Marcus,—You made an excellent sketch for a book of mine, which I received (and have preserved) with great pleasure. Will you accept from me, in remembrance of it, *this* little book? I believe it to be true, but it may be sometimes not as genteel as history has sometimes a habit of being. Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS."

The book so gracefully offered to a child was the "Child's History of England," which the great novelist found time to write for the education of his own children at about this time. Marcus Stone was only seventeen when he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy. The second, entitled "Silent Pleading," created a small sensation in the following year. It represented a tramp, with a child wrapped up in his cloak, asleep in a shed on a snowy night; while the squire and the police, who have tracked the man for some small depredation to this resting-place, stand irresolutely, doubtful whether to put on the handcuffs or let the poor outcast sleep in peace. The subject was somewhat after the style of Dickens, who himself refers to the work in terms which we shall presently quote.

For a crisis had now arrived in the life of the young artist. He was only nineteen, when, owing to his father's sudden death from heart-disease, on him devolved the duty of turning his talents to the best and most profitable account on behalf of the family and himself. Under these new circumstances, he found it desirable to increase his field of labour by the addition of book-illustration to oil-painting. Charles Dickens gave him warm sympathy in his courageous efforts, and helped him by a number of warm-hearted and characteristic letters to such publishers as could give the young artist employment. The following, for instance, is an interesting remembrance not only of a fine artist's life, but of a great author's:—"My dear Longman," wrote the novelist from Tavistock House, on the 28th of November, 1859, "I am very anxious to present to you, with the earnest hope that you will hold him in your remembrance, young Mr. Marcus Stone, son of poor Frank Stone, who died suddenly but a little week ago. You know, I dare say, what a start this young man made in the last exhibition, and what favourable notice his picture attracted. He wishes to make an additional opening for himself in the illustration of books. He is an admirable draughtsman—has a most dexterous hand, a charming sense of grace and beauty, and a capital power of observation. These qualities in him I know well of my own knowledge. He is in all things modest, punctual, and right; and I would answer for him, if it were needful, with my head. If you will put anything in his way, you will do it a second time I am certain. Faithfully yours always, CHARLES DICKENS."

That nothing came, at the time, of this impulsive appeal was not certainly due to any lack of affectionate urgency in the request. The fact was rather that the artist, generally so brilliantly successful, was immature at the work of drawing on wood; for even a year or two later, when Dickens himself entrusted him with the illustrations to the monthly parts of "Our Mutual Friend," to a new edition of the "Child's History of England," and to the completed reprint of "Great Expectations," Marcus Stone's efforts showed the timidity of an unaccustomed hand. What he did was always intelligent, and the drawings for "Our Mutual Friend" especially show no lack of capacity and promise, but it was not until 1869, when he illustrated Anthony Trollope's "He Knew he was Right," that he began to do himself better justice as a designer on wood. Some years later still

a story in the Cornhill Magazine, "Young Brown," was accompanied by drawings from Marcus Stone's pencil which are of real excellence. But his career is essentially the career of an oil-painter, and in his own art he has been extraordinarily successful. Marcus Stone has never relaxed his efforts after progress, all his studies being slow and laborious experiences and experiments, in which he has gradually mastered the lessons of his art; but every step has been cheered by unfailing public favour. Two years after "Silent Pleading" he painted "The Fainting of Hero," which won, among other praises, the precious good opinion of Frederick Leighton, who went up to the young artist at the Academy on varnishing-day, and claimed acquaintance with him on the ground of the promise of his picture. Again two years later, in 1863, a more marked—indeed, a very memorable—sensation was made by a serious work of historical interest, "From Waterloo to Paris," a picture suggested by Béranger's "Souvenir du Peuple." The painter, who, in spite of his difficult self-tuition, showed in this work no inconsiderable science, especially in the matter of composition, was only twenty-two years of age. In 1869 Marcus Stone painted the "Princess Elizabeth forced to attend Mass by her Sister," and, in 1872, a picture admirable for its clever character and expressiveness, "Edward the Second and Piers Gaveston." The confidential impertinence of the light-minded young king and his favourite, and the indignant disgust of the old courtiers whom they are quizzing, are rendered with great



Very truly yours
Marcus Stone

(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

spirit and *entrain*. His more recent works, especially the "Letter-Bag," happy in idea and singularly complete in execution, are too fresh in our readers' memory to need commemoration. Nor is the slight notice, which we are here able to give, a very worthy record of the works which for twenty-two consecutive years this indefatigable artist has exhibited at the Royal Academy. Never to have missed a single year implies a steadiness of purpose, of application, and of health which is indeed uncommon.

But all this invariable, legitimate, and now and then brilliant success has never made Marcus Stone forget his duties of self-improvement, has never made him repose in self-confidence, has never induced him to facilitate his labour and cheapen his effectiveness by mannerism. Oliver Wendell Holmes says somewhere that only a fool is consistent, and Marcus Stone has proved his possession of such wisdom as consists in a frank change of method. As he grew to riper years he began to believe that his first "manner" had been little more than the precocious following of those among whom he lived. Travel opened his eyes to other methods, other theories, to whole schools of modern painting from which England has generally held aloof. French contemporary work, and indeed all the best continental work, greatly impressed him—so greatly, indeed, that his own art was visibly influenced. He fell under the powerful charm of the *savoir faire* of French painters, and emulated the workmanlike daring quality and the masterly felicities of their school. From his delight in style he then went farther and penetrated into the science of his art. He gave himself to a thorough study of perspective, of composition, of relations, and of all learned excellences. From this careful self-discipline has resulted that Marcus Stone's work has shown of late years a *completeness* not common in this country. He compasses what he intends with a thoroughness of fulfilment which is the result of no small science. As a colourist he is tasteful rather than great; he has for some time past worked in one characteristic and peculiar key of colour, and in many ways his pictures are to be recognised as individual. He has also lately preferred extreme grace and prettiness of subject, with figures in repose and garden accessories, to any form of action or emotion. That he is able to give dramatic expression to the passions with no little living energy was proved by a picture exhibited by him at the Royal Academy several years ago, which gave a vivid scene of French peasant life, full of movement and of pathos. It is the moment of a soldier's return, after the woes of a conscription and the perils of a campaign, to his little rustic home. He runs in a delirium of joy to the bed and the arms of the pale young mother, at whose side rests the newly-filled cradle. The execution of this picture is even more unlike Marcus Stone's present manner than is the subject different from his present choice. As he now eschews emotion, so does he also those types of character which are not compatible with youth and beauty. In one important matter his respect for the legitimate in art calls for special notice; the subjects of his pictures are always within the right pictorial scope, within the province of a painted scene. Even when they aim at telling a story, or only at illustrating an historical incident, they contain their own explanation, and complete themselves. Marcus Stone does not disdain all help from a catalogue title, but he expresses himself in his picture in such a manner as to render title unessential. They can all be read, in themselves, without outside aid—more or less of intelligence being supposed in the spectator. His meaning is not allowed to overflow the canvas, as it were, in a manner very commonly practised by painters of pictures with a story to tell. In the work already alluded to, "Edward the Second and Piers Gaveston," for instance, the situation is so expressively rendered, and the accessories, costumes, etc., are so accurate, that a person of very great intelligence and familiarity with history might probably name the characters of the composition; but, failing this, nobody could fail to see that a young king and a young favourite were amusing themselves at the expense of a highly disgusted group of court grandees; this is the scope and intention of the picture. The painter helps us to the exact incident by means of his title; but does not allow the interest of his scene to depend upon it. Precisely the same may be said for another incident-picture of his, in which he shows us King Henry the Eighth rejoicing over his first son, the infant Edward, while the little Princess Elizabeth, neglected and disregarded as being "only a girl," stands wistfully by. The situation is as old as human nature and the laws of inheritance; and, as a fact, in this case the artist had intended at first to paint the group as an illustration to "Dombey and Son," but afterwards changed his mind and gave it the historical interest. In these matters Marcus Stone observes a rule which

is largely disregarded by English artists of the highest standing.

In 1877 the Royal Academy, to which he had contributed unbrokenly for twenty-two years, elected him Associate, an honour which has been followed, as it was preceded, by sound and successful work. From an unusually large number of pictures "Le Roi est Mort, Vive le Roi!" and "Sacrifice" have been chosen for illustration.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

FAVOURITE SKETCHING GROUNDS: CLOVELLY.

BY W. W. FENN.

"AND a mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life," said Captain Jorgan, looking up at it. After this quaint fashion Charles Dickens commenced the description of Clovelly with which he opened one of the best of the "All the Year Round" series of Christmas stories. And it would be difficult in a few words to more completely state the case regarding this out-of-the-way picturesque Devonshire fishing village. Singular it certainly is, and of its prettiness there can be no doubt, whether we approach it from land or sea. Looking down upon it from the thickly-wooded heights through which the road known as the Hobby winds towards it, or looking up at it, as Captain Jorgan did, from the little pier or quay, it declares itself on the instant to be a mine of wealth for the artist. No spot can there be found along that most paintable coast of North Devon more justifiably entitled an "artists' haunt;" indeed, it should be called his head-quarters for the district. The subjects which it offers for his pencil are simply endless and of infinite variety. Be he landscape or marine, picturesquely architectural, figure, or animal painter, given to minute detail, or to broad, bold, expressive sketching, he can be accommodated with all he wants. Beginning our inspection of the place critically, and with an eye to covering canvas or filling portfolios, we will take our first peep at it from the road by which it is usually reached, viz., the aforesaid Hobby. Striking into this from the Bideford Road, we wind through a park-like pleasaunce studded with trees of every growth and variety, amply satisfying the student devoted to entirely leafy scenes, until by degrees we come upon gaps in the thick foliage through which the sea begins to



THE MAIN STREET OF CLOVELLY.

appear like specks of turquoise fretting the green. These growing larger as the coast is neared, craggy, brown-black rocks and precipitous slopes of dense under-wood, terminating in patches of silvery, stony beach, with the rippling surge breaking on its marge, are revealed. Skirting the top of the cliff, the way still winds in and out, now crossing a tiny rivulet, now plunging into dense umbrageous shade, now coming out upon a wide opening whence, looking north-east, splendid views of the blue Bay of Bideford are to be had as far as Morte and Baggy with their rocky promontories. Presently blue wreaths of smoke, curling through the foliage, tell of habitations, and then is seen the glint of a slate roof and white cottage perched apparently upon an inaccessible ledge overhanging the sea, and then another and another, and we find ourselves at the top of a small, narrow, precipitous paved lane, with steep banks on either side. At the bottom, a trifle to the left, a *coup d'œil* may be had of the "sing'lar and pretty" village, from a little terrace of cottages, smothered with myrtle and fuchsias. Hereabouts is the head of the street, which, running, or rather wriggling, its way down the sheer face of the lofty cliff, is the main thoroughfare of Clovelly. Quoting Dickens for a moment again, he says of it:—

"There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the sea-beach to the cliff top two irregular rows of white houses, placed opposite to one another, and twisting here and there, and there and here, rose like the sides of a long succession of stages of crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or down the village by the staves between—some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp, irregular stones."

Descending this narrow way slowly, for to go quick is to imperil one's neck, a closer inspection of the habitations shows them each



OLD HOUSES ON THE BEACH, CLOVELLY.

and all, though similar in character, to have an individuality of their own. "No two houses were alike," continues the popular writer, "in chimney, size, shape, door, window, gable, roof-tree, anything." Their construction, arrangement, and colour offer in nearly every one a worthy subject for outline or close study, whilst about half-way down the street, and looking back and up therefrom, they afford in combination a curious and paintable picture, hard to be beaten by any similar foreign association of dwellings. The ground floor of one is all but on a level with the chimneys of the next; little balconies and narrow terraces project from doors and windows on either side; in most cases painted green, and bedecked with

shrubs and flowers; and there are posts and rails, palings and poles, surmounted by tiny weather vanes, or having nets and other fishing gear hung and slung to them, and flung about in all directions. Wooded heights crown the scene, bringing into most happy relief the odd gables and queer chimneys (the chimneys alone in Clovelly might form the contents of a large sketch-book), whence issues the smoke to give the necessary atmosphere, and to mark the relative distances, as the painter wills.

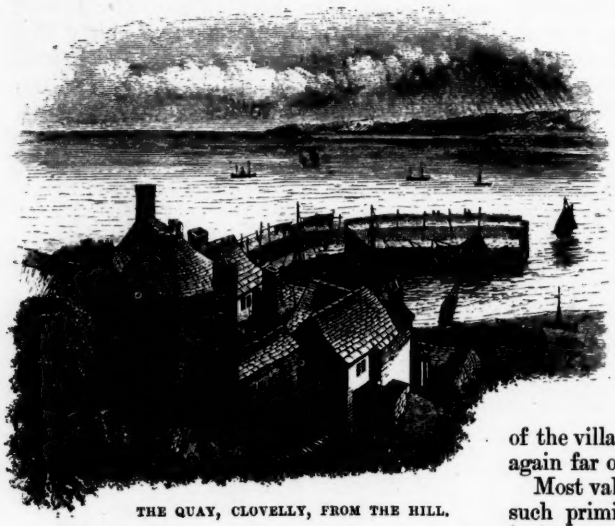


CLOVELLY, FROM THE HOBBY WALK.

Proceeding, the descent becomes steeper and narrower, until at last it is obliged to zigzag to a lower level. Here a flight of steps conducts the explorer beneath an over-shoot of water; there another flight conducts him up to a cottage ensconced, like a sea-bird's nest, in a niche of rock scarce big enough to hold it; whilst the main thoroughfare passes under an arched house facetiously known as Temple Bar, and thence, by one more irregular zigzag, the level of the harbour and quay is reached. Here a disused lime-kiln and more balconied houses trend away towards the beach, and bring the confines of the little town, with boat-builders' sheds, low sea-walls, and other heterogeneous accessories, to an end under the cliffs. The pier running seawards, and then curving partly landwards again, after the fashion of such constructions, is not the least striking feature at this part of our subject. Charles Kingsley, who knew and loved every stone in the place, thus describes the outer face of the sturdy little breakwater:—"Thirty feet of grey and brown boulders spotted aloft with bright yellow lichens and black drops of tar, polished lower down by the surge of centuries, and towards the foot of the wall roughened with crusts of barnacles, and mussel-nests in crack and cranny, and festoons of coarse dripping weed."

Further on, his picture of its inner side, or the harbour pool at low tide, must set every artist's mouth watering; we have just landed at the pier-head, and "beneath us, to the left hand, is the quay-pool, now lying dry, in which a dozen trawlers are lopping over on their sides, their red sails drying in the sun, the tails of trawls hauled up to the topmast heads; while the more handy of their owners are getting on board by ladders, to pack away the said red sails, for it will blow

to-night." Obviously the fishing-boats of Clovelly are among its principal attractions for the painter. Whether coming in on the top of the tide in the early morning from their perilous cruise "away to the west where the



THE QUAY, CLOVELLY, FROM THE HILL.

sun goes down," or getting under weigh as the shades of evening fall upon the bay, or lying at anchor in the offing when the breeze is from the land, or, as Kingsley speaks of them, left high and dry in the not too savoury harbour-pool, they singly, or in combination either with themselves or the adjuncts of the place, bring about a succession of pictures and effects impossible to describe without brush or pencil. The smaller boats too, hauled up on the beach or the gangway of the pier, canted over, or turned topsy-turvy, the better for stowing, or tarring, or mending them, or afloat under their single lugsail, or merely the sturdy oar, they are in every position admirable and delightful, whilst the "picturesque lumber of the shore" and quay, the capstans, the windlasses, the chains, the ropes, the blocks, the rusty anchors, the timber baulks, the disused spars, and, above all, the nets, go to supply details for any and every composition. The way in which the nets are festooned from balcony or rigging, or spread out over the huge light grey stones of pier, wall, or beach, would of themselves be worth going to see and draw, were there no other artistic treasures in Clovelly. Besides the fish, which from their brilliancy of colour, abundance, and variety will catch the eye of the artist (and not his eye alone), there is an element of animal life to be found here under picturesque circumstances, scarcely seen anywhere else now in this country. See again how Dickens was struck by it. Continuing his description as Captain Jorgan was looking up at the quaint town, he says humorously, "The old pack-saddle, long laid aside in most parts of England as one of the appendages of its infancy, flourished here intact. Strings of pack-horses and pack-donkeys toiled slowly up the staves of the ladders bearing fish and coal, and such other cargo as was unshipping at the pier, from the dancing fleet of village boats, and from two or three little coasting traders. As the beasts of burden ascended laden or descended light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke, that they seemed to dive down some of the village chimneys, and come to the surface again far off, high above others."

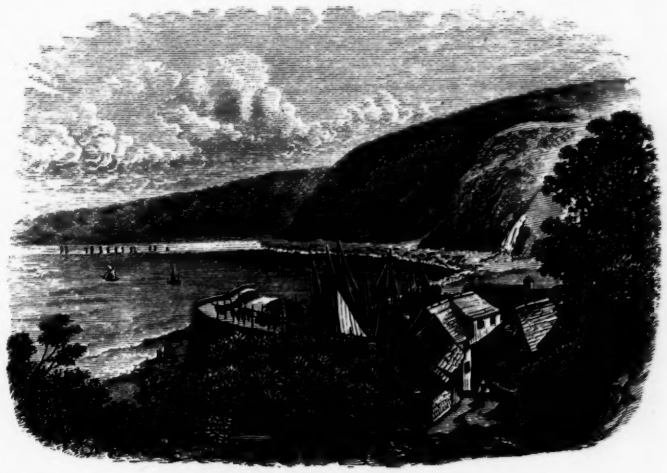
Most valuable, of course, are the means which such primitive methods of transport and the incidents growing out of them afford to the artist for infusing life and activity into his scenes. Coming to the all-important question of figures, it would indeed be hard to find in our own island a race of people more entirely adapted to the requirements of the limner, and we have only to remember the life-like presentments of these fine, tanned, and weather-beaten fellows, and their wives and children, as given to us on canvas by J. C. Hook, conspicuously among others, to be assured that in figure subjects, no less than in every other, this "artists' haunt" is almost without a rival.

The aforesaid fictitious Captain Jorgan was a seafaring man, who had travelled and sailed nearly all over the world, and though no artist, he even, as we have seen, intimated that in all the days of his life he had not seen anything to surpass it. Scraping acquaintance, as the story progresses, with one of the inhabitants, a fine young fisherman, the experienced mariner soon discovers that the hearts of the Clovellians, no less than their homes and appearance, are all that they should be. The fiction here referred to only graphically describes the truth as it is known to any one who has lived amongst them, and we cannot do better in concluding this part of the subject than once more see what Charles Kingsley says concerning

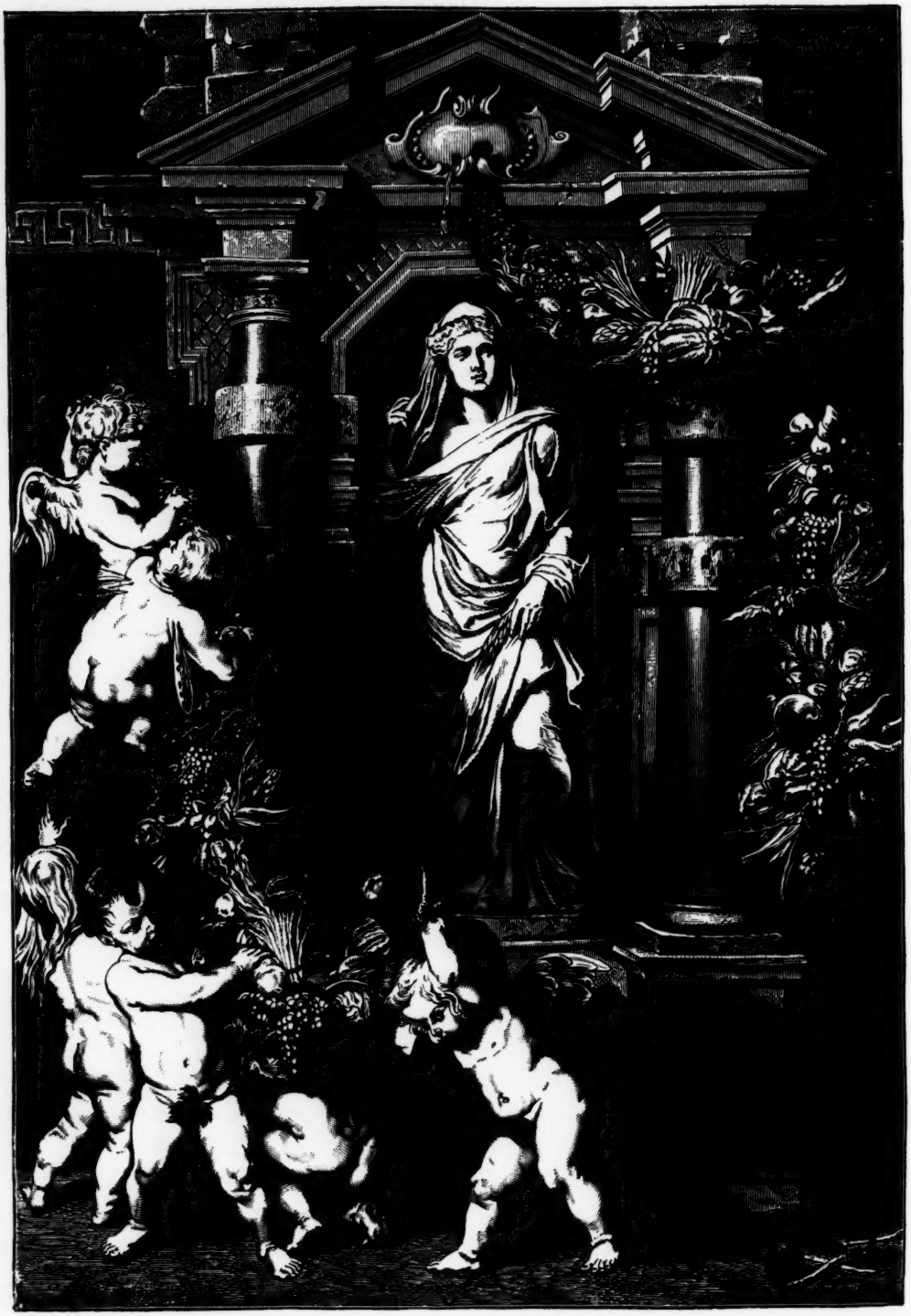
these "lazy giants"—"black-locked, black-bearded, with ruddy, wholesome faces and eyes as bright as diamonds; men who are on their own ground and know it; who will not touch their caps to you, or pull the short black pipe from between their lips as you pass, but expect you to prove yourself a gentleman by speaking respectfully to them, which, if you do, you will find them as hearty, intelligent, brave fellows as ever walked this earth; capable of anything, from working the naval-brigade guns at Sevastopol, down to running up to . . . a hundred miles in a cockleshell lugger to forestall the early mackerel market. God be with you, my brave lads, and with your children after you; for as long as you are what I have known you, old England will rule the seas, and many a land beside!"

With such an amount of work at his very door, the artist will not think of travelling far afield when he has once established himself at the comfortable blue china be-crammed "New Inn," or in one of the several snug though primitive lodgings to be had in Clovelly. Should he do so, however, the coast, east and west, will yield abundant material of a wild, rocky, weather-beaten, yet rich and fertile character. The neighbourhood of "Mouth Mill," to the west, including the woody region known as the "Wilderness," the lover's seat on the verge of a yawning and precipitous chasm in the cliff, called "Gallantry Bower," and the storm-lashed pile of "Black Church Rock," among other rugged features, will amply repay the student for a visit. To the east and north, the curving bay of Bideford, with its deep-wooded ravines running inland, and the moorland streams tumbling through them and bursting into the sea over a shelf of crag, or finding their way to their inevitable bourne by an oozy, reedy marshland, together with the hamlets of Buckish and Peppercombe dotting the cliff line, is equally enchanting to all who have an eye to purposes pictorial. Lundy Island likewise ought to be visited, for there is to be found cliff scenery on a very grand scale indeed, and as a little cutter plies to and fro between it and Clovelly three times a week, it is easily accessible. Thus, in whatever direction we look or bend our steps or steer our boat (for many of the coast beauties can only be seen or reached by sea), there is nothing in this favoured spot but what will rivet the eye and charm the mind of the true artist. Has he too but a taste for seamanship and practical marine fishery, he has but to conduct himself towards the natives as Kingsley suggests, and they will willingly take him with them for a cruise, and initiate him into the mysteries of trawling and deep-sea fishing generally, the picturesque phases whereof are too well known to need any word of recommendation here.

The reminiscences and notes from which the above "summer sketch in black and white" has been compiled, were accumulated some years ago, as necessarily is the case with much of the material with which I have now-a-days to do my limning, but nevertheless I venture to believe that in the spirit, if not in the letter, the picture of Clovelly is sufficiently faithful to do duty as a portrait of the spot as it now exists. In few places I understand have bricks, mortar, and whitewash so little marred and blurred these quaint beauties, as such enemies of the artist have been doing steadily elsewhere with his favourite haunts during the last twenty years. It will be a long while ere any great damage can be done to this little fishing village in the west. The glorious rugged picturesqueness of the cliffs amidst which it nestles is eternal, and defies alike the ruthless hand of time and the demon of modern improvement.



THE PIER AND BAY, FROM THE WEST.



RUBENS' "HOMAGE TO CERES."

(From the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.)

RUBENS' "HOMAGE TO CERES."

FROM THE HERMITAGE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THE genius of Rubens unquestionably finds its fittest expression in Pagan subjects, and especially in Pagan allegory. It is only by the accident of his time—a time which was religious by survival at least, and ascetic by tradition if not otherwise—that his art took Christian form. In these more emancipated times he would have been entirely free from the spiritual and pure inheritance which the art of earlier ages had left to the schools and studios; and had he lived in a later age we should not have been offended by the more than heathen Christs and Madonnas which sprawl, exuberant in life and flower-like in colour, over the walls of French, Belgian, and Bavarian galleries. This generous Ceres, large and majestic, with the corn in her hand and the fruits of her autumnal earth about her, is a fine type of the Paganism not of Greece, but of the Renaissance.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—VI.



N the preceding chapters I hope I have succeeded in showing that Thomas Bewick is the one real exponent of wood engraving. Before his time the capacities of the material had not been discovered, and now they are generally, though not universally neglected. It will be my aim in this and the following paper to consider attentively the qualities which seem most peculiarly to characterise any good work which has been done on wood, and, if possible, to evolve some principle which should guide those who desire to develop the resources of the material in the truest manner.

In doing this Bewick will not help us much, for although he stands almost alone in his mastery of the *technique* of wood engraving, and although his claims to the reputation of an original artist are by no means confined to his technical excellences, his range was not large. He had a considerable knowledge of British animals and landscape, and his sense of humour and perception of character gave interest to his figures, but his drawing of the figure was indifferent, and almost all his work was on a very small scale. Apart from these considerations, it is evident that if we are to have a school of wood engraving, though we may learn much from an acknowledged master, we cannot be content with copying him; and if we wish to arrive at some valuable generalisations, and find our endeavours hindered by demonstrable defects in the work of other masters, we may yet gain much by examining the productions of men of genius, so long as we do not confound their merits with their defects.

I suppose few will deny that the greatest man who ever drew much for wood was Dürer. For splendour of imagination and vigour of workmanship his wood-cuts stand alone. Had he but engraved his designs himself he would have established at once the position of the material. As it was, he regarded wood merely as capable of reproducing his pen-and-ink drawings, and perceiving with the instinct of true genius what kind of line best fitted the material, he produced designs, the fac-similes of which fall little short probably of their noble originals, and, as was well pointed out to me, the quality of the line thus obtained is one not imitable on copper; it is broad, full, equal in tone, not made up of a combination of scratches, and each line has two outlines and is infinitely expressive.

It may be asked, "If Dürer's wood engravings give us all this, what more do we want?" Perhaps nothing more can be asked for in the way of power or imagination, but with reference to our present inquiry, our admiration must be qualified by the consideration that wood is in no sense essential to the work at all. The angel given as a specimen of Dürer's work in a former chapter was reproduced from the wood-cut by photography on to metal, and could have been so reproduced still better from the original pen-and-ink drawing; and it is quite conceivable that in Dürer's time, when photography was unknown, a little ingenuity might have devised a method of whitening a plate of metal and using ink containing some anticorrosive, which would have protected the parts drawn on from acid, so that the white parts could be bitten away, leaving the lines raised. It is clear that if Dürer did his work with the pen,

all that was wanted was an accurate method of obtaining copies, and if this could be done without risk of imperfect interpretation, so much the better. The engraver could improve nothing, and might spoil much; therefore he was merely a mechanical craftsman, not an artist, and the sun is the best mechanical craftsman for such purposes. Seeing that wood may be eliminated altogether from this form of art, it appears that, as far as wood engraving is concerned, our admiration of Dürer's wood-cuts is almost beside the mark. Almost—not quite—for though Dürer failed to discover much that *could* be done on wood, he did not fail to remember what could not, and with the exception of a few pieces of cross-hatching, the work bears the plainest evidence of his having the material in his mind while he drew, and will on this ground repay study.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of these cuts, as compared with work on copper, is its sculpturesque character. The etcher works with a multiplication of lines. Here the forms are carved out at once; lines are needed to express tones, but the principle of the material is to deal with spaces rather than lines. A full white light is scooped out, a full black depth is carved round, and the consideration of this peculiarity of the material brings into view its power and its limitations. A full black depth is not as beautiful as a depth containing subtle inequalities such as are attainable on copper, but the clear-cut sculptured forms possess a charm of their own, and in spite of the small scale of Bewick's things, this charm will be felt even in places where the subject would seem to render it almost impossible; as, for instance, in the "Yellow-hammer," where, on the right of the bird, the grass and leaves are relieved against a dark hollow. It will, I think, be felt that the charm of this passage lies in the simplicity and directness with which these delicate forms are cut out. The engraver on copper would have got something else—more subtle tone, for instance—but he could not get this. There is a quaint little design on the title-page of Mr. Morris's "Earthly Paradise" (cut, I believe, on the wood by Mr. Morris himself), which exhibits this quality admirably, and which, in spite of its unpretending character and almost rude simplicity of execution, may be very profitably studied as a piece of genuine wood engraving.

The most striking contrast between the cuts of Dürer and those of Bewick consists in the thick outlines which prevail in the former, and the almost total absence of any outlines in the latter. It was natural that Dürer, working with the pen, should proceed with such lines, and equally natural that Bewick, working direct on the wood with the graver, should find no occasion for them; but it would be interesting to know whether Dürer would have developed a totally different execution had he worked on the wood. Some such process as this seems probable.

Take a simple case—he has a tree to draw against the sky. With the pen he would give the leading contours, and then proceed to fill these up with detail, multiplying the lines or thickening them according to the degree of depth he required. If he were working on the wood he could not obtain his effect this way; he would first *carve* the tree as a black object against the sky, and then out of this black tree (which would look much as a tree does against a low twilight sky when we cannot distinguish its inner forms) he would cut the lighter portions. It would, of course, be possible to cut these so as to leave lines at the edges, but there would be no necessity to do this, and it can hardly be doubted that in time an artist so working would emancipate himself from the idea of an outline to every object, and would maintain only the sculptured forms, light on dark, and dark on light, using lines only where they are required to express tints.

Let us turn now to the better class of modern engravings, where the engraver is not trying to imitate another and wholly unsuitable form of art, but is producing his effects in the readiest way presented by the material. We find them (as I have before mentioned) chiefly in the sketchy drawings of our illustrated papers, and it would not be fair to compare such rapid work with the masterpieces we have been considering, but without forcing the comparison unduly, we shall find a general difference not arising from rapidity of execution, or if it do in any degree so arise, not less instructive on that account. It will, I think, be felt that in these drawings, tones rather than forms are aimed at. The originals are commonly washed in with the free use of body colour, and the brush-work is cleverly imitated on wood by means of tint-cutting, the thickness and closeness of the lines varying with the depth of tone, texture, &c., to be expressed. Much ingenuity is shown by the engravers, and the results are, considering their aim, successful, but I am persuaded that the aim is not one calculated to advance wood engraving. The imitation of tone and brush-work is the province of mezzotint; wood is made for clear-cut forms.

Another variety of wood engraving may be found in the copies of paintings, excellent specimens of which, in my opinion, have already appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART. In many cases a surprising amount of skill and knowledge of this material is shown by the engravers of this kind of work, and their ability is left free to display itself, unfettered by the fatal conditions imposed on the fac-similist, so that many valuable lessons may be learnt from this Magazine by those who seek to know what can be done on wood; but here again the aim is at fault, unless the object is to give a rendering of the picture suited to the material used. Often too much is required of the material. The scope of the painter is unlimited. Abrupt transitions or tender gradations, mysterious gloom or vivid clearness, the rugged rock or the polished mirror, all are alike to him—none may be easy, but the difficulty does not arise from obstacles inherent in the material. It is not merely unfair, therefore, to expect wood to compete with a material of such boundless capacities, but it is diverted from its true course by the effort.

An artist has truly mastered his material when he makes us delight in its achievements and forget its limits. In the more successful of the copies referred to, we wonder that so imperfect a material can do so much, but we ought not to be reminded that it is an imperfect material. In looking at Dürer's "Apocalypse" no such thought crosses the mind, we are occupied only with the greatness of the conceptions, and I think most persons would feel that they would lose by being presented in any other form.

The first condition of success in the management of a material is the recognition of its natural limits. Those who aim at rectifying its frontiers when they ought to be developing its resources, waste their labour and impoverish their art. Those who try to make stained glass or tapestry or mosaic look like oil painting commit this fatal blunder; each is unapproachable on its own ground; each, while figuring on the domain of others, is absurd. HENRY HOLIDAY.

ITALIAN MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE.

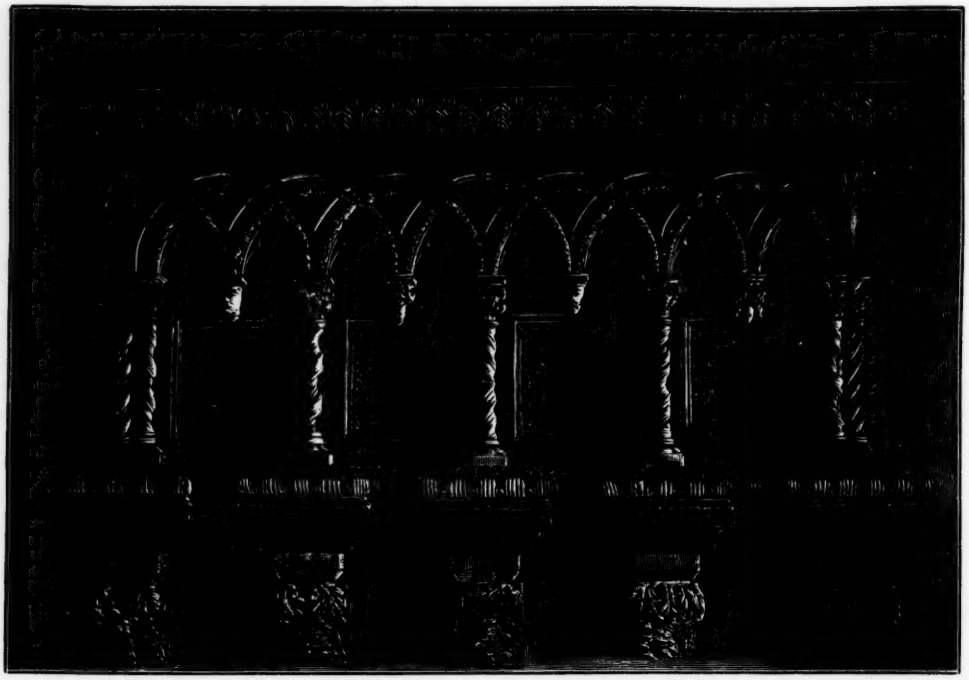
By STEPHEN THOMPSON.

MUCH of the noblest work of the great quattro-cento and cinque-cento sculptors was embodied in sepulchral monuments. The most renowned examples of it are found in old Italian cities, once the capitals of their respective states—cities, many of them forlorn enough now, but powerful then, and full of the turbulent life, the exuberant vitality, and passionate earnestness of the Italian Renaissance.

Shorn of the divine right to carve mythological gods and heroes, the Christian art of that era found in the narrower field of portraiture and sepulchral monuments the only sufficient scope for the exercise of its versatile genius. The student interested in that great period will find in the farthest suburbs of such desolate cities as Forli in the Romagna; or beyond the wide and grass-grown streets of Ferrara, in the church outside the Porta Romano; or above Cortona, on the very summit of its lofty hill, towering amidst the clouds; in Arezzo—crowded with other memories—and in the spacious church that crowns the olive-girt heights of Perugia; in Bergamo; and last, and perhaps best of all, in Lucca, encircled by the Apennines, some of the noblest relics of Italian monumental art, and may trace in these sculptured memorials, as much as in the works of the quattro-cento painters, all the various stages of the Renaissance movement, and mark the successive developments of that strange and beautiful product in art which grew up from the blending of two sentiments and traditions, Christian and Pagan.

The commission for a really great sepulchral monument was the blue ribbon of the stone-carver's craft. There were few of the foremost sculptors to whom the opportunity did not come at some time during their career—few to whom it came more than once or twice, to some of the best only once. To Desiderio da Settignano, "si dolce e bello," is due but one *chef-d'œuvre*, the Marsuppini monument in Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. The younger Rossellini left but one imperishable work—perhaps the most delicate production of the Florentine chisel in memorial sculpture—the tomb of the young

Cardinal Portogallo in the beautiful Romanesque church on the silent hill looking down through dark cypresses on to the domed city of Dante, Giotto, and Michael Angelo.



PART OF MONUMENT OF THE CERCHI FAMILY, ASSISI.

(By permission of the Arundel Society.)

Ambrogio da Milano, one of the very few Milanese sculptors who wandered south, left one, and but one, noble work—that still standing in the decayed church of San Giorgio at Ferrara, looking with its poor surroundings "like a jewel in an Ethiop's ear." Da Noceto also left but one really great work, and we best remember Della Quercia by his loveliest of monumental effigies in the Duomo at Lucca. Such works alone afforded full scope for all the sculptor's best qualities, and allowed sufficient opportunity for displaying his power in art, his skill in composition, in grouping, in portraiture, invention, and feeling, crowning it all with that subtle but impressive finish which belongs to consummate execution. Working for the most part in low relief, seeking often for the means of expression among the last refinements of shadow, almost painting with the chisel, the abstract beauty of the forms whether only of flower or leaf is worked out with loving care—as if with a sense of serene enjoyment—and finished with a matchless delicacy of hand. Although he, doubtless with truest instinct, felt that in such memorial work he was also at the same time raising a monument to his own fame, it did not invariably prove so, for the names of the sculptors of some of the best are lost. That of the pathetic monument to Barbara Ordelaffi, in the little church of San Girolamo, at Forli, is forgotten, while the dark story of her crimes and her tragic fate is fully preserved in the stormy annals of the time. Conjecture points to a scholar of Verrochio, a supposition from which we wholly dissent. Who knows the sculptor of the Can Grande della Scala monument at Verona? And who can tell to whom is due the noble monuments of the Carrara—particularly that of Jacopo di Carrara, the friend of Petrarch, who wrote the eulogium beneath it—with their superb, deeply-foliated cornice and hood-like gables, in the great church of the Eremitani at Padua? Yet some of the occupants of these tombs would be scarce remembered but for the sculptor's art! Who,

notwithstanding his saintly virtues, remembers anything of the youthful Cardinal Portogallo in history? And who, but for Della Quercia, would have ever heard the name of Ilaria del Carretto? And who that has once seen that sweet upturned face can ever forget it? Or that of Medea Colleoni at Bergamo? One involuntarily recalls Hood's exquisite lines—

> "We thought her dying when she slept,
> And sleeping when she died."

Carefully preserved by a government now fully alive to their value, in the old days not a few of these monuments have been lost or crowded out into cloisters to perish, in order to make room for later ones of the flaunting Bernini type. Others exist only in a mutilated form, and some are only to be seen by a small pilgrimage at certain seasons. Nicolo da Pisa's thirteenth century tomb of Santa Margherita, at the church and convent above Cortona, is visible but once a year, nor will any amount of imploration or potent backsheesh unlock the sacristy in which it is immured, for the door that opens from the convent has been walled-up, the church having been closed by the Italian Government. At the annual *festa* of Santa Margherita, however, groups of peasantry from all the country around, in gayest colours, may be seen climbing the steep zigzag to the narrow winding streets of Cortona—a city compared to which Rome is but of yesterday, for ancient Cortona was the metropolis of Etruria—and thence to the bare and lofty hill on whose crest stand the church and convent of Santa Margherita. Supposing the traveller to have so timed his visit, let him join with us in the concourse, and he will see much more than Pisano's monument. These people mean to make a day of it; many of them have started at dawn, and the sun is now high in the cloudless Italian sky, and the vast panorama at our feet is blazing with light. The ascent made, it is well to find with the throng a seat on the cypress-shaded terrace in front of the church of the favourite saint, and there rest and be thankful. Italy has few things more impressive in its way than these wide central



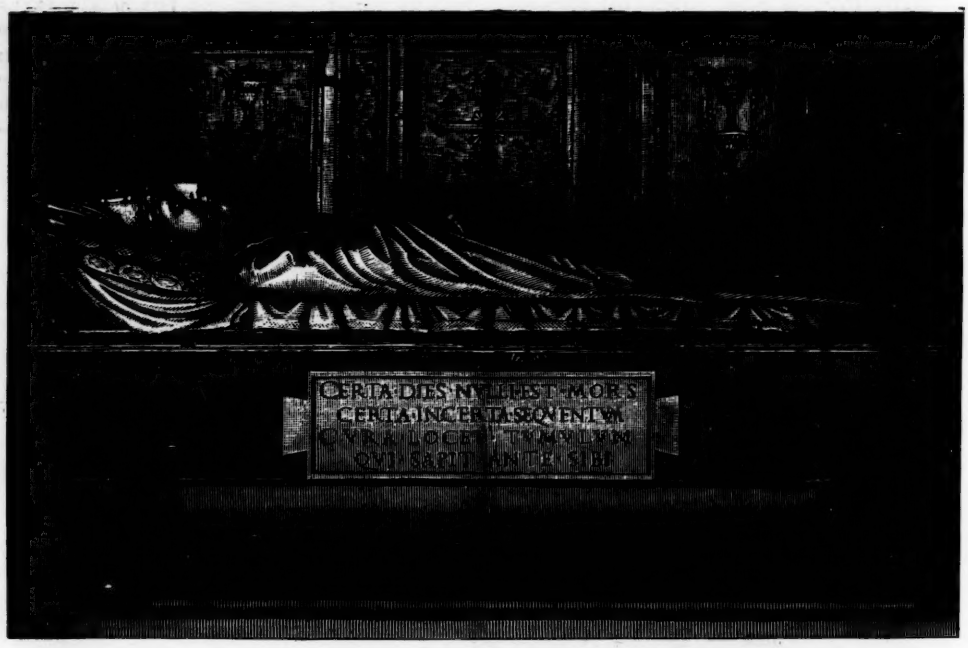
EFFIGY OF ILARIA DEL CARRETTO, LUCCA.

(*By Jacopo della Quercia. By permission of the Arundel Society.*)

plains spread out below as far as the eye can reach, and we cannot do better than survey them ere the time arrives when one may look upon the silver front and crown of gold of the saint, whose name is borne by the highest lady in the land. Everywhere around we look down on a region of vine and olive, tracts of corn, fruitful orchards, picturesque farms, white villas, and far-away dark woods blending with the purple shadows of the distant mountains to the East. The fair face of Thrasymene's lake reflects the sparkling sunlight, Montepulciano rears another Cortona of battlements and roofs in the distance, and the eye singles out Chiusi, Castiglione, and Passignano, and on another lofty hill, not bare like this one, but olive-clad, and proud with towers, and domes, and palaces, sees Perugia, one of the few Etruscan cities that retains in some measure its former importance, and marks the huge Church of S. Domenico, containing the great art-treasure by the younger Giovanni da Pisa, Pope Benedict XI.'s monument, with its spiral columns, mosaics, and curtain-drawing angels—a feature in sepulchral art afterwards done to death at Venice.

The monuments standing in the west gallery of the Campo Santo at Pisa must be regarded as fragmentary. The canopy of one of the best adorns the suburban garden of a *cittadino!* What it once was may be seen in the engraved work of Litta.

Some of the finest sepulchral monuments in Rome are quite unknown to the general visitor. Rescued by the indefatigable Tosi from the ruined Church of S. James of the Spaniards, they were re-erected in the cloisters contiguous to the college in the Via di Monserrato, entered from the Via Giulia, near the Farnese Palace. The best one, that of Diego de Valdes, A.D. 1506, marks precisely the culminating point of the cinque-cento style. Poised on the giddy height just before the downward path was commenced, that path so seductive at first, so fatal at length, its extreme beauty well illustrates the *facilis descensus Averni*. The details exhibit the fullest perfection of the style, and the regularity and harmonious proportions of the different parts of which it is composed, and the beauty of the whole is beyond praise. The portrait-effigy is truly noble, the placid countenance almost wonderful in its life-like resemblance, and the figure is still *recumbent*. The sculptor is



SARCOPHAGUS OF DIEGO DE VALDES, S. MARIA DI MONSERRATO, ROME.

(By permission of the Arundel Society.)

unknown, but it has been attributed by Tosi —the celebrated Roman architect of a past generation—to Sansovino. If so, it is typical. The next monument by him was probably that at S. Maria del Popolo, and marks the departure. Full of the same beauty of detail, exquisite delicacy of handling, richness of ornament and masterful execution, the figure, alas, raises itself on its elbow! The shock is great to one nurtured in purer traditions. We all know to what that fatal step led. Mr. Ruskin has justly emptied the vials of his wrath upon it. Soon the effigies got on their legs surrounded by Fames and Victorys blowing trumpets, and various other attitudinising personifications, to which were shortly added nude sprawling figures in impossible situations: anything and everything that should not appertain to a Christian tomb. The decadence was rapid. We are now far from the noble time when simple floral ornament and perfect adaption of means to ends secured triumphant results in art. How seldom now we see simple flowers, and flowers only, depicted on tombs as the early Renaissance sculptors rendered them! Flowers so appropriate to a Christian tomb. Such as grow spontaneously, and when spring returns—

> "Gem the dry woods and windy wilds, and speak
> The resurrection."

The study of the noble monumental art of Italy from its earliest revival to the period above referred to will furnish one with an infallible standard of comparison when wandering through modern cemeteries abounding with examples of tasteless ostentation, incongruous ornament, coarse execution, and sometimes—though rarely—otherwise meritorious work ruined by misconception of the very first principles of memorial art. When standing by these "vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride," a memory will rise, not seldom, of simple beauty, of refinement without ostentation, and perfect grace without elaboration, a memory of art in which to paraphrase the "Epipsychidion" of Shelley—

> "True taste
> Hires not the pale drudge Luxury to waste
> The scene it would adorn."

ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ, THE BELGIAN PAINTER.

By E. Belfort Bax.

COLERIDGE, or perhaps more correctly Schlegel, in his celebrated dictum to the effect that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, is generally deemed to have made a good rough classification of the intellectual tendencies of men. Granted this much, however, we cannot help recognising the fact that this old division of genius, and in a lesser degree of ordinary minds, into those of a subjective and those of an objective tendency, has long been found inadequate to the more subtle intellectual analysis of the present day. Without entering into the delicate and possibly overdrawn distinctions of writers such as Naumann, no student of intellectual development can afford to overlook the manner in which both these great divisions are sometimes found blended in one character, or the many widely divergent characteristics each of them frequently contains within itself. To take, for instance, the subjective mind in the sphere of art-genius. There is genius of an intensely subjective cast, whose productions sympathetically strike not merely other subjective minds, but even those of an intrinsicly opposite type. Its possessors may be regarded as the highest realisation in their own sphere of some leading idea of Humanity; in other words, their individuality is a typical one. On the other hand, there is another order of subjective genius, whose productions are comparatively *caviare*, to all but the select few. Their ingenuity, their grandeur, or other external qualities may strike even the multitude, but their inmost meaning remains hidden. The individuality present in them is not typical but isolated. To the former class belong the great master minds of subjective art, such as Shelley, Beethoven, or Raphael; to the latter, men such as Lenau, Berlioz, and the painter whose name appears at the head of this article. It is men of this cast who among ordinary people give colour to the notion of genius involving madness. They never become the founders of schools, or leave any lasting

impression upon the history of art, like those of the former cast, but remain the comets of intellectual development to whom but a doubtful place can be assigned. This distinction it is important to bear in mind in attempting to form an estimate of perhaps the greatest painter Flanders has produced since Rubens.

Antoine Joseph Wiertz was born at Dinant on the 24th of February, 1806. At four years of age he was ceaselessly occupied in infant attempts at artistic and literary work. At twelve he may be said to have re-invented the art of wood engraving, without the assistance of any one. Young Wiertz underwent that period of unrest common to all highly imaginative natures, when imagination and aspiration get the better of will and active powers, and are apt to expand themselves in unprofitable dreams. With him it came on at an earlier age than with most—indeed, he had well-nigh passed through it when with many it is only beginning. It would be difficult to say how many possibilities of genius have been wrecked on this quicksand through weakness of will or of *physique*.

An event instrumental in fixing our artist's vocation was an order from the owner of the village *cabaret* to paint a black horse for a sign-board. The success of this undertaking, which became the admiration of the villagers, determined Wiertz to devote himself to oil-painting.

At fourteen he vowed he would leave his name to posterity as one of the great painters of the Netherlands. He was now to all external appearance a man, possessing a tall thin figure, well-formed decided features, and a beard. His great idea was to study at the birthplace of Rubens—an idea engendered or strengthened, as he alleges, by nocturnal visions. He started for Antwerp. At what sacrifices he had realised his wish so far, and what sacrifices was he prepared to undergo to carry it through, may be imagined from what follows.

A cellar fifteen feet by eight, a sort of corridor without chimney or fireplace, was his only lodging and studio. In the winter, after sitting up half the night working in bed (this being the warmest place in the room, such as it was), it often happened that the brush would drop from his hand and he would fall asleep, waking in the morning to find his beard white with frost. He lived in this manner for many years. Notwithstanding his privations, his imagination was so intense and varied that he could hardly yet renounce his early dreams of being not merely a Rubens, but a Michael Angelo, a Corneille, and a Mozart at the same time, so inadequate did one art seem as a medium for the expression of his ideas. It was only after hard work, combined with his wrought-up mental state, brought on an illness, warning him of the limits of physical and intellectual endurance, that he finally, with a great effort, determined to concentrate all his powers on brush and canvas. Even then his view of his art comprehended all that in any way bore upon it, however remotely.

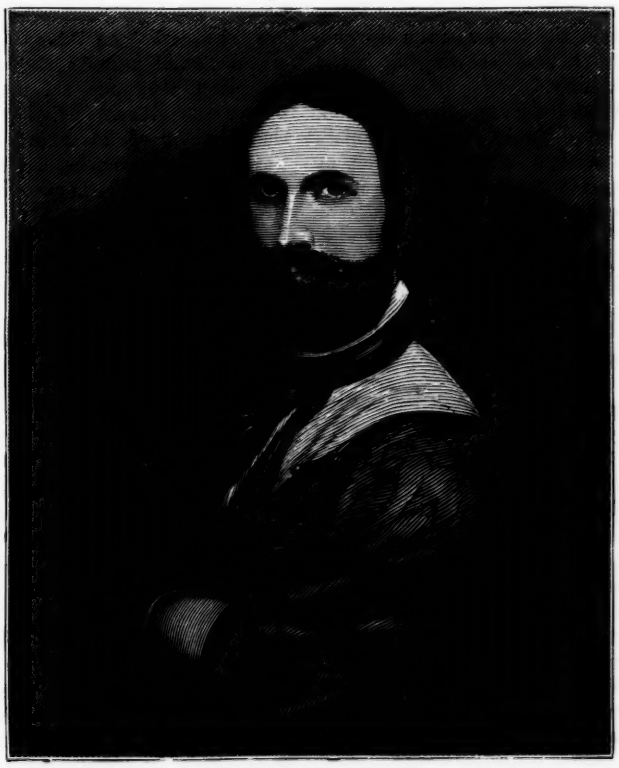
At last his extraordinary mode of life attracted public attention. One day a wealthy amateur presented himself, offering a good price for a picture upon which Wiertz was then engaged. "Keep your gold, it is always the death of the artist," replied the austere painter. How much truth was contained in this speech, as far as it went, the history of art can testify. At a subsequent period, when offered 300,000 francs for his "Triumph of Christ," he replied in a similar strain, "I cannot sell you my picture, for to-morrow I might find something in it I should wish to alter." This was one reason which prevented Wiertz from ever selling his great works. His severe asceticism in this respect has perhaps no equal in the history of art. If Wiertz erred, it must be admitted that genius has been so often degraded to mercantile purposes even by those who possessed it in the highest degree, that the man must at least command the respect of all art-loving natures who exhibits a contrary spirit, though in an exaggerated form.

After some time the Government, having been apprised of the genius exhibited by the young recluse, granted him an annual pension of a hundred florins. With this he was more than satisfied, as it enabled him to visit Paris, where he studied with avidity the treasures offered by its museums and galleries, and not less the ebb and flow of human life in the great city, which afforded him an equal amount of food for reflection.

In the course of a few years, when Wiertz had begun fully to realise his ideas on canvas, the competition for the prize of Rome was opened, for which, having entered himself, he was proclaimed laureate by a unanimity of votes. This proved a turning-point in his career. He decided to visit Rome, where he lived and studied in the same severely simple manner as at Antwerp. It was here he produced his great Homeric study, "Greeks and Trojans disputing over the Body of Patroclus." Returning to his native country with his picture, he presented it before the Academy of Antwerp,

where, after a sharp discussion occasioned by the prudery of certain of its members, it was accepted. Wiertz now began to feel the jealousy of rival artists in the form of press attacks, and this led to his writing a *brochure* on the subject, "Is Criticism possible in Art?" The question he answers unconditionally in the negative, playing off the divers opinions of so-called competent critics upon the same work against one another in a manner admirably adapted to produce entire scepticism as to the validity of art-criticism. The thesis maintained is, that no real and absolutely valid art-criticism is possible, owing to there being, as yet, no objective criterion of the beautiful—no universally recognised æsthetic canons; those usually adopted being merely dictated by a transient fashion or traditional prejudice. The corollary is that the creative artist must conscientiously follow his inspirations, "unmixed with baser matter" in the shape of conventionalisms. Shortly after the last-named essay appeared another from the pen of Wiertz; it was his "Éloge de Rubens," which achieved an immense success, and was crowned by the Antwerp Academy. It evinces Wiertz's high literary abilities in a marked degree, and shows that for power these might have ranked with his artistic, had they been equally cultivated.

The nucleus of the present museum had its origin in the indifference shown towards the "Patroclus" while on exhibition in Paris, and the consequent disgust felt by Wiertz for all exhibitions of the ordinary mixed character. It was commenced by him amid the cutting-up of critics of all shades, till at last their victim was roused to resentment. He chose many dexterous traps in which to catch the malicious or purblind among these individuals. In the following instance a Parisian jury, by whom his pictures had been shabbily treated, was the object of his vengeance. Knowing that one of his friends was the possessor of a fine Rubens, he went to him and begged the loan of it



PORTRAIT OF WIERTZ.

(From a Crayon Sketch by himself in the "Musée Wiertz," Brussels.)

for a short time, which was readily granted. Returning to his studio, he boldly chose his corner, and signed it "Wiertz." The picture was despatched to Paris, and appeared in its turn before the judges, who, seeing the heterodox signature, at once rejected it, gratuitously declaring it to rank among the worst of those sent up for inspection. The joke was too good, we may be sure, for it to be long before the stultified Parisian jury was held up to the derision of the artistic world. A few months after, Wiertz wrote to the jury, acknowledging himself to have been the sender of the Rubens, and his intention that of showing up their prejudice and incapacity.

In addition to those before mentioned, Wiertz was the author of several other pamphlets relating to art matters and the theory of æsthetics, but besides the paintings themselves, perhaps his invention of the *mate* process of colouring might have been considered his greatest title to fame, had not the Government refused to take the matter up, and the secret been consequently lost. "By this process is effected," to use the words of Wiertz in a pamphlet announcing its discovery, "a painting whose surface is entirely free from gloss (*sans miroitement*), which affords at the same time the vigour, the transparency, the force, and the brilliancy of oil." A large number of his works are painted by this process. I have merely mentioned the fact of its discovery, leaving the question as to its merits or demerits to those competent to decide it. The last flight of Wiertz's pen was a work on the French school, in which he sums up the various characteristics of the schools in the following terms:—"The Florentine is distinguished for design, the Venetian for colour, the Lombard for grace and *chiaroscuro*, the Dutch for truth and finish, and the Flemish for picturesque beauty."

Wiertz suffered during the last eight years of his life from a most distressing nervous disorder, that seldom allowed him a single night's rest. During the whole time he received the unremitting medical attention of his friend and biographer, Dr. Watteau. His views of art had always been broad and synthetic ever since his earliest years. His musical talent was sufficient to attract the attention of a prominent professor of Antwerp, who, it is related, on overhearing him play when in his cellar, offered him not merely gratuitous instruction, but liberal remuneration for receiving it. Although the fact of Wiertz having at that time already fixed upon painting as his vocation prevented his availing himself of this offer, his love for music never grew cold, and till his death much of his leisure was employed at his instruments. Sculpture also occupied his attention to a considerable extent, as may be seen by the groups in the "museum." It was during the last few years of his life that the idea of the essential unity of Art in all its branches increasingly occupied his thoughts. This essential unity (in as far as the different arts are only different modes of expressing the same human ideas and aspirations) led him, as it has led others (*e.g.*, Wagner), to the conception of an actual alliance between the arts. He conceived that one art might, so to speak, relieve the others. If, for instance, between the numbers of a concert or the parts of a theatrical performance, a suitable plastic masterpiece could be displayed, the audience or spectators would be in a frame of mind much more calculated to appreciate its inner meaning than under the usual plan of walking through a gallery, and, for the most part, coldly passing in review a series of works at the same time. The ordinary mind, even though in a measure cultivated to an appreciation of the æsthetic, requires a great deal of stimulus to place it *en rapport* with the spirit of many a great art-work, while too much stimulus of the same kind at once fatigues it, as well as the organ of sense through which its impressions are being received. Here is a method that, according to Wiertz, would meet the requirements while obviating the objection; the æsthetic stimulus would be sustained without the fatigue.

Wiertz lived to see his fame established on a firm pedestal, and to hear the last murmurs of a malicious criticism. He died in the month of June, 1865, in the arms of Dr. Watteau, after a short but terrible malady (blood-poisoning). "About six o'clock in the evening of the 18th of June," writes Dr. Watteau, "he was attacked with delirium. At intervals he became a prey to all sorts of visions, some horrible, others soft and mysterious, like the last caresses of Nature, our immortal mother. . . Suddenly the poor dying one thought he saw by his bedside a heap of corpses, which, increasing in size every second, threatened to choke him with their weight." Then, after remaining for some time in a stupor, he sprang up and appeared to be following the action of an invisible drama. At nine o'clock he was obviously dying. "He struggled still, but saw that he must resign himself." He expired at ten o'clock, to all appearance painlessly.

DECORATIVE ART.—I.

ITS IMPORTANCE AND ITS OMNIPRESENCE—TASTE, NOVELTY, FASHION, DRESS, JEWELLERY, ETC.

THE question of decoration is neither insignificant, nor one that has significance only for the wealthy few. Neither is it a matter that concerns only those who take some interest in art, since we are all of us, unsympathetic or antipathetic though we may be to anything that approaches the æsthetic, alike compelled to decorate our belongings, our dwellings, and ourselves. We cannot, if we would, escape from decoration, though there are all about us forms of it which every cultivated man would evade at any cost if he could. Good or bad, it pervades every object with which our occupations bring us in contact. Our attention once turned to it, we can no longer shut our eyes and decline to take heed of it. At every trivial turn in our daily life we come face to face with some fresh form of ornament. We have no choice between decoration and no decoration—decoration is imposed upon us. Our liberty is, as a matter of fact, limited to the selection between one form of it and another.

Imagine for a moment how a man would set about furnishing a house without it. In the first place the house itself must needs be built for him, and not a door, or window-frame, or chimney-piece, not so much as a fire-grate, door-knocker, or area-railing but would have to be made to his express order. The furniture, from the door-scraper to his easy chair, would in like manner need to be designed especially for him, and it is doubtful whether the markets of the known world would suffice to supply the necessary utensils, implements, and household vessels all innocent of ornament. If this were at last accomplished, the first time he entered it he himself would introduce within its walls the inevitable decoration—unless, indeed, he put off on the door-step the clothes that the usages of society have determined to be necessary appendages to the natural man. The cut of his clothes or the rib of the cloth these were made of, the polish of his boots or the curve of his hat-brim, the shape of his studs or the pattern of his watch-chain, the starch of his linen or the knot of his necktie, the ring on his finger, the umbrella in his hand, even the all-necessary money in his pocket, would any one of them be enough to destroy the artless simplicity at which he innocently aimed. The entrance of a lady in every-day walking costume would be the introduction of a small museum of ornamental detail.

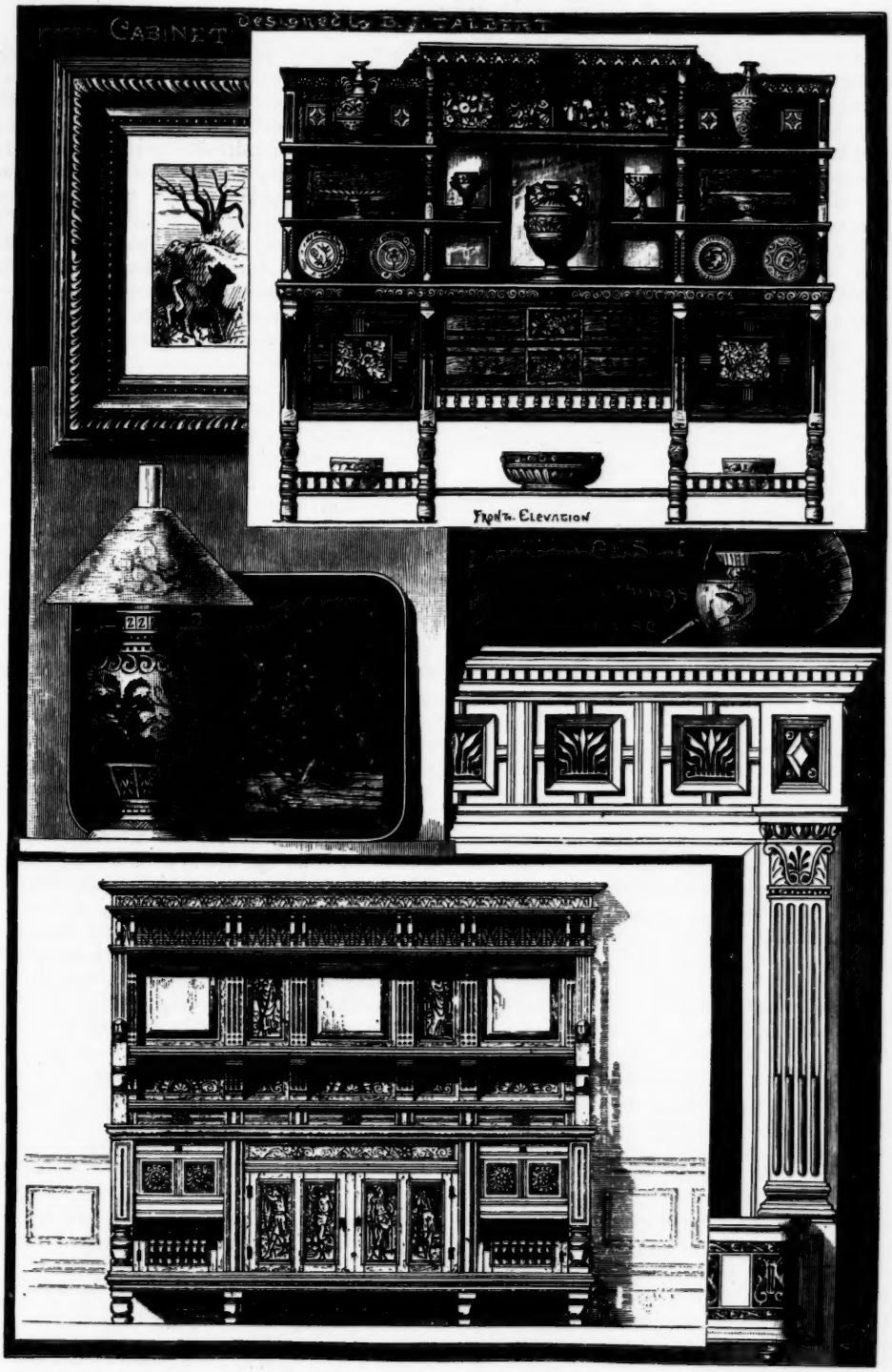
In short, ornament is omnipresent. In the accompanying illustration I have put together a few objects of common use, exemplifying what I have said of the universal application of ornament—a picture, and its frame, in this instance an old English one; a Chinese bowl mounted as a lamp; the familiar Japanese lacquer tray; a carved mantelpiece, with the objects on it, and the old-fashioned brass fender below; a cabinet, designed by Mr. B. J. Talbert in what he calls the old English style for the display of ornaments, itself a work of art; and a sideboard of my own design. It is through the courtesy of Mr. Caleb Trapnell, of Bristol, that I am enabled to reproduce the two last-mentioned pieces of furniture. Ornament has from the earliest times been associated with every object of daily use, and it was only during the period of an almost utter dearth of art among us, in the sixteenth and the first half of the present centuries, that the futile idea was entertained that use and ornament were in any sense antagonistic. Not among the ancient Greeks and Romans and the artists of the Renaissance alone, but among the ruder Gothic nations, and the earlier Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Indians, and Arabs, the craftsmen employed in the production of all useful objects delighted to find in every structural necessity occasion for the exercise of ingenious art. Even among the aborigines of Mexico, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands every opportunity for ornament was promptly seized, stern necessity taking care that use should not be sacrificed to effect. We may assume, since there is usually some ground in fact for every fiction, that it was the perversion of ornamental art among more civilised nations subsequent to the degradation of Renaissance design (due possibly

to facilities which were beyond the ken of uncivilised races, and certainly only possible through those facilities) that led to the idea that use and ornament were incompatible. Let us hope that the recurrence to a better style of decorative design among us in this generation, and a truer appreciation of the end and object of ornament, will before long overturn this theory, so that not even the most practical and prosaic person shall be able to rest in the belief that use and ornament are independent one of the other. For decoration is, or should be, art controlled by common sense.

The low condition to which ornament had fallen until within the last twenty or thirty years accounts fully for the slight esteem in which it has come to be held, and there is little doubt that the success of modern design will in time restore to decoration the prestige that attached to it as a matter of course in days when art and handicraft were scarcely distinguishable, and easel pictures were not supposed to be the be-all and end-all of art. Already there is a wave of reaction in this respect, and perhaps even a danger that the cause of decorative art may be swamped in a wave of fashion, to be left presently high and dry beyond the reach of public sympathy. However that may be, the interest in applied art is growing; people are beginning to realise that art is not altogether a matter of painting and sculpture. It is beyond dispute that the influence of our everyday surroundings must affect us, and I believe that they influence us much more powerfully than we are accustomed to suspect. It may be unavoidable (but it is by no means beyond doubt) that some of us should have to live without beauty—and in that case it may be a relief to deaden the senses that take delight in what is beautiful—but, for all that, it is not just the same thing whether we live in the midst of beauty or of ugliness. Æsthetic culture is not the high-road to all the virtues, and, indeed, certain of the vices may be found as often in its train as elsewhere. Neither, on the other hand, is there any special grace in ugliness. Art is only utterance. It must express something; and the vital question is, what does it express? The daily association with honest, manly, real work, with graceful fancy, individual character, and refined art, must do one morally as well as intellectually, perhaps even physically good; and to live in the midst of false pretence and flimsy affectation, of heartless workmanship and dead monotony, must be equally demoralising. The fact that we may be wholly unconscious of the influence about us does not destroy its effect. The fresh air is a tonic, whether we feel it to be so or not; and the germs of disease that emanate from a foul atmosphere are none the less fatal though our nostrils may not be sufficiently delicate to make us aware of the poison we breathe.

It becomes essential, then, seeing that we cannot do without decoration, and therefore cannot escape its influence either for good or bad, that we should make ourselves at least so far acquainted with the subject as to keep within the bounds of taste. The first difficulty in the way of the acquirement of this limited amount of knowledge is the assumption that every educated man or woman is *de facto* already possessed of the faculty of taste. So firmly is this infatuation rooted in men's minds that it amounts to an insult to question their taste. This is owing in part to a confusion of the different senses in which the word is used. Bad taste may mean bad breeding, and no one cares to be accused of that. Again, taste may be understood to signify liking, and in respect to liking every man must be a law to himself. But in reference to art there should be no mistake about the meaning of the word. Liking is one thing, and taste quite another. One may heartily dislike a thing, and yet acknowledge that it is good; and the faculty that enables us to realise that fact in art is taste. A competent critic, if he is honest, admits in calmer moments that his judgment is biassed by personal predilection, and that he is not unerring. It is reserved for the average English gentleman to assume calmly that his likes and dislikes constitute good and bad in art—only in art. In other respects he is sane enough. He does not argue with his solicitor or pretend to prescribe to his physician. He goes to them for advice, and whether he acts upon it or not, the fact that he is prepared to pay for it argues that he attaches some value to it. It is true that society does not insist that a man should be versed in the law or in medicine, and that it does demand that he should be able to converse about art. But society appears to be quite innocent of what nonsense he talks when he begins. If for a moment he could but see himself as artists see him!

The expression of a man's honest preference without prejudice and without affectation is valuable in proportion to his experience and character, and there is no particular reason why he should keep it to himself; but the cool way in which those who never held a brush since the days of their childhood pretend to determine what is good and bad,



(See page 103.)

"well painted," or "out of drawing," would be amusing if it did not stand in the way of all true appreciation of what they are talking about. Lookers-on see the best of the game, it is true, but not unless they know its rules. For every fault that the mere *dilettante* really discovers in a work of art there are possibly a dozen merits that he fails to detect; and if he flatters himself that he has detected precious qualities in a work unrecognised by the profession, the probable reason for its neglect, if it has indeed the merit he sees, is that it is marred by grave faults of execution of which he has no suspicion. It would be only decently modest in him to assume that, whenever he differs from a painter as to a matter of fact which he has himself not particularly studied, he is in the wrong, for the painter probably has studied it.

The difficulty is in proving the excellence of any work of art, owing partly to the intangible nature of its highest qualities, partly to the vagueness of the common terms in use. But there is a good and bad—whether in poetry or in painting, or in the arts of design. If in his own art a man does not know better than others what is well done, he ought to. It may be admitted that there are qualities concerning which a critic from the outside is perhaps the better judge—the poetry in a painting, for instance, would be more truly appreciated by a poet than by a prosaic brother brush—but these are qualities that are not to be taught. The excuse for discussing chiefly what may be called *technique* is that it is the only discussion which is profitable. The grammar of art is not the end in view, but it is the only road to it; and if any one fancies that he has genius, let him make haste to learn the A B C of his profession, for without it he will not compete successfully with rivals who know the alphabet and nothing more.

Were proof wanting of the absence of cultivated judgment among us, it would be enough to point to the omnipotence of fashion. So little does "the education of a gentleman" teach him about taste, design, or workmanship, that he is at the mercy of the latest novelty. And it is not too much to say that the higher a lady's station, and presumably the more "polite" her education, the more imperative it seems in her eyes that she should keep pace with custom, and march to the tune of the fashion-mongers. A stupid jingle it may be, but it is artful enough to make the world forget that the fashions are furnished in the interest of their providers only, regardless altogether both of art and of economy. The habit of referring to the shifting fashion rather than any fixed principles of taste as a standard is not only proof of our ignorance, but provocation of half the hideousness with which we are oppressed. How meek we are! How we resign all individual preference of form or colour or design, and obediently produce our purses to the magic formulæ, "the last new thing, sir," "the latest fashion, madam"! Fashion is a comedy in which taste plays quite a small part. So persistently have we followed in the false track that the very sense of what is appropriate, becoming, or beautiful grows dull. Even vanity succumbs. What art there may be in dress consists, obviously, in the skilful adaptation of costume to the form and features of the wearer, in diverting attention from bodily defects and setting off beauties to advantage. But fashion pulls the wires, and we answer to them. No matter whether we be short or tall, stout or thin, we wear a great-coat that reaches down to our heels, if only the tailor so determine. Ladies wear their hair in bands or ringlets, crimped or padded, all down their backs, or tied up tight like the tail of a cart-horse, always *à la mode*, and usually without reference to their own particular style of beauty. Fashion, who crept into the service of vanity as her slave, well content to make herself generally useful, is mistress now, and lords over us despotically; humbly we disfigure ourselves; without a murmur we distort our solitary grace or beauty, and expose our very deformities at her bidding—and we fancy we have taste!

Look at the jewellery we wear. There, if anywhere, is an opportunity for the exercise of refined and delicate appreciation of what is beautiful, for in most cases beauty is the only excuse for its existence. If we cannot afford to wear intrinsically beautiful trinketry, we can do very well without it. Not that there is any reason why it should be costly. The jewellery until recently worn by the peasant women of Normandy, Norway, Switzerland, and other European countries, now in imminent danger of being altogether superseded by the attractions of more modern, showier, and altogether worthless Parisian and Viennese manufactures, was strictly peasant-jewellery—the metal chiefly silver, and the stones chiefly garnets; but it was good work and well designed, worth transmitting from mother to daughter, and not fit only to be flung under when the fashion had passed by. Men of taste have been collecting and buying up the old examples of this kind of work. Will any one be likely to buy up the flimsy trumpery that has superseded it?

Even the costly work now found in our best

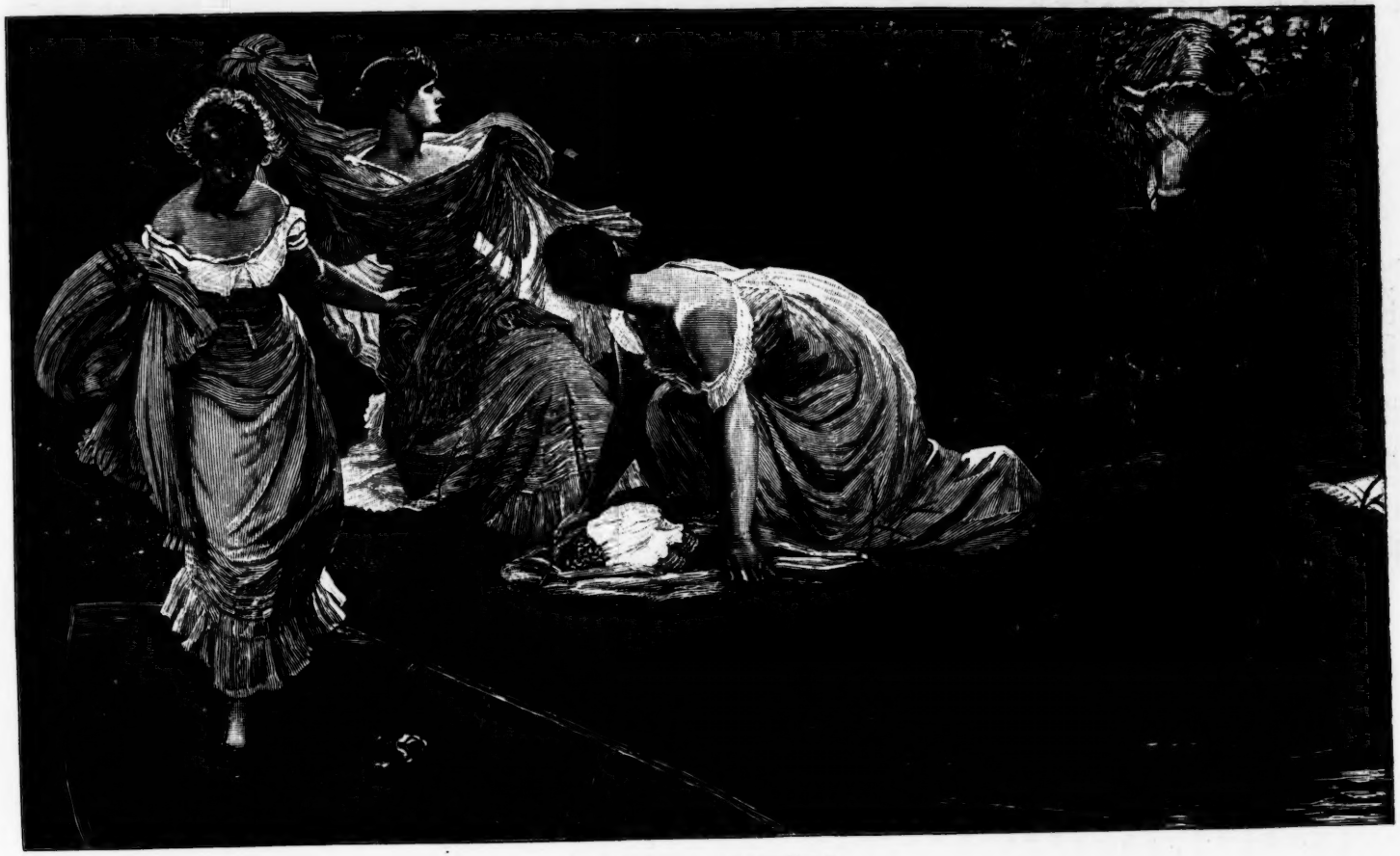
shops will be chiefly valuable for the weight of its gold and the water of its diamonds. There is this to be said of the better class of modern English goldsmith's work, that a certain honesty characterises it. It suggests "value received." But this very character shows how little the artistic element in design is considered or sought after. The Indian jeweller, according to Dr. Birdwood, thinks nothing of the intrinsic value of the precious stones he employs. He is an artist, and to him the value is in their colour, sheen, effect; he cares as much for them as a painter cares for his pigments, and no more. They are simply a means to his decorative end. The consequence is that he is able to use rich emeralds and rubies as lavishly as if they were enamel, and wherever he wants a point of light, bits of diamond are at hand, commercially of no value, but artistically as valuable as though they were priceless.

Our idea of jewellery is altogether the reverse of this. We must have fine and flawless stones, and thick masses of heavy gold. At great cost we succeed in producing poor, cold, lifeless rings of gold, more like gilded fetters, studded with isolated stones; or we throw rare diamonds together *en masse*, producing, at fabulous cost, an effect far less gorgeous than the comparatively inexpensive Eastern work. The art among us appears almost to decrease in proportion to the increase of the value of the materials. Sometimes we see a gem that a collector might envy, more often a diamond that is not ill-set, but never a ring that Holbein or Cellini might have been proud to have designed. With regard to diamonds, the greater the quantity of precious stones, the more closely they seem to have been put together, after the pattern of the flaring illuminations which draw attention to the entrances of the London theatres.

The root of all evil here, and in so many other arts, is the innate and seemingly irrepressible passion for display, which finds vent among the poorer classes in Brummagem jewellery, and shows itself in rich ones in the choice of watch-chains, necklets, tiaras, and bracelets, whose sole value and sole interest consist in the number of rare diamonds and the weight of gold. Only in so far as they are beautiful do such things deserve the slightest attention from a decorative point of view. Diamonds may be a valuable investment, a convenient form of settling money on one's wife, a ready means of advertising one's wealth; but this has nothing to do with art. The Indian craftsman is altogether in the right, and every artist among us must sympathise with him. Those who do not, those to whom money value is more than beauty, can lay no claim to any feeling for art. The clumsy ornaments so much in vogue with us are none the less blunders that the blundering is peculiarly British. It is always dangerous to dogmatise, but I dare to say that, in pure luxuries like jewellery, the value of the art expended on an object should invariably be in excess of that of the mere matter on which it is expended. The fact that a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds are thrown together without a thousand pennies' worth of art is conclusive proof in itself that the wearer does not put on jewels for the sake of ornament. The love of show which is here so unpleasantly prominent steps in everywhere in decorative and domestic art, and leads us astray from the simplicity and modesty that are at the bottom of all good work, and that should especially characterise the art that we live with every day. LEWIS F. DAY.

PICTURES IN TRAINS.

RAILWAY is a fact of such formidable proportions that to associate it with fancy seems, at first sight, absurd. The line is so intensely real that there can be no romance about it. Hard, unyielding, noisy, repellent, dirty, where is its connection with poetry, music, tenderness, sentiment, art? The most human picture Frith has given us is, it is true, his "Railway Station;" and the chromatic glamour of Turner's genius was never greater than in "Mist, Rain, and Steam." But painters have somehow missed the pictures ready framed for them by railway-carriage windows, the views on the line by day and by night. As for the poets, the modern Iron Horse, that steed of steel and steam, with muscles of iron and bowels of brass, with heart of fire and breath of flame, does not occur to them as a greater Pegasus, a mightier Bucephalus. It is true that Mr. Alfred Tennyson once "waited for the train at Coventry," and "hung with grooms and porters on the bridge;" but he saw no romance in steam,



"BATHERS ALARMED."

(By P. R. Morris, A.R.A. From the Painting exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879. By permission of E. Hermon, Esq., M.P.)

(See page 111.)

and has nothing to say about the giant forces and spectacular effects of railways. It is, moreover, true that Charles Mackay has invoked

"Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam;"

and that Scotland has produced a lyrist of the line in Alexander Anderson, the platelayer-poet. But somehow railways are regarded as beneath the dignity of poetic inspiration, just as the historians whom Lord Macaulay described had an aristocratical contempt for memoirs as being too trivial for the majesty of history. Or, peradventure, the Muse was startled when she first heard the shriek of the shrill steam-whistle, as if she were a shy woodland nymph driven away by the bugle blast of the hunter advancing through the leafy haunt. The railway has no patron saint, no classic deity, no mythological mother, no apologist, no laureate, no kingly founder, other than George the Fifth, George Stephenson, the greatest of all the Georges. Did not Wordsworth call upon the "mountains, vales, and floods" to "share the passion of a just disdain" against the railway? And has not Mr. Ruskin, in powerful prose, anathematised the line as the quintessence of all that is ugly, utilitarian, unromantic, unsentimental, and uncompromising? The next age will surely reverse the verdict of this; and in the meantime the present modest essayist would show that the railway is not the synonym for soulless sterility. I would hold a brief for the line, and attempt to redeem it from the sweeping charges which affected and superfine sentiment has hurled against it. Railways are full of poetry. The most aching tragedies and the most amusing comedies are to be beheld on busy railway platforms. At little way-side stations are to be read delicious pastorals, charming idylls, lyrics of the line. There are kisses at carriage doors as sweet as Eros drew from the pursed lips of Psyche, and tears as burning as those which dimmed the eyes of Eurydice when Orpheus was taken away from her. There is—if, like the sage boy in "Sandford and Merton," you have eyes and the power of observation—a library of lyrics and sonnets, ballads and *vers de société*, to be read between departure and arrival termini. There is poetry in points and crossings, sermons in steel rails, songs in sleepers, books in block-signal boxes, tongues in tunnels, and good in all railway things.

What, now, is the history of railways but a romance? It can boast of more conquests than Alexander. Name, if you please, the generals who have overcome obstacles half as stupendous as those confronted and conquered by the Stephensons and Brunels of Civil Engineering. They make the very omnipotence of Nature, frowning mountain and defiant flood, crouch overcome at their feet. Point out, if you can, the achievements that will compare with Chat Moss, with the "corkscrew line" of the Semmering, the "sky-scraping" permanent-way over the Sierra Nevadas, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the Tay Bridge, or the new highway to the North, through the heart of the Pennine Chain, from Settle to Carlisle. The motto of the railway engineer is the memorable maxim of Calonne's: "If it is difficult, it is done already; if it is impossible, it shall be done soon."

And what, I ask, is a busy railway station but a picture, with its arrivals and departures, its sorry partings and glad meetings? Here Momus and Melpomene rub shoulders, and comedy and tragedy are played against each other, while the bell rings, and the guard blows his whistle, and the urgent engine responds in an obedient shriek of eager steam. Look at the groupings of the scene. Here a man with, perhaps, the motives of a murderer; there a woman on a mission of mercy. Here Mars returning from savage shores; there Hypatia, *ætat* fifteen, going away to a school in the country. There a Judas off, with his silver-mounted travelling-bag, to sell his master; here a Hetty Sorrel arriving in Babylon to take the first downward step. Faust, Margaret, and Mephistopheles; Diogenes and Phryne; Dives and Lazarus; failure and success, rags and riches, business and pleasure, idleness and industry, gladness and grief, humour and pathos, laughter and tears, hope and despair. What poet shall strike these harp-strings? What painter shall throw his genius into this picture, and give its varied colour and character, and life and movement?

But if the pictures presented on the platforms of a busy railway terminus, and at country-side stations, are unapproachable in human interest, what art-critic shall describe the landscapes of the line? the "hurrygraphs" of scenery that come and go like the sliding scales of a magic lantern? The average traveller allows these choice vignettes to pass unheeded. He—"good, easy man!"—seats himself in his favourite corner of the carriage, pulls his rug over his knees, his *Times* out of his pocket, his pipe out of its case, and settles down into the foreign telegrams and the share market, or falls into a tobacco trance. The windows—framing picture after picture—are

only referred to for purposes of ventilation. The train may be speeding through fragrant fields, where the haymakers are spreading the sweetness of the clover with their rakes; or skirting the sea, where the sunset glow falls upon a far-off sail in a splinter of light, just where a painter's brush would have placed it; or passing close by grey turrets rising above the green of sheltering elms, the battlements of a mediæval manor, where the wassail once circulated among sturdy barons, and hawking parties met for the forest, and White Rose of York made redder the rosette of Lancaster, and a handful of loyal cavaliers held out against the grim cannon of Cromwell's Ironsides; or that express may dart past the ivied arch of some historic abbey, white with age, where kings have worshipped and heroes have died. The artist-eye sees pictures in the train, be it parliamentary or express, in all sorts of journeys, at noon and at night, in all kinds of weather, in each season of the year. Scene follows scene in fleeting succession; but the eye has time to telegraph to the brain the picture, and it is secured on the mental collodion-plate by an "instantaneous process," an unfading photograph. Now it is a water-colour, with a gentle river gliding under the quaint arches of a grey bridge into the green meadows beyond. Then it is a woodland nook where Adonis might have found his couch; presently comes a limestone crag; anon an old-world village with roofs of grey lichen, russet thatch, and red tile, seen through a mist of green trees and blue filmy smoke; then a quiet pastoral of level fields stretching away to the slope of distant woods, with roan cattle in the foreground, such as Rosa Bonheur would love to paint, throwing shadows on the lush grass. The scenes change so often that they never become monotonous.

Some railway rides are, it is true, more romantic than others, and abound with pictures. Compare with some of those monotonous journeys by rail on the Continent, through level fields, with here and there a stunted pollard in the flat miles of prosaic plain, the rush through that pleasant Kentish hop-country which M. Taine has somehow associated with the English character itself; or a trip in the early summer-time through the cider districts of Worcester and Gloucester, when the whole western land is one red and white blush of orchard blossom. The Midland whirls you to Manchester through the Peak, along the Matlock valley, and high up on terraces of limestone crag over the Wye, and the run is one panorama of "beauty-spots" to which even the tunnels give a zest. Then there is the Wye on the Great Western, and the romance of the ride by rail from Ross to Chepstow down the wooded water valley of the western land, past the rocky masses of Symonds' Yat, between towering banks of coloured foliage to Tintern Abbey, and, still through walls of wood, by the Windcliff to the tawny sands of the Bristol Channel. Are you going to Ireland? The London and North-Western carriage window frames pictures all the way from Chester to Holyhead. On one side you are playing at hide-and-seek with the sea; on the other hand the bronzed Welsh mountains look down upon the speeding train, with alternate glances of leaping stream and deep valley. Are you bound "due North"? You can stand on the balcony of a Pullman car as the Midland express pierces the savage moorland fastnesses between Settle and Carlisle, and follows the green gladness of the Eden valley. Even in a railway journey between such places as Sheffield and Manchester there lies some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in these islands; for does not that one hour's burst between the two grimy northern capitals comprehend the sylvan Deepcar valley, the waving woods of Wharncliffe, and the morose moorland slopes of Kinderscout, with a line of linked reservoirs—like Highland lochs—stretching for eight or nine miles by the side of the railway?

If the railway has its picturesque side by day, it loses none of its romance by night. There are pictures in the train still; but fire-pictures such as a Gheber would worship. An element of poetic horror surrounds the railway by night that is Dantesque. The iron districts of Staffordshire and Lancashire, Cleveland and South Wales, blighted and depressing as the train passes through them by daylight, become grand in their glare and gloom, sublimely spectacular at nightfall. The inky rivers of coal and iron become invested with classic fancies. They are Acherontic streams. The ugly slag heaps become fiery volcanoes. Look out of the carriage window now, as the midnight mail, with a shriek and a rattle and a roar, urges through the heart of the Black Country. Who are those swarthy toilers—magnified by the red mist of steam and fire until they look like giants; sinewy Anakims, swarthy Frankensteins, mighty Thors? The night air sobs with the wail and moan of beaten metal. The screech might be the cry of pain wrung from great spirits. Is this really a railway carriage in which we are seated, or

a cushioned compartment in Charon's boat? Answer me, Is it the London and North-Western line, or the awful Styx bearing us away on its black bosom to Pluto's kingdom? There are the Cyclops with the flaming foreheads. What is that black heaving object but Prometheus sighing on his sulphurous rock? See! those tortured souls driven in iron chains by the Harpies. Those writhing snakes—revolving in eternal pursuit—are surely the Eumenides. Behold! in that flaming forge the one-eyed sons of Cœlus and Terra are welding the great helmet Perseus is to wear. Is it all an ugly dream? Is it only the blighted Black Country which Charles Dickens described when Little Nell and her dazed grandfather took their flight by fire through the blackened town, and the old schoolmaster came up a good Samaritan, just as the dear angel-child fell exhausted in its God-forsaken streets?

Not that it is necessary to go into the Black Country to find romance in the night-side of railways. Let us wait together in the darkness for a train at a little road-side station. Walk we up and down the deserted, wind-swept platform. The tall signal-lights seem to hang like burning planets in the lowering sky. The crimson lamps—which indicate the position of the points—shed a blood-red radiance on the cold snake-like track of glistening steel. The telegraph-poles on the side of the embankment look like phantom gibbet-posts in the gloom. The March wind sweeps along the tightened electric wires, and they respond in music, wild and weird, and, veritable strings of an Æolian harp, elicit strange melodies. What are the wild wires saying? A low quivering contralto solo steals along the line in a ripple of deep melody. Then there is a duet of shrill treble and hoarse bass; and then, as the wind rises, a full chorus of many voices, which swells into a triumphant diapason of surging sound. Now the music is a symphony of etherial sweetness; now a mournful requiem for the dead; anon it is like a sacred anthem chanted by white-robed choristers in some solemn cathedral, and then it subsides into a reminiscence of the summer sea seeking a shingly shore. The breeze increases. The wires seem endowed with human voices. Here like a suffering child's feeble moan of pain; further down the line, and near the tunnel, the voice is one of womanly supplication; then of wild, passionate entreaty; then it resembles the despairing cry of the dying; and then a ruffianly yell of savage mastery. The crimson signal-light changes to white. A rushing noise. Two red ogre eyes burning their way through the darkness. A flying volcano, with a wild shriek taking the air, as if it were the tortured cry of pain coming from the flame-frenzied spirit of Enceladus. All that is now left of the "up" express are the folds of red smoke that paint themselves against the night in weird billows of lurid colour. Right away vanishing rapidly in the distance three red tail-lamps that form a demon face. The wind—momentarily carried away by that rush and roar of fire—resumes his performance on the Æolian harp. Two more eyes come burning through the tunnel and tear the night apart. There is a grinding of the break. The station-master with his lamp bustles about. A dozen people, whom we have never seen on the platform, make a sudden appearance on the scene. We take our seats, and again the iron horse rushes forward on his fiery path. EDWARD BRADBURY.

"BATHERS ALARMED."

BY P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

ONE of the most attractive pictures of its class in the Royal Academy of 1879 was this little scene of real life idealised by one of the younger Associates, P. R. Morris. No nymphs could be more poetical than the modern girls here depicted in their graceful *déshabillé* of cambric and frills; their attitudes, unconscious, yet expressing a frolicsome flutter rather than a serious terror, are peculiarly happy and elegant. The figures are full of spring and movement, contrasting well with the stolidity of the intruding heifer; and in the matter of colour the group of maidens, with the cool translucent white of their flowing draperies, and the pearly tints of their arms and faces in the shadow of green leaves, constitute a passage of peculiar delicacy. The whole picture suggests that the artist has in painting it enjoyed a perfect luxury of refinement, form and colour throughout being equally tender and pure.

ARTISTIC IRON-WORK.

By George Wallis, F.S.A.

IRON would appear at first sight to be a most unpromising material in which to produce works of art, nor would the fact that its surface oxidises rapidly under damp and neglect give it any additional claim to the worker in metals. Yet its sober tint, its easily varied surface, its durability, if carefully attended to, and the fact that at one period it was the only metal upon which men could depend for the construction of defensive armour, have led to an expenditure of art work upon it in various ages and countries, and its application to such a variety of purposes, that the thoughtful art-student cannot fail to be interested in the results. The more so when, on careful examination, the real merits of the design and execution of the decorative iron-work of the Middle Ages, and even down to the last century in England, are recognised and understood. A love of and a weakness for old iron has characterised some of our ablest modern artist-designers—A. Welby Pugin and Digby Wyatt, for example—and one has to confess to a personal sympathy with them while living; and a respect for their devotion to this special phase of industrial art now that both are "gone before."

The smiths of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and even eighteenth centuries were decorative artists in the best sense of the term. They understood the capabilities of their material, cold or hot, its adaptation to the various purposes required, and with unrivalled skill and handicraft power they made structure itself ornamental; so that even when decorative adjuncts formed part of the design they grew out of the construction as perfectly as the leaves and flowers grow out of the branches of a plant, or the branches grow out of the supporting stem.

The pretty story of Quentin Matsys, of Antwerp, stimulated by his love for a painter's daughter, making himself a painter to win a wife, is perhaps none the less pretty, but it is certainly the less wonderful, when we know that Matsys was an artist in iron already, and simply changed his tools and materials; for the artist-smith was already the equal of the artist-painter, whether the latter thought so or not. The South Kensington Museum collection of decorative iron-work has been the growth of many years' patient and steady search and investigation. It has never been perfectly exhibited as a collection until now that it forms an almost unique exhibition at the Bethnal Green Branch Museum. Brought together as a fitting supplement to the recent furniture collections, it deserves the special study and attention of all who really take an intelligent interest in design as applied to the industrial arts, or who care for true art-power in handicraft.

Space will not permit of more than a slight allusion to special examples, but the various sections of the collection may be usefully referred to, and remarkable features of design and workmanship briefly noted.

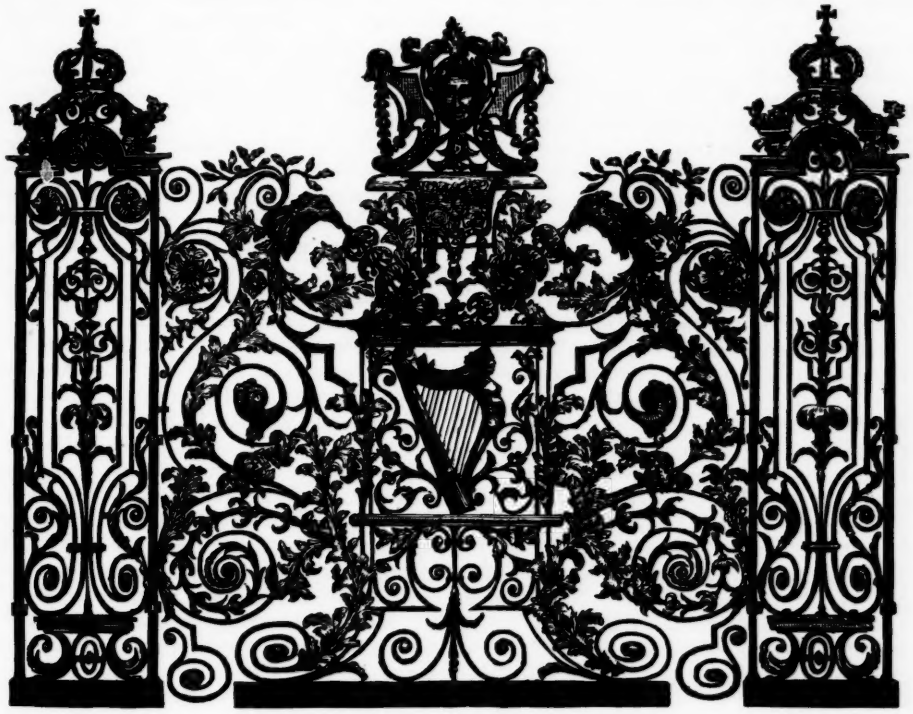
The nature of the material, whilst so susceptible to the destructive influences of wet and damp, has also been the means of preserving many examples which, had they been executed in a more valuable metal, would have been destroyed for the sake of the metal. As it was, they had the advantage of being neglected, and if placed in tolerably sheltered situations and sometimes covered, by ostentatious barbarism, with paint and gilding, the commonness of the metal preserved them from the fate which so frequently befell works in brass and bronze.

Let us now glance at the gates, screens, grilles, and gate-panels belonging to the collection. In them we find a combination of means to the end required—protection and security against surreptitious access or egress. Strength in combination with a comparatively light structure is the first point, and whatever variation of form may be attempted, all must combine to this end; and after the structure itself has taken the forms wrought to give strength and then to impart beauty, the adjuncts simply enhance both these. Of course the structure is always of forged work, hammered into shape while hot, twisted and welded when necessary, from the forge fire. Screwing and riveting are rather the expedients used for the decorative details or the more subsidiary parts; the aim of a good smith being always to make his structure as much as possible of practically one piece.

The ornamental portions may be of forged

work wrought into scrolls and tendrils, or of hammered work, "shell" work, or *repoussé*, by which bosses, knobs, flowers, etc., are formed.

The best illustration of this class of gate-screens is to be found in those from Hampton Court, of which our illustration gives an example. Part of these screens are at Bethnal Green Museum, and part of them in the architectural courts at the South Kensington Museum. They formerly stood on one side of Hampton Court Palace grounds next to the Thames, and fenced off six hundred yards, with intervals of fifty yards of wall. They were twelve in number, and perishing from rust and neglect, when the South Kensington authorities obtained permission to remove, repair, and take care of them, a proceeding duly denounced at the time as barbaric! Why not let them remain *in situ* and perish? In spite of the wind and weather of two hundred years, and the neglect and dilapidation, enough of them was left to make them worthy of restoration, as far as consistent, and of preservation for the future. These screens are thoroughly English in design and execution. Huntington Shaw, a native of Nottingham, was commissioned by King William III. to design and execute them about 1695; but as the king died before the completion of the work, or at least before the screens were paid for, the parliament of the time repudiated the debt, and Shaw, it is said, died from disappointment. Certainly he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-one, as we find a tablet outside Hampton Church recording the fact, and describing him very naïvely as "an artist in his own way," which meant that as he was neither a painter nor a sculptor, his claim to be an artist was doubtful, even in the very face of the magnificent pieces of wrought iron which his brain had conceived and his artistic hammer and chisel had enabled him to carry out. It is feared we do not act much better now-a-days by those who embellish the industrial arts by their invention, ingenuity, and skill.



IRON GATE-SCREEN.

(*From Hampton Court Palace.*)

Each screen is thirteen feet two inches wide, and ten feet six inches high. The design consists of two side panels, which afford the means

for supporting the whole by buttresses and stanchions; the decorative effort of the scroll-work which fills these panels is admirable. The central compartment, eight feet seven inches across, has a centre composed of a panel of forged iron, in itself a repetition of the form of the screen. The design in each screen is varied; and the natural emblems of England, Scotland, and Ireland—rose, thistle, and harp—are introduced. The illustration shows the Irish emblem. Some have ciphers in forged scrolls—W. and M. in combination; the cipher of William and Mary. Our illustration will best describe the remaining details of the design, all of which are wrought with consummate skill, and a power over the material which cannot be over-estimated. Occasionally the lines do not flow so harmoniously as may be desirable, but in spite of these defects, those screens are grand examples of what English workers in iron could do in the seventeenth century.

The window grilles are not very numerous, but some of them are perfect examples of geometric construction and ornamental detail; the best test being that nothing could be removed without injuring the effect of the whole. One Italian work of the sixteenth century (No. 7,805—'62) is a peculiar but simple example of repetition. It is composed of quatrefoils of forged iron, tied together with ornamental clamps. A panel of seventeenth century Venetian origin (No. 5,971—'60) is an arrangement of small scrolls in iron, forged square and graduated into flatness towards the points of the spirals, ending in a circular flattened spot, and not merely in a point. The larger sweeps of curve divide the panel into five spaces, one being central and one filling each angle. The lines dividing these give strength, add to the decorative character of the construction, and form a successful and artistic combination of lines filled in with suitable details. Other panels are equally well constructed, but have not the same decorative effect.

The pediments, balconies, and fan-lights are many of them of a very remarkable character as regards design and execution. An example of sixteenth century German work (No. 9,090—'63) is very interesting from the manner in which the delicately forged scrolls traverse each other with perfect unity of effect. The light stems, quaintly treated foliage, and the grotesque terminal figures all combine to produce an interesting work. It was evidently gilt when in use, and must have had a very striking effect. The Venetian and Flemish examples of balcony iron-work are generally very elegant, and show the skill of the art-smiths of these localities. As a fan-light of more than ordinary excellence, a German sixteenth century example (No. 1,178—'64) may be quoted. It is of semi-circular form, with a central ornament of fret-work of interlaced iron running into curves, and forming a reticulated cross in the middle, and not as is usual on the chords of the arc. From this centre the foliated scroll-work springs, the arrangement of the lines being very happy. It is suggestive of lightness and strength, and the handicraft is almost perfect. Other fan-lights repay examination from the ingenuity shown in meeting difficulties of construction without riveting or screws.

Cressets or lamp-irons, fire-dogs, fire-irons, and candelabra are another section of the useful objects which it was the business of the smiths of the Middle Ages to construct for domestic use. These were all very largely used in the lighting and warming of buildings, and the collection is of great interest alike from an artistic and antiquarian point of view. Of course few examples apply practically, in design, to modern wants, but there is an amount of suggestive detail and technical method which designers and workers in metal would do well to study.

Possibly iron chests, coffers, and caskets offered one of the largest fields for the skill and ingenuity of the workers in iron during the period which the collection chiefly illustrates. From the largest, heaviest, and rudest chest, down to the most elegant jewel-casket, we find a remarkable adaptation of construction in combination with appropriate decoration. Great delicacy of work or minuteness of detail is never to be found in large works. They are always treated boldly and in a manner which suggests strength, and when elaborate detail is aimed at, the construction and use are never lost sight of.

In short, there is no ornamentation for the mere sake of decoration. It invariably has a distinct purpose, and decorates the construction. Some of the large and plain panelled coffers are painted with devices and gilt. One, for instance (No. 4,211—'56), a sixteenth century example, has a ship, flowers, and a tree in full fruit painted upon it. This painting and gilding served a double purpose; it rendered the coffers ornamental as pieces of furniture, and preserved the iron from oxidisation. The locks, the plates of which are in themselves remarkable examples of skill in perforated and chiselled iron, usually cover the whole of the

inside of the lids, and the bolts are "shot" from a centre into the sides of the coffer. Some of the smaller coffers and caskets demand special and careful study. Many of them are admirably designed and executed, and very suggestive as regards the treatment of wrought iron in its application to modern fashions and wants. *(To be continued.)*

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.



THE history of the Basilica of St. Mark may be thus briefly stated. Previous to the ninth century its site was occupied by a church dedicated to St. Theodore, the first patron of the city, but when, in A.D. 813, the seat of government was removed to the Rialto, a Ducal palace was built, where the present one now stands, and attached to it a Ducal chapel. Fifteen years later the Venetians acquired the body of St. Mark, and to him they then dedicated the chapel, determining to rebuild it with all possible splendour. The first church, however, was destroyed by fire in 976; it was then rebuilt with the assistance of Byzantine architects on a much larger scale, the main building being completed in 1071, but not then incrusted with marble or mosaics. Thus it may be broadly said the main body of the building is Byzantine of the eleventh century, with Gothic additions in the fourteenth; as in the pinnacles, upper archivolts and window traceries of the exterior. In the seventeenth century the Gothic mosaics were destroyed over half the church, others being substituted for them, the composition of the artists of the day.

But it is the west front in which the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART will be most interested at the present time. He would indeed be a bold man who would attempt to describe it, remembering the magnificent passage in Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," a description which for its subtle and poetic insight of the subject and splendour of language stands unrivalled in the whole range of literature. Considering the scarcity of the work, and its high price putting it beyond the reach of but few, I can do no better service than to transcribe it.

"Beyond those troops of ordered arches (those of the Piazza of St. Mark's) there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory, sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers, a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

Suddenly, like a thunderclap, the news



THE WEST FRONT OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

reached England that this wondrous façade was to be destroyed. For restoration, there as elsewhere, is practically destruction. In what has been already accomplished over large portions of the basilica, the priceless mosaics and precious marbles have been pulled down and swept away, and in their places are substituted lifeless copies, entirely destitute of the spirit of the old design and colour. Artistically they are absolutely worthless. When it became known that a like doom was impending over the most prominent portion of the building, it is not going too far to say, a voice arose from the lovers of art and cultivation throughout the country. Meetings were convened by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the Artistic bodies, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, learned societies at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and other places, *The Times* and the press generally lent their columns to and supported the movement; and finally Mr. William Morris drew up a masterly memorial to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, a document no less remarkable for its terse and vigorous English, than for the force and ability with which the case was stated. This remonstrance has been signed by a large majority of the most distinguished persons in the country—the pleading of a "nation of shopkeepers" for the preservation of one of the artistic glories of the world, built by a nation of shopkeepers, but which their *dilettante* descendants would simply render valueless.

HENRY WALLIS.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR: THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

A GREATER advance than ever in the direction of quiet effects, of the harmonious treatment of grey weather, and a greater attention than ever to the study of light and tone characterise the landscape art of the younger English painters this year. That the Dudley Gallery fairly and liberally represents this school by devoting its walls principally, as was its original intention, to the works of outsiders, we believe to be the case. The pictures contributed by Academicians are few and of small size, nor would any one wish them absent, for a mixture of prominent names with those of the unknown is in every way desirable. The Dudley is a gauge of the tendencies, the impulses, the fashions of the more changeable and active among our painters, and is therefore full of a peculiar interest of its own. This being so, that it exhibits little mere eccentricity and little of the routine decorative art just now so popular and so facile is a matter of congratulation. All its marked features seem this year to be signs of healthy, sound principles and honest work. Much more of the French influence and less of the "pre-Raphaelite" is noticeable than might have been looked for from the reflex effects of the Grosvenor Gallery. The landscapes are really so excellent that it is hardly possible to stand before any space of the wall without taking in one or more of the numerous little bits of well-valued light and tone; and nowhere, perhaps, is the eye displeased by the crudities, violences, and insincerities of landscape colour which it has taken us as a nation so long to outgrow. We call them insincerities because there can be no doubt that the deliberate way in which so many artists have induced themselves to do violence to the reserve and repose of nature in the matter of colour is not simply sincere. To cite the commonest instance; it was almost impossible some years ago to find the greys of nature painted without some adulteration of violet or blue; but the Dudley Gallery is now full of broad, simple, and honest greys, and their presence is one great source of the charm of the collection. In the order of numbers the first canvas to call for record is Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "Poole Harbour," one of those unaccentuated effects in which the horizontal spaces of water and sky are expressed by no contrast of near and distant tones, but by the very vaguest and gentlest differences. This is not easy to achieve, but it has here been done felicitously. "Dolce Far Niente," by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, is exceptionally skilful as one of those arrangements of charming tints which are so easy, in the present state of taste, to come by. The right key of colour having been once struck, peacock blues, good yellows, golden greys, and tawny olives being the established fashion, it does not require the gift of a great colourist to combine these more or less delight-

fully; so much the better that a great deal of pleasure should thus be added to the world. As we have said, however, Mr. Waterhouse's little work is unusually clever in colour, if the composition—a woman lying on the ground, foreshortened, with her head to the spectator—is somewhat too fantastically imitated from the peculiarities of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work. Mr. G. E. Cook's "Porlock Harbour" is full of quiet power; and a word of praise must be given to Mr. Heywood Hardy's horses in "Pleasant Company makes the Way Short." Another animal picture, and one of quite extraordinary cleverness, is Mr. Briton Riviere's "Cave Canem," a wonderfully well-painted pup, shapeless, uncertain of movement, and pink of skin, sitting in a very feeble one-sided manner (an admirably well-caught attitude) at the top of some steps. Granting that much of the point of the picture lies in the title, which in strictness ought never to be the case, there is humour enough in the dog himself, whose character is given with an appreciation which borrows nothing from farce. The execution is altogether excellent. Among other landscapes showing his own peculiar merits of breadth and harmony, Mr. Leslie Thomson exhibits "Evening, Brittany;" while M. Léon Lhermitte contributes one of his inimitable studies of out-door tone in "Le Marché de Château-Tierry," a composition full of figures. One of the most fresh, harmonious, and powerful works which we have seen from Mr. Collinson's brush is the little picture of "Streatley Church," and "A Thames Study," his second picture, is also good. Mr. Aumonier, whose very pleasant combination of breadth with occasional fine detail has been so noticeable for many years at the Academy and elsewhere, exhibits "South Cove Common, Suffolk," a fine study of rainy colour and tone, and "Wild Flowers," in which the foreground growth is admirably executed. Mr. J. W. B. Knight is always original, and not less so than usual in his striking landscape, "River Meads;" while Mr. Cyrus Johnson has produced one of the truest effects of showery weather we have ever seen in his "Wet Day," a thoroughly fresh and honest bit of nature. Mr. Yeames' "Playtime" is a group of children, probably portraits. Mr. Ernest Waterlow's picture of a "Thames-side Farm" is in his usual somewhat dry manner, with a rather heavy atmosphere, but artistic and serious in feeling. A very praiseworthy resolution is Mr. E. Buckman's to show modern every-day pursuits in their real picturesqueness. This year he has chosen the felicitous subject of a railway cutting with the navvies at work (see page 120), and he enforces his idea by the quotation of a line of poetry—a practice which is fast decreasing with the increase of poetry in the pictures; not that Mr. Buckman's work lacks sufficient suggestiveness in itself. The attitudes are from nature; even such simple things cannot be imagined, but must be taken from life if they are to look true.



THE NOVEL.
(By George Clausen.)

As we make our necessarily slight notes we are only too keenly conscious of little pictures on the line, and above it and below it, which in justice ought to receive careful consideration. Such modest and artistic little works are Mr. Arthur E. Ball's "Sober Evening," and Mr. E. F. Brewtnall's "End of Day;" and these are only representatives of a very large class.



REPROACHES.

(*By Herbert Schmalz.*)

"Cornish Trawlers at Rest," by Mr. G. F. Munn, arrests attention by its strong effect of water, buildings, and sky. Mr. Fred. Morgan is as sunny as usual in his "Gleaners;" and Mr. C. Napier Henry as fresh and true as ever in "A Fair Wind Out." With a glance at another charming little work, "A Grey Morning, Mount's Bay," by Mr. Henry Martin; at Mr. Pownoll Williams' thoroughly artistic passage of river scenery; at Mr. MacWhirter's impressive moonlight scene, "Old Rome;" and at Mr. White's beautiful quiet study "Frae the Pleugh," we are arrested by the golden sunshine, the movement, and the charming animal-drawing of Mr. Tom Lloyd's rustic scene, "Who's left the Gate open?" a corn-field full of bound sheaves, into which some frolicsome calves have found their way to their own extreme satisfaction, for they are feasting their young appetites. This artist's pictures are certainly as pleasure-giving as any known to us; he exhibits "A Midsummer Evening" also, a larger work, less impulsive than the above, and full of his usual fine qualities. In direct contrast is Mr. Mark Fisher's vaporous "September Day;" this able painter's works are so monotonous as to suggest manufacture. "In the Heat of the Day," by Miss Alice Havers, contains well-suggested if rather veiled sunshine. "The Stream," by Mr. R. C. Minor, contains evidences of the handling of a thoroughly well-taught artist who has perfected his manner in the Continental schools. Miss Beatrice Meyer has exchanged the somewhat ascetic blackness she once affected for a rich and powerful scheme of colour in her small picture, "In Rome—Leading to the Campidoglio." The actions of her figures are, as usual with her, peculiarly true. Another lady artist, Mrs. Louise Jopling, contributes two life-like portraits; and yet another, Mrs. Perugini, exhibits a pretty little study of a child in a poke-bonnet. Mr. Percy Macquoid sends a single work, hardly representative of his vigorous powers of painting—a little bit of orchard scenery. Every exhibition at the Dudley expects to be honoured by some small but not slight example—for nothing from his hand is slight—of Mr. Alma-Tadema's inimitable art. In the present instance a subject more than negatively uninteresting, and an unexplained and inexplicable title, should not



AN EGYPTIAN PRIEST AND SCRIBE.

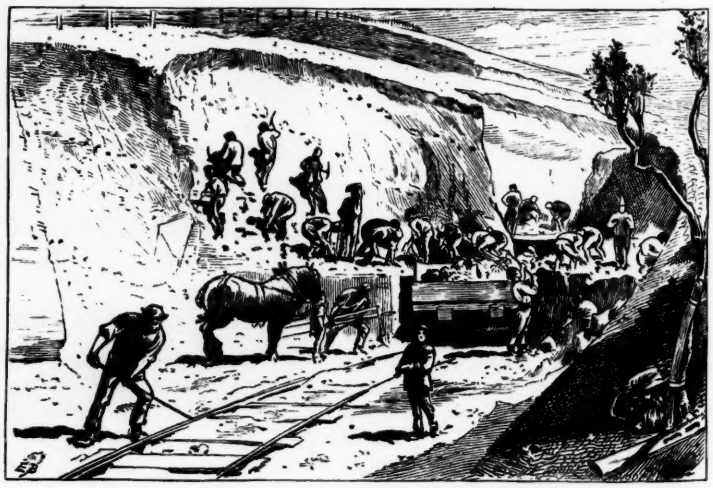
(*By F. A. Bridgman.*)

detract from the charm of exquisite painting in the water and the grey marbles. The only



GLEANERS.
(*By Fred. Morgan.*)

figure in "A Safe Confident" (*sic*) is a woman wading waist-deep, and only clothed by her dark hair, through the limpid water of a bath or grotto. A single work also is from the brush of Mr. Colin Hunter—a broad and vigorous sea and shore study called "The Naturalist;" while a small picture of an orchard in full spring—Mr. Alfred Parson's "Crabbed Age and Youth"—is excellent in its intended contrast of the hoary old apple-trees with the blossoms which are showered all over them like snow; this little work is very effective; we might perhaps take some exception to the heroic size of the blossoms. Miss Hilda Montalba's "Crab-Baskets" has a subdued luminosity, and though simple almost to a fault in materials, is a very attractive little combination of Venetian sea and boat. Mr. Hamilton Macallum gives us in "Herring-Curers" one of his favourite seas—of which, however, we have seen lovelier examples. Mr. George Clausen adopts this year the prevailing fashion of painting studio-arrangements of decorative drapery: "The Novel" contains a combination of orange-colour and pale green, and is very closely lighted. Another little picture of this ornamental school, and pleasant in tint and tone, is Mr. Alfred Ward's "Regrets." "Reproaches," by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, is an intelligent and fresh study, in a somewhat low tone, of Swiss scenery—a chalet with snowy peaks beyond; the figures are subordinate. Miss H. Corkran sends a striking and artistic figure of "An Old Monk," and there is good colour in Miss Edith Hipkins' "Clavichord and Cither." Mr. F. A. Bridgman, who follows somewhat on the successful lines of Mr. Edwin Long, A.R.A., contributes two striking works, entitled respectively "In the Sand" and "An Egyptian Priest and Scribe," the latter being the subject of one of our sketches. "On the Sod" is an admirable canvas from Mr. William Magrath, one of the many American artists who are adding more every year to the variety of our exhibitions, and in whose works, if there is generally nothing that can be looked upon as racy of their own soil, there is much evidence of mature French, Belgian, and Bavarian training.



A RAILWAY CUTTING.
(*By E. Buckman.*)



"THE CONDITION OF TURKEY."

(From the Picture by P. R. Morris, A.R.A., exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1870.)

See page 140.)

WOOD ENGRAVING.—VII.



HEN endeavouring to invigorate the now feeble constitution of wood engraving, it must be our business to avoid the error referred to at the close of my last paper, and the whole aim of this essay has been to discover what constitutes its natural province. With this object in view, I have tried to establish a few points which it may be useful here to summarise. In the first place, what are the undoubted peculiarities of the material as compared with copper, stone, &c.? There seem to be two.

1. As regards the mode of representing natural effects, this is done by *removing lights*, not, as in other materials, by drawing or engraving the darks.

2. As regards the method of operation (*i.e.*, the nature of the tool and manner of using it), the removal of lights is effected by cutting or carving away *spaces*—lines not being essential, as in most other materials, though attainable where they are needed, as for contours or for the expression of intermediate tints between black and white.

From these two conditions we derive the following rules:—

1. Since wood engraving consists of cutting out lights, we shall fail to discover its capacities if we confine ourselves to copying designs produced by the opposite method of drawing the darks.

2. If such designs be made with due consideration for the nature of the material, this defect will merely be negative. The work may contain some valuable and characteristic qualities, though others will remain untried.

3. If the nature of the material is wholly disregarded, we are abandoning altogether the art of wood engraving, and substituting for it an attempt to produce clumsy imitations of pen-and-ink drawing on an unsuitable material.

4. Since the carving of the lights is the distinguishing characteristic of wood engraving, that style will be most truly adapted to it which depends chiefly on its sculpturesque and clear-cut forms.

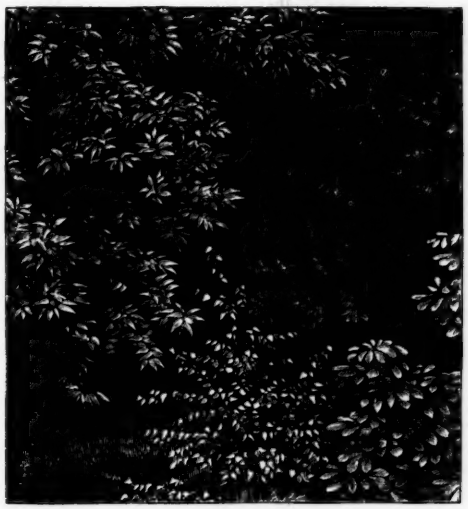


Fig. 1.

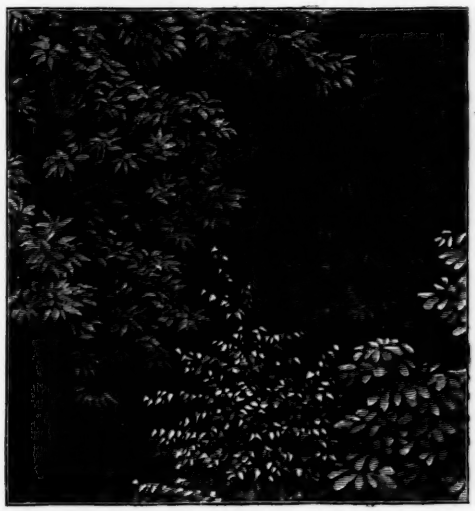


Fig. 2.

A question now arises which so far has not been touched upon in this essay. It has been seen that the chief discoveries in wood engraving were made by a man who was both artist and engraver, who executed his own designs. Is this combination essential to success? I would fain hope not, for it is certainly rare for a man of original inventive power to confine himself to one material of limited capacity, and it appeared to me that if this essay was not to be

confined to simple criticism, I must attempt some practical solution of the difficulty. I thought that the best substitute for such a rare combination as existed in the case of Bewick would be attained by the intimate association of artist and engraver, so as to develop as complete an understanding as possible on all points, technical and artistic. I owe my thanks to the publishers of this Magazine for the facilities they have given me, and to the engraver for his cordial co-operation in the joint experiments we have been making.

In submitting these to the reader, I cannot too strongly urge that they are of necessity merely experiments. Success is only to be attained by long personal acquaintance with the material, and cannot attend the first attempts. A critical examination of early and modern wood-cuts might enable one to theorise and to point out where the beauties peculiar to wood are to be sought, but to give a practical character to the suggestions I am offering in this chapter, I felt that we must make a beginning ourselves. With this view the engraver executed in great part his admirable copies of Bewick in my studio, so that we were able to examine his methods point by point, and after these were done I furnished him with some studies of my own, discussing with him the best means of expressing the various effects; and, thanks to his skill and to our being entirely agreed as to the first principles of the art, I do not hesitate to offer them as interesting pieces of workmanship, since, in so describing them, I am only doing justice to the engraver's ability. But as bearing on the question of what should be the aim of wood engraving, it seems to me that the first three err in attempting too much. Keeping in mind the principles which I had derived from the examination of other work, I aimed in the study of foliage (page 123) at expressing what I saw by seizing on the salient lights, and the engraver has done all I could wish in the way of cutting out the forms clearly on the dark grounds. In the second version of this subject I proposed to show how different an effect could be produced by changing the mode of execution. Adopting the method used by Bewick in his two horses in the rain (vol. ii., page 285), and keeping the distant deep shadows much lighter, the engraver has succeeded in conveying the effect of a mist while copying the same original, as in Fig. 1.

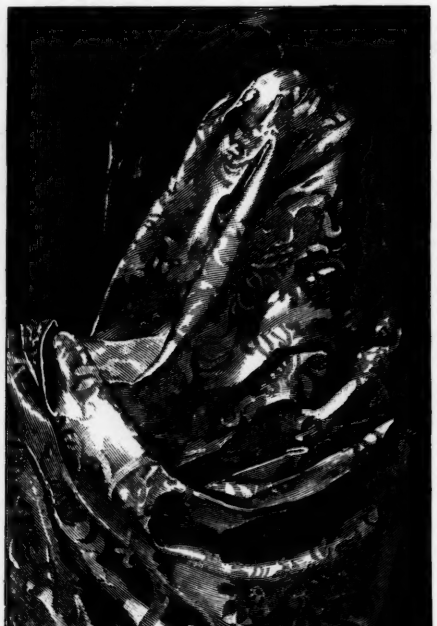


Fig. 3.

The sleeve of figured silk was undertaken to see to what extent a considerable variety of tint could be attained without sacrificing the clearly defined forms, which I feel to be the most valuable quality in wood engraving.

In all three my drawings were executed in water-colour, and the mode of interpreting these was arranged by discussion between the engraver and myself. The excellence of the execution is due, I need not say, to his dexterity and skill, and I must leave it to others to judge of the general value of the results; but I may state that they have confirmed in me the belief that it is a mistake to make the interest of the work depend too much on the varieties of tint, that these effects can be excelled on other materials, and that they to some extent hinder the attainment of the clear-cut sculpturesque forms, in which wood ought to be pre-eminent. In the poppy we have made this the first consideration, and I hope this cut will be felt to possess more individuality than the others, and to separate itself more from engraving on copper and other methods.

I have remarked already that it is not possible on wood to obtain the same interesting qualities in the darkest shadows as have been produced on copper—for instance, Dürer's best engravings on this material. Any attempt to give subtlety to full blacks on wood results only in a spotty rotten appearance, not in

transparency. In my opinion a limit of this kind ought to be frankly accepted, and the skill of the artist should be shown by so treating his work as to make us forget the limit, not by unsuccessful efforts to overstep it. In the background of the poppy I have left large black spaces as an illustration of this point, and I ought to re-remark that, were it not a diagrammatic example of the capabilities and limits of the material, I should fill much of these spaces with the leaves in shadow so as to break up the masses of black.

I must here draw these observations to a close. Such views as I have expressed are the result of careful thought, and certainly of sincere conviction. If I have shown that I differ widely from most persons now engaged in designing or engraving on wood, I hope it will be clear that I do not undervalue their skill or devotion to their work. The aim I believe to be too often a mistaken one, and having given my reasons for thinking so, I must now leave my readers to form their own judgment on the evidence.



Fig. 4.

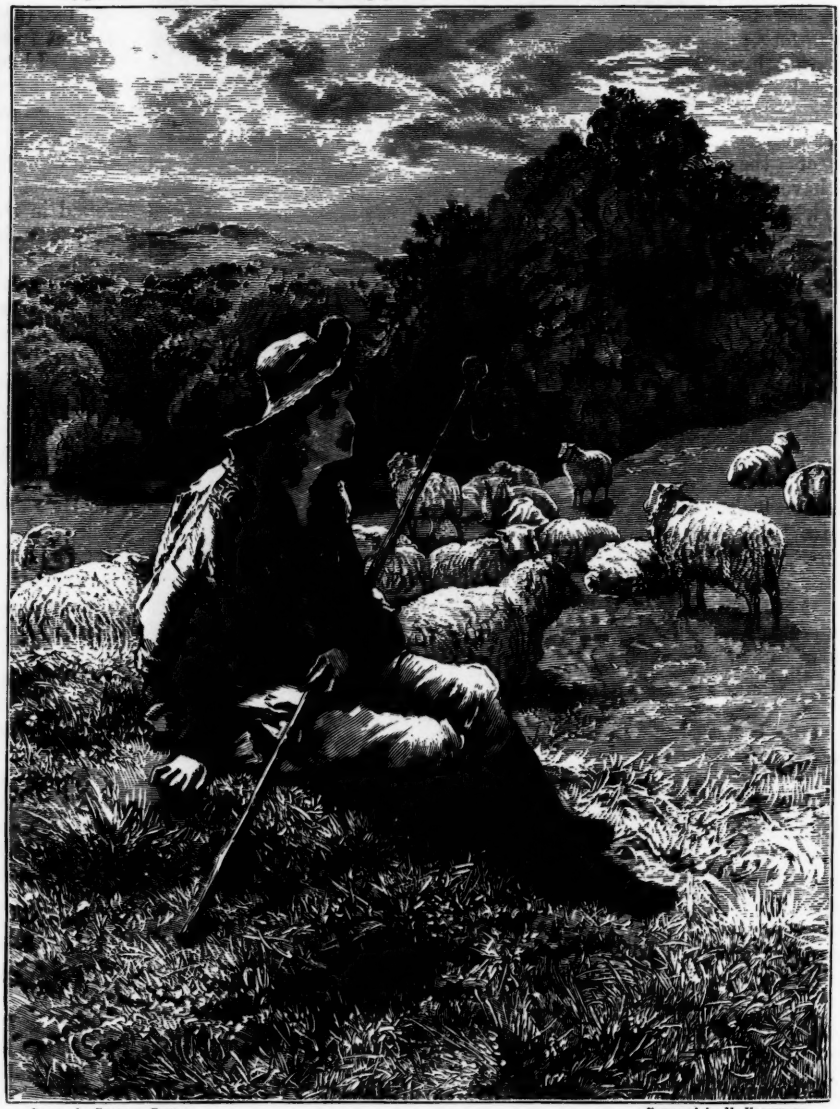
The publishers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART have shown me some eminently favourable specimens of modern wood engraving, from which I select two (pp. 126–7) that fully bear out all I have said of the excellence in design and the ingenuity and skill in workmanship often to be found in the present day in this branch of art.

Internal evidence seems to show that in each cut the artist has worked with the brush, finishing with the point, so that the engraver has been nearly free to select his own method of expressing the effects, and I think it will be felt that the results are successful. Compare these with some of the many popular illustrations which have been fac-similed from pen-and-ink or pencil drawings, and the difference will be seen at once. These have a distinct individuality, and could not be imitated in pen-and-ink or indeed in any other material, while the others can have nothing but what was already in the pen-and-ink original, and give but a poor imitation of that.

If there is anything to criticise in the *tech-*

nique of these cuts, it seems to be not in the manner of expressing the effects, but in the choice of the effects to be expressed. It is

(*Specimen selected by the Author of this paper to illustrate the Modern Style of Wood Engraving.*)



Drawn by CHARLES GREEN. *Engraved by* M. KLISKICHT.

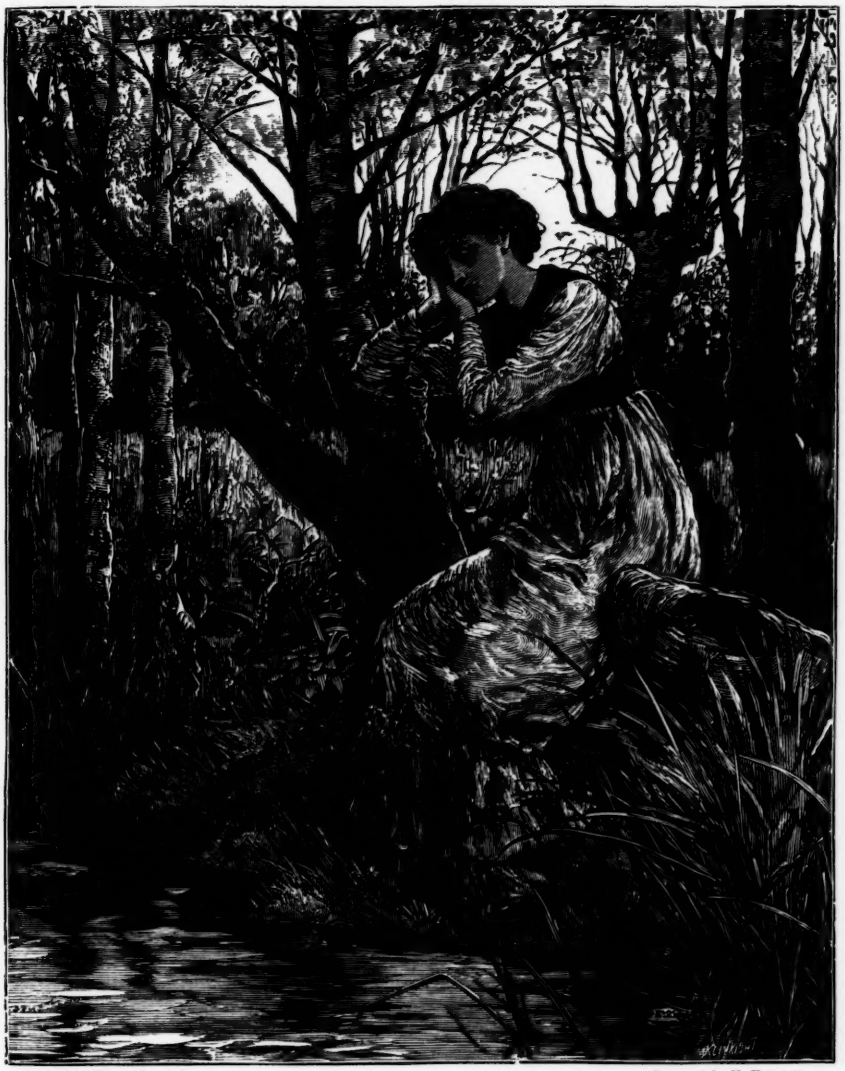
Fig. 5.

doubtful whether the tendency to seek effects uncongenial to a material can ever be guarded against unless the artist has practised engraving himself. If a painter spends much time in designing for wood, he ought to work as much as possible with the engraver, sometimes working on the block himself, and then he would instinctively seek effects which would be in harmony with the genius of the material. Sketchiness is no more natural to wood than to sculpture, and though the sketchiness of these cuts is infinitely preferable to the cross-hatched sketchiness of fac-simile work,

something different from this must be aimed at before the resources of wood can be developed. In a sketch with the brush one would not have asked for more, but in a wood-cut it is *cutting* that we should have. Mr. Dicksee has given us much more of it in the dress of his very graceful figure in Fig. 6. When it is universally recognised that the worst thing that a wood engraver can do is to imitate a drawing executed with the pen, the art will have made a great stride; but it must still be remembered that the imitation of brush-work is not the best thing he can aim at. He has not to draw black lines, neither has he to *wash* light spaces, but he has to carve out light spaces; therefore sculpturesque lights are the things that belong to him, and to him only. When he rightly values this possession we shall have a real school of wood engraving.

HENRY HOLIDAY.

(Specimen selected by the Author of this paper to illustrate the Modern Style of Wood Engraving.)



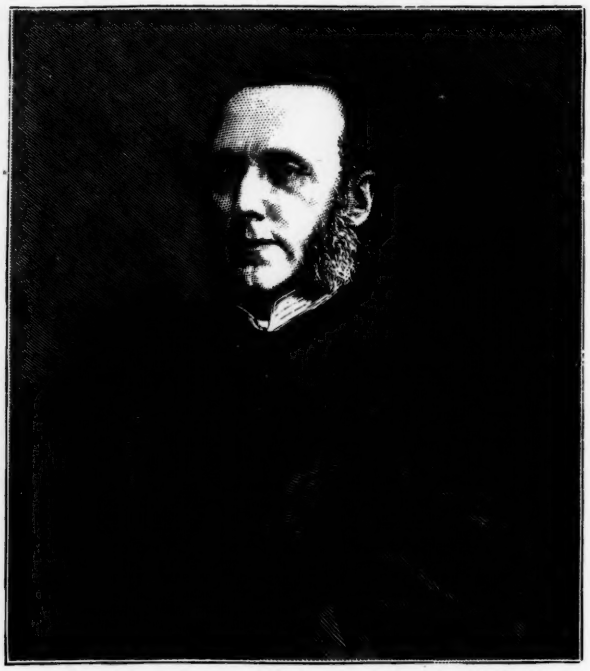
Drawn by FRANK DICKSEE. *Engraved by* M. KLINKICHT.

Fig. 6.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JAMES SANT, R.A.

TO record the names alone of the distinguished people who sit to a portrait-painter of Mr. Sant's eminence and experience would fill columns. Beyond, therefore, referring as chronologically as may be to a few of the most noteworthy of his sitters, no attempt will be made in this outline of his career to give a complete account or list of his works.



(*From a Photograph by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra.*)

James Sant, created "Principal Painter in Ordinary to the Queen" in 1871, first saw the light at Croydon, in Surrey, on April 23rd, 1820, and within such a span of years it would have been hardly possible, perhaps, for any artist in the pursuit of his profession to have come into contact with a greater number of distinguished men, and noble and beautiful women, or to have been more completely absorbed, as it were, by that circle of society into which his avocations led him.

By the time he was eight years of age, the mysterious instinct which stirs a youngster to demonstrate, automatically though it may be, the propensities which are in him, began to assert itself, and the first evidence of the born artist appeared in a very interesting fashion.

It seems there was extant in the family a most beautiful sketch in pencil by Edwin Landseer, made at Duppas Hill, Croydon, of young Sant's paternal grandfather, an old gentleman of eighty, mounted on a certain

wonderful cob. The child became fascinated to a remarkable degree by this drawing, and after the manner of his *genus* in such cases was for ever making rude attempts to copy it. He never grew tired of the amusement—it was his love, his delight; and by degrees, after dozens of attempts, he produced a really admirable copy.

"This was my first love in art," says Mr. Sant, "and I really think I imbibed my first taste for it from this fact." The power which he thus discovered he possessed of reproducing the likeness of a person of whom, doubtless, he was very fond, and with whose personal appearance and characteristics his observant boyish eyes were thoroughly familiar, was sufficient to lend additional zest to the pursuit, and may have started that inclination towards portraiture which has resulted in the achievement by the painter of his present position. However this may be, the incident is surely an interesting and appropriate one for the outset of a portrait-painter's life, and as Landseer's original sketch has been perpetuated by the *burin* of Charles Turner, A.R.A., an eminent engraver of those days, it is natural to suppose that it possesses a significance in the Sant family beyond its mere artistic merits. The natural bent towards art displayed by the painter in his early days was first fostered and cultivated by that eminent patriarch of the English school of painting, John Varley, whilst later on, another renowned master of the British school, Sir A. Callcott, R.A., carried forward by his refined instruction the good work begun by Varley. Thus prepared, young Sant became a student at the Royal Academy, and during the course of the four years in which he worked at the schools in Trafalgar Square, laid the foundation for that success which has been so marked a feature in the history of modern portraiture.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
(By James Sant, R.A.)

When he was fairly launched on his career, his marriage, in 1851, with the daughter of the late Dr. R. M. W. Thomson, Staff-Surgeon, Calcutta, must have had no small influence in confirming the bent of his mind, and in keeping up the tone of elegant refinement in which it was moulded by nature. All who have the privilege of the lady's acquaintance will be fully convinced of this.

Very rarely is it that a young artist starts with the idea of becoming a portrait-painter only. He generally drifts into it by reason of some

early success in making a likeness, and eventually, by the mere force of circumstances, abandons himself all but entirely to this lucrative branch of art. Such has been the case conspicuously with our present subject, who, years ago, found himself obliged to yield to the force of fashionable favour which pressed in upon him from all sides, allowing him by degrees less and less opportunity for exercising his ability as a painter of subject pictures. One can hardly fail to regret this to some extent when one recalls the grace and poetry which he infused into such early works as "Dick Whittington," "The Infant Samuel" (painted in 1853), "Little Red Riding Hood," "Morning and Evening," "She never told her love," "Harmony," "The Young Minstrels," "Saxon Women," "The Boy Shakespeare," "The Miller's Daughter," "Young Steele," etc. The engravings from many of these, however, afford delightful and lasting proofs of the range of Mr. Sant's abilities, whilst the skill he displays in the treatment of child-life, and by which he is so widely known, renders all his portraits of children nearly as attractive to the stranger as they can possibly be to the friends and relatives of the little sitters themselves. The same may almost be said of some of his pictures of people of larger growth, for he never omits to introduce any appropriate incident which can heighten the interest of the canvas, and which in many instances has the effect of turning into subject pictures what in less cunning hands would be nothing more than ordinary likenesses of ladies or gentlemen. We may point to a very remarkable example of this, as displayed in the picture painted (1858) of Lord Cardigan bending over a map and explaining the charge of Balaklava to the Prince Consort, the Royal Children, the Duchess of Wellington, and Lord Rivers, in the corridor of Windsor Castle. So far back as 1861 there was exhibited at the French Gallery what is known as the Strawberry Hill collection of Mr. Sant's works. These consisted of no less than twenty-two of the friends and relatives of the late lamented and eminently appreciative Countess of Waldegrave, amongst whom, besides the lady herself, and for whom the rest were painted, were the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Westminster, the Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Lord Lyndhurst, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, Countess Morley, Earl Grey, and Bishop Wilberforce.

Here in itself we have a wealth of blue blood sufficient to link renown with the name of any artist to whom the task of portraying fair women and brave men falls as a career, and when we remember the high standard of merit at which the pictures *as* pictures are rated, we can understand that the Royal Academicians were glad to be able conscientiously to add the fashionable portrait-painter to the ranks of their associates, as they did soon after the exhibition of the Strawberry Hill collection in 1861.

Ignorant and fiercely democratic modern art-critics who, at times, are pleased to speak with a contemptuous sneer of certain artists as "only portrait-painters" (especially if they be fashionable), should be here reminded that some of the grandest and most remarkable works of the renowned individuals known by the names of Holbein, Vandyke, Titian, Rubens, Joshua Reynolds, and many others, are "only portraits."

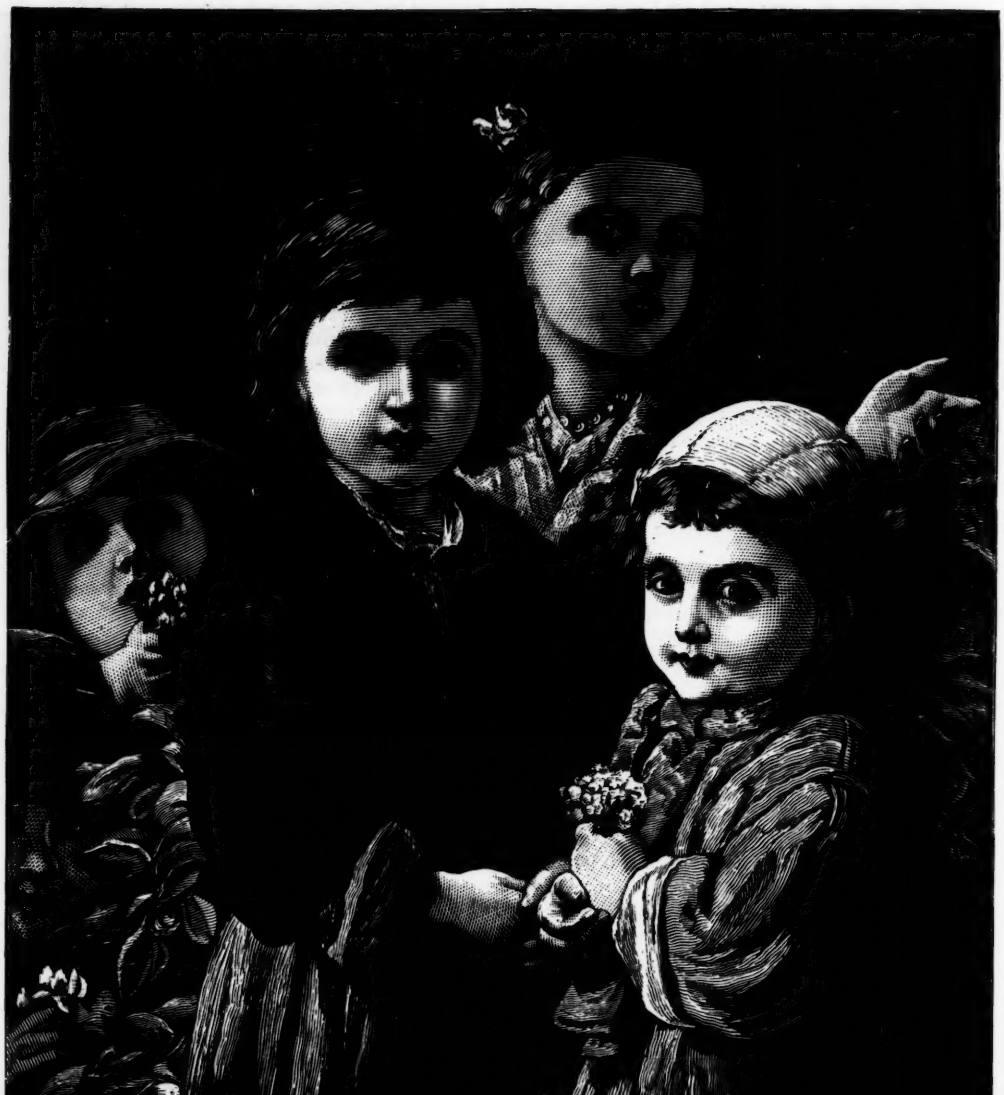
Naturally the professional life of a man in this position would seem to lie over a path of roses. It is one ever increasing, we may imagine, in the pleasure of its surroundings, albeit to chronicle each step might be tedious. That one, however, which brought Mr. Sant on to the firm ground of full membership of the Royal Academy must be noted. It was in 1870 that he achieved this distinction, due of course mainly to a succession of meritorious portraits, but also in no small degree to a picture exhibited in the preceding year (1869) of some Mentonese children, and called "Applicants for a Sou," and of which we are happy to be able, through the artist's kindness, to present an engraving. It is a matter for congratulation that he never quite abandons his old love, and gives us from time to time, as in this instance, beautiful and characteristic heads which, not being mere portraits, have their own poetic tale to tell, woven for them by Mr. Sant, from his inner artistic consciousness. The same year the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold both sat to him; and in 1871, on his appointment as Court painter, he was very naturally commissioned to paint a picture of Her Majesty with the Prince of Wales' three eldest children—and also a portrait of the Queen for the Turkish Embassy. Amongst other contributions in 1871, which included portraits of Viscount Sandon and Earl Russell, we had another of his charming so-called "fancy subjects" in the shape of his diploma picture, entitled "The Schoolmaster's Daughter." In 1872 he had executed

the royal commission, and the portrait of the Queen, with the Princes Albert Victor and George and the Princess Victoria of Wales, was of course the most noteworthy of the canvases he exhibited that year. Portraits alone marked 1873, but in 1874 one of the prettiest and most fascinating of Mr. Sant's interpretations of child-life appeared. This was entitled "Peaches," and from the conspicuous position it occupied on the walls of Burlington House, and from the general admiration which it elicited, will still be fresh in the memory of most observant visitors, for it must have tempted many, if not to steal the dainty fruit, at least to kiss the sweet baby face which rivalled it in bloom. Portrait as it was of his own youngest child, it was yet a great deal more, and the canvas formed a striking example of Mr. Sant's peculiar gift in grasping all that is lovable and beautiful in a child's face. From that year up to the present no Academy exhibition has been without a subject picture from our painter's facile hand. Alternating with the counterfeit presentments of more fair women or their lords, amongst whom we find the names of "Mrs. Johnston Stansfeld," "Mademoiselle Zaré Thalberg," "Lady Marjoribanks of Ladykirk," "The Lady Harlech," "Mrs. W. B. Eastwood and Children," "Mrs. Surtees of Redworth," "Lady Frances Bushby," "John Monckton, Esq." (painted for the Town Hall, Manchester, by public subscription), "The Lord Glamis," "Major Le Gendre of Huntroyde," "The Hon. Mortimer Tollemache," etc.—alternating, we say, with these portraits and others, Mr. Sant has, during the past five years, added largely to his reputation, by giving us canvases, the character of which may be shrewdly guessed by those who have not been fortunate enough to see them, from such titles as "The Early Post," "Maidens should be mild and meek, swift to hear and slow to speak," "Gleanings," "Little Sarah," and "Adversity." This last-named picture, which has become very generally known from its many and varied reproductions, is, to the generality of people, full of pathos and tenderness of feeling, which certainly makes us regret that our portrait-painter does not more often set himself to stir the profounder emotions of our nature. It shows that his powers are far from limited to expressing mere superficial traits and beauties. He could, we imagine, move us very deeply, and touch other of our feelings than those of love and admiration, to which he is so constantly and successfully appealing.

It has been well said by a thoughtful writer, that "a portrait-painter has all the advantages an historian can have, with a task incomparably less arduous, his subject being so definite, and of such narrow compass." Farther on he continues, "The artist has the features set before him, and is to breathe life and characteristic expression into them: a life which shall have the calm of permanence, not the fitful flush of the moment; an expression which shall exhibit the entire and enduring character, not the casual predominance of any one temporary feeling." An example of how our limner carries out this exposition of the aim of portraiture is afforded by our illustration, "Portrait of a Lady" (page 129), as all who have ever seen the original will admit. The imaginative side of Mr. Sant's powers also completely tallies with the views held on this head by the same writer. "When the artist makes use of a living head, however, in representing one of his dramatical or poetical personages, he does not set it on the canvas in its bare outward reality, but idealises it. He takes its general form and outlines, and animates it with the character and feelings which he wishes to express, purifying it from whatever is at variance with them."

Decidedly imbued with the spirit of some of the best of our earlier portrait-painters, but without falling into plagiarism, he imparts to all he touches a delicious sense of refinement and high breeding. He contrives to bring into prominent light the purest and most lovable characteristics of his various sitters, making you say to yourself involuntarily, after looking at his work, "What nice people Mr. Sant always gets to sit to him!" His children, we repeat, are simply delightful, and it is impossible not to surmise that the delineation of child-life, with its unstudied grace and perfect freedom from self-consciousness, is especially congenial to him. Indeed, the domesticity of his nature, and the frank affectionate tone which pervades his family circle, would lead all who have the privilege of looking in upon it to understand why he paints as he does. The essence of an artist's labours not unfrequently, in a subtle sense, resembles himself, his home and its surroundings, besides being the outcome of his character and inner life. Upon the canvases of our present subject this spirit is distinctly visible, and not seldom something more than the spirit, for it would be impossible that he should not avail himself professionally of the resources granted to him in the bevy of beauty that clusters round his own fireside.

Looking back over the numerous well-known and truly admirable works of our artist, it is no wonder that he took his place long ago in



"APPLICANTS FOR A SOU" (MENTONESE CHILDREN).

(From the Painting by James Sant, R.A., exhibited in 1869 at the Royal Academy.)

the first rank of his profession. He has gauged his own powers most completely, and has not perilled his reputation by attempts at sensational domestic scenes or grand historical groups.

He may fairly rest content with the knowledge that the young generations to come will point with delight and pleasure to the portraits of their mothers and grandmothers which he has limned, and with a little smile of secret self-complacency will hope that they have inherited a share of that beauty and grace so pleasantly handed down to them by the dexterous and brilliant brush of James Sant, R.A.

W. W. Fenn.

ON SOME OF THE "SIGHTS" OF LONDON.—II.

IN saying that the *best* plan is to leave the pedestals of our public statues quite plain, I must of course be understood to mean that the *safest* way for us at present is so to do. If you can command the genius of a Grinling Gibbons, you may confidently leave your pedestal to him. The beauty and appropriateness of the carvings on the pedestal of the statue of the Royal martyr at Charing Cross, and the exquisite effect of the ensemble, need no eulogy from me; nor are the elaborate traceries and arcadings of our mediæval tombs felt to detract from the interest which attaches to the recumbent figure of churchman or warrior which they enclose and protect. But one of the difficulties of the present day is, that sculptors of the Grinling Gibbons order —if we could get them—consider it beneath their dignity to exercise their talents upon such accessories as those above adverted to. These are left to another class of men, somewhat invidiously designated "carvers;" and one reason why the earlier work is uniformly so satisfactory as a *whole* is, no doubt, to be found in the fact that the whole was the work of one mind and hand, and that the execution, or at least the design and direction of no portion of the work was considered as a degradation to the artist. The modern separation of sculpture from carving has made it almost impossible to embellish our public buildings to any great extent with works of sculpture; for while the carver under the above system necessarily takes a lower view of his functions, his work never rises to the highest level; and on the other hand, the works of the sculptor proper having been designed and wrought in the studio, and not *in situ*, are in most cases ill adapted for the purpose and position they are intended eventually to fill. The statue which is to be exhibited in a gallery must be true in *form*, whereas if niched in the upper storey of a building it must be true only in *effect*—a truth only to be obtained by artful exaggeration of prominences and depressions. This art the sculptor has, under existing arrangements, no opportunity of acquiring. It has been urged, by writers of the greatest weight in matters artistic and architectural, that all architecture proper is in fact sculpture, that the sculpture and the painting are the all in all, and that the architect who is not a painter or a sculptor is only a "frame-maker on a large scale."

But the subject is one which will yield us no profit if discussed in the abstract; and the only justification for taking it up at all is, that we may find in the consideration of it some guidance under the conditions of our age and time.

Now we have, fortunately, some recent attempts to supplement "frame-making on a large scale" with sculpture, and so we have provided for us data for assessing the result both as to the ability of our sculptors to provide us with suitable statues for the adornment of our more important buildings, and also as to the propriety of calling in their aid in such a climate as ours.

The new University Buildings in Burlington Gardens afford an example of the employment of statuary in combination with refined architecture, and the result is very satisfactory indeed up to a certain point. The subjects are admirably chosen and arranged. They have one and all been extremely well and suitably designed. They are agreeably diversified in posture and grouping, are neither too numerous nor too few, and while accentuating portions of the structure have been so disposed over the façade as to give dignity and balance to the whole. The designer, whose delicate and cultivated taste is shown in all his works, has succeeded in so managing the "frame-making" part of the business as to exhibit the sculptor's

work to the best advantage possible. But for all this, the result is in some respects far from encouraging. The philosophers who profit by the friendly shelter of the lower niches have preserved their complexions, and with them their decorum. But alas! for the seated figures over the portico. The imperceptible but constant shower of blacks has "marred the work of artisan and mason;" the sooty particles have filled up and obliterated all the lineaments divine traced by the sculptor's chisel; and the piebald worthies sit like a petrified row of badly-washed Christy Minstrels—"half disarrayed as to their rest." This is what happens under favourable condition: look you now what follows. At another recent public building on a much larger scale, a somewhat similar experiment has been tried, and the result, if not sad, would be positively laughable. The master-hand is nowhere discernible. The statues were apparently designed in studios, and quite irrespective of the positions they were eventually to occupy. They are nearly all too tall for their niches by head and shoulders, and the niches are too narrow for such tall fellows. Their broad shoulders cannot be squeezed into the incapable niches, and their great feet overhang the puny pedestals beneath them. When the sooty shroud shall have enwrapped these forlorn ones, we shall doubtless see some rare effects, but the only good that can come from this experiment is a warning not to repeat it. If we must have statues outside our buildings in great towns, where alone it is probable buildings can afford to be so adorned, they must be well covered and sheltered by ample niches; and they must, moreover, be ranged at such a level that they may be seen pretty much as the sculptors who designed them saw and wrought them.

We cannot expect Sir Frederick Leighton to mount a scaffold and employ his genius in carving athletes for us on the acroteria or in the pediments of our public buildings, knowing well that all the lights and shades wrought by the cunning of his chisel will speedily be destroyed, and his work rendered ridiculous by the atmosphere in which it is exposed.

We shall, I suppose, some day become alive to the fact that the only suitable material for the decoration of the exteriors of buildings in our towns must have a vitrified surface, and that the only ornament which will hold its own in spite of our soot-laden atmosphere must be in low relief, set off perhaps by a background of quiet colour. If, however, the interiors of our public buildings were fittingly made the receptacles of our public statues, a great gain would be effected in many ways. The statues would be preserved from defilement by the weather; they would be seen, for the most part, at the same level and under the same conditions of light, etc., as their sculptors saw them. They would be seen *less frequently*, and so would gain in interest when seen; and an awakened scrutiny in the beholders would compel the sculptors to pay more attention to truth of *character* in their figures. Moreover, the costume difficulty would be in part met.

Our sculptors, it is true, no longer drape their modern senators in the Roman toga. This is felt to be too absurd. But the modern head-gear is a difficulty which they have not overcome. The Greek would carve you a figure in a "wide-awake," but our statues of public men occupy the public places all through the bitter weather—

> "Like Julius Cæsar or Nebuchadnezzar
> Without any *hats* on in the open air."

The portrait-painters have not only completely surmounted the difficulties of our modern costume, but they have of recent years developed such a gift of portraiture in its higher walks, that amongst the pictures of the year none are more attractive or more eagerly scrutinised than portraits by artists whose names will be in every one's remembrance. But something of the feeling of a past age seems to attach itself to the works of the sculptor, and the "great manner" appears to have found its last stronghold in his practice.

There is in the new Palace at Westminster, amongst statues of men whom I never could have known, the statue of one whom I did know. As a youth it was my great good fortune to be employed in the office of Sir Charles Barry, a perfect gentleman and a most consummate artist. I have seen him many times in many moods. But I never saw him "strike an attitude" as his "counterfeit presentment" is doing under the roof he reared. I cannot conceive of him as capering behind a sketch-block and darting at it with a pencil like that. I feel convinced he never could have planned his great building as he is there represented planning it. If I had entered his room and found him in that condition, I should have felt with Bob Cratchit, when old Scrooge volunteered to raise his salary, that there was something amiss. The "architect and surveyor" of the stage is sufficiently unnatural, but this statue is even more so. The sight of it summons up a picture of a quite different artist, "by whose bedside there

stood always ready a round table, whereon were divers sheets of paper, instruments, etc., in case an architectural idea came into Mr. Pecksniff's head in the night; in which event he would instantly leap out of bed and fix it for ever." I have seen Sir Charles Barry's method of work, and this way was *not* his way. The face is the face of Barry, but the style is the style of Pecksniff.

The memory of a great man is outraged by perpetuating in marble this acrobatic travestie of one who was singularly modest and undemonstrative in all his habits, "for myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the art he professed."

If this exaggerated and quasi Michaelangelesque manner is not necessary to the painter, it is no more necessary to the sculptor. There was a time when the portrait-painters followed the same craze, but the Member of Parliament with the red curtain in the foreground, and the storm of thunder and lightning going on while he calmly points to the silver inkstand on the table, is a thing of the past. "Paint me *as I am*," said Cromwell; "if you leave out the scars and wrinkles you shall have nothing." "Carve me *as I am*," should be the instruction of every patron, "and leave aside all your preconceived ideas of the *great* manner and its classical traditions," and we may some day have a school of contemporary sculpture which shall claim fellowship with the school of English portraiture, and "have those claims allowed."

To return to our friends the statues. Many of my readers will remember one of poor Leech's incomparable drawings which appeared at the close of the *first* great Exhibition, in which he has depicted the relief experienced by the statues at having no longer to maintain their various and trying poses. The Amazon has descended from her steed, and is chatting gaily with the Greek slave who is putting on her bonnet and shawl. All are preparing to go home at the closing of the world's show. Often have I called to mind this picture, and thought what a relief it would be to the public if, for some of our public statues, *their* exhibition might close — that they might retire into the obscurity of private life, and so rid the streets of some, at least, of the many "sights" of London.

E. Ingress Bell.

THE ART MUSEUM AT BERLIN.

JUST as one of our own great thoroughfares in London, Piccadilly to wit, disdains to call itself street, road, or terrace, but is known simply as Piccadilly, so, too, *the* great thoroughfare of Berlin scorns the usual work of appellation, and is spoken of not as a *Strasse*, but only as *Unter den Linden*. Unter den Linden, *anglicè* "Under the Limes," is a very broad street, not altogether unlike a Parisian boulevard, as trees grow by either pavement, and little cylindrical erections, covered with announcements of such performances as are to be given at the various theatres that night, arrest one's attention at every few hundred yards. At the north end of the *Linden* is the "Museum," as it is called, that is, the galleries containing works of fine art. That, we may remark, is the meaning often attached to the word "Museum," in French and in German, and, considering the derivation of the word, it is perhaps a more natural meaning than that of a collection of odds and ends, which is what the word is often used to mean in England.

The Museum was built, as a Latin inscription announces, by Frederick William III., King of Prussia, the father of the present Emperor of Germany. The exterior is not attractive, though there are at the entrance some fine statues. One of these represents some skilful Alexander taming a very wild Bucephalus. The original is in Rome; the German reproduction is by Tieck.

Before entering the galleries themselves, we must make halt at the frescoes painted over the doors we shall presently pass through. The first fresco represents the Universe, that is to say, the signs of the zodiac with the father of the gods, Uranus, amid the stars. So far all is simple, but with the second fresco we get to a somewhat intricate allegory. This allegory represents the primitive condition of the world. A mighty female figure, the Night, half covers with her mantle the various arts, while a youth with a glittering spear (typical of war) is still slumbering, undisturbed. The reign of darkness only covers

half the fresco. Following fast after its various groups comes the portrait of a fair maiden pouring water from an uplifted pitcher on the parched meadows beneath her. This is the spirit of the morning bringing dew to the thirsty soil. High in the clouds a choir of angels are singing that the sun is soon to rise, and then finally—for the various unseparated pieces of the fresco represent a continuous history—the mighty Phœbus is seen surging from the sea with his chariot to bring light and joy to the world. The third fresco contains a still more elaborate allegory. It is a symbolical representation of the course of human life—childhood emerging into youth, youth gliding to manhood, and manhood to old age. Childhood in the fresco is the childhood of the world. Shepherds and hunters fill the plains, while a Sibyl draws or writes on some palms the future destinies of the sons of man. By a bubbling spring one sits enthroned, youths gathering entranced around him. This is the poet who is for the first time singing his measure; not far from him a second youth is carving an outline upon a stone. This symbolises the beginning of painting; the outline the youth is drawing is the portrait of the maiden whom he loves. The harvest, which occupies a further portion of the fresco, typifies early manhood, and various figures around illustrate science, art, law, and commerce. Looking still further to the right hand of the fresco, we come to the grape-gathering, which typifies maturity, while the bent and grey figure, gazing into the inscrutable sea, symbolises old age calmly awaiting the end. The fourth and last fresco close to it represents sorrow on earth, while in heaven a new day dawns—this is immortality.

The first long gallery is devoted to the works of the early Italian masters. There are many Bellinis, quaint and rugged, but careful in every detail always; some wonderful examples of Andrea Montegna, notably a picture of the angels mourning round the dead body of Christ, and one or two of Francesco Morone. Here is a wonderful picture, by Fra Fillippo Lippi, of the "Virgin and the Child," the painter not being able to resist the fashion, then setting strongly in, of portraying a very marked blue background, so marked, indeed, that it rather distracts the attention from the main subject of the picture. A still stranger fashion of the time may be seen in Pollaiuolo's picture of the "Annunciation." That fashion was to represent Biblical persons with Italian accessories, and in this picture the Virgin is seated in a magnificent Florentine palace; the floor inlaid with mosaic, and the whole room is suggestive of mediæval Italian splendour, and not of the simplicity of Palestine fourteen hundred years before Pollaiuolo was born.

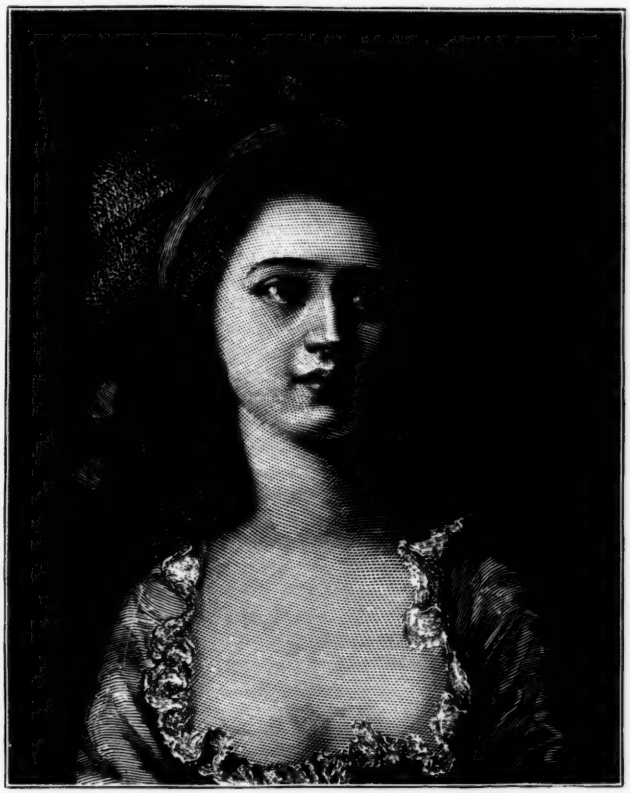
Passing on to the later painters, let us stop for a long look at Titian's portrait of himself. He wears a grey jersey, over which a red chain falls: this you see at the second or third look. At first sight you notice nothing but the head itself. The strong, resolute-looking features stand out from the canvas, and afterwards you may take in other details, but the face will claim your whole undivided attention for a long while, as it always should do in a portrait. Not far from it is another Titian, a girl holding a vase of flowers above her head. This is a picture, not a portrait, and here the strength of the artist is thrown into the pose of his subject rather than into any particular part. How graceful is the neck, how supple and elegant are the arms! Look at the face, too, and try to detect some likeness between it and the picture we looked at before. Possibly you may find some likeness, for the original of the flower-bearing maiden was Lavinia, the daughter of Titian.

There are several examples of Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter," which are worthy of close attention. The portraits of himself and his wife seem to have suffered from exposure to damp, but his religious pictures are in better preservation. The miracle of St. Anthony is a wonderful work; touching, exceedingly, is the adoration of the infant Jesus. Painful, almost beyond the right province of art, is the picture of the sorrow, too deep for tears, of St. John and Mary Magdalene. Not far from the Andreas are sundry Raphaels, chiefly Madonnas, mostly with the distant blue background.

Leaving this gallery, we enter that which contains the pictures of the later Italian and Spanish schools, although one or two pictures by Greuze peep between in somewhat strange contrast. But it is difficult to grudge space to a Greuze, even though it may be space otherwise occupied by Michael Angelo, Guido, or Murillo. And the Greuzes here are very dainty; one is the head of a fair, laughing-lipped girl, the other a delightful little child playing with a roll of music.

Here is a picture of the defeat of all the arts. The painter is Michael Angelo. A broken lyre, a broken palette, a broken sword are on the ground, and above them strides triumphant the all-conqueror Love. Next to this is a new

acquisition of the Berlin Gallery. This is a masterpiece of Tiepolo (sometimes called Tiepolletto), representing the martyrdom of St. Agatha. Most wonderful is the luminousness of the picture; you see not sun or other source of light; there is no stray Rembrandt shadow; but yet you feel the light playing about the gentle face of the suffering Agatha. Tiepolo, had suddenly awakened to a new life. Italian scholars found in those manuscripts, which had fortunately not been burnt in the destructive wars, words and thoughts written hundreds of years before. These old manuscripts spoke to the inmost hearts of men as freshly as though they had been uttered that very day. Greece and Rome seemed to live again, and the scholars,



THE COUNTESS POTOCKA.

(From a Picture, by an unknown Artist, in the Berlin Gallery.)

the painter of this work, is now a rare master. He was born in Venice in 1692, and from the age of sixteen till the time of his death, 1769, he worked hard and well. He enjoyed during his lifetime immense popularity.

Another of the recent purchases at the Berlin Gallery is a picture by Bronzino. It represents a young Florentine scholar studying a Greek book. The scholar's dress is all of black; his face is delicate and gentle, the expression intent and enthusiastic. Bronzino painted at the time when Greek and Latin literature, long forgotten, like he whom Bronzino has painted, spent, as has been beautifully said, "their days and nights in wooing ardently the secrets of the past."

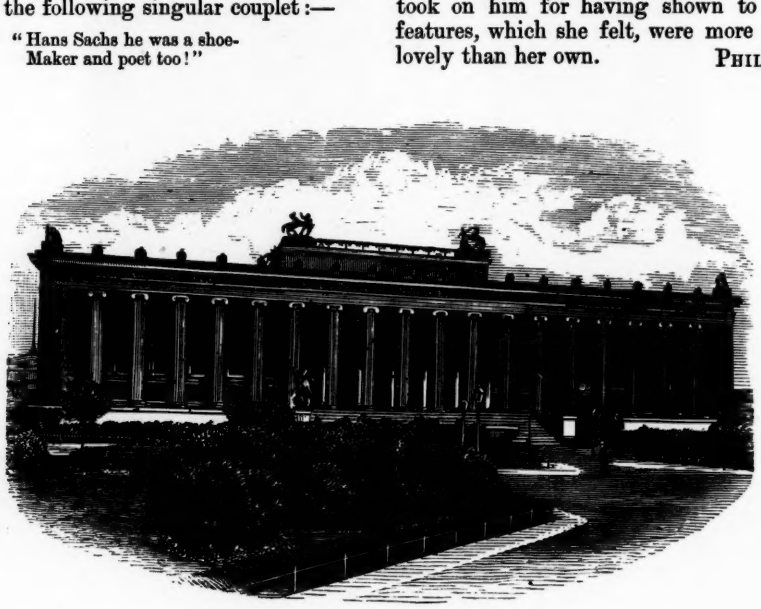
The German and the Netherland Schools occupy great space in the Berlin Gallery. Holbein is largely represented, chiefly, of course, by portraits; conspicuous is a grand head of an English merchant, named George Gyzen. The chief work of the brothers Van Eyck, Berlin shares with Ghent—that is to say, of the series of pictures which is called generically the "Adoration of the Holy Lamb," Ghent has six, and

Berlin has four. These four were bought for the sum of £15,000. It is wonderful to think that these pictures were painted probably only five years after the battle of Agincourt. Henry VI. was on the throne, and the terrible Wars of the Roses were about to scatter desolation over the land. If Van Eyck's picture could only speak, what wonderful things it might tell us!

But there is no further space here for reference to more old German artists; a very few words can be given to Kaulbach's amazing allegorical pictures. Above, on one wall, Homer stands triumphant, though blind, while all Greece groups round him in reverence; and on another the Reformation period is portrayed by a number of its worthies—Dürer, Raphael, Shakespeare (engaged, apparently, in pulling up his stockings), Columbus, and the famous cobbler author, Sachs, who described himself in the following singular couplet:—

"Hans Sachs he was a shoe-
Maker and poet too!"

Good-bye, Berlin Gallery, good-bye. But before we go finally away, let us up yonder staircase (over which are Kaulbach's pictures), and go to the so-called engraving room. There, among drawings by Dürer, Rembrandt, and Andrea, is one by an artist whose name is unknown. The subject is the Countess Potocka, and in all the gallery there is nothing more lovely than this picture. Why is the name of the painter forgotten? We cannot tell; we only know that a story goes how Venus, the goddess of Beauty, once visited his studio. She flew, invisible, around the room, and looked long and ardently at the various works there displayed. When she saw the portrait of the Countess Potocka, she determined that she would blot out from the memories of mankind the name of the man who had painted the wonderful picture. It was the revenge she took on him for having shown to the world features, which she felt, were more exquisitely lovely than her own. PHILOSTRATE.



THE ART MUSEUM IN BERLIN.

THE Editor records with deep regret the death, at the early age of twenty-six (at Newport, in the United States), of Mr. Leonard Montefiore, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Philostrate," was one of the earliest contributors to this Magazine.

The preceding paper was the last written by him; and it is inserted here, although somewhat unfinished, as characteristic of the gifted writer. Mr. Montefiore will be best remembered in literary circles by his contributions to the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly Review*, and to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* but THE MAGAZINE OF ART, in its inception and general scheme, owes much of its rapid advancement in popular estimation to the cordial co-operation and advice with which he so often favoured the Editor.

ARTISTIC IRON-WORK. (*Continued.*)

By George Wallis, F.S.A.

THERE are few more interesting objects in iron or steel than the locks and keys, bolts, and other fastenings of past times. The skill and ingenuity shown in the construction, and the beauty of form and ornamentation to be found in them, afford a more than ordinary opportunity for minute examination and study. Prior to locks becoming simple boxes containing bolts and springs, to be sunk or morticed into the wood-work of a door, the lock formed an ornament to the door of no mean character. They were sometimes chiselled, as in the instance of French and Italian locks; other examples are formed of perforated plates pierced and overlaying each other, so that by a geometric adaptation of these plates the perforations become Gothic ornaments, the screws and nail-heads which held the plates together being always important ornamental details in the decorative result of the work. Then the keys were frequently ornaments to be worn with the dress, representing as they so frequently did the various offices of a great household, from the chamberlain, with his delicately chiselled and bright instrument, down to the massive key of the janitor of the outer portal, coloured by use and rust. The bolt plates, too, and the hasps, were almost invariably more or less ornamental in outline, with well-designed perforations drilled or punched out of plate metal, the edges being chamfered by forging or filing.

The collection at the Bethnal Green Museum, without being at all exhaustive, is fairly representative of the variety of fastenings in use in England, Flanders, France, Germany, and Italy in past times. Whether modern wants and notions of security will ever permit of any extensive revival of this, at one time almost universal industry, is very doubtful, but the study of the objects left to us cannot fail to be valuable to the decorative artist.

From fastenings we come by a natural sequence to cupboard and press furniture, door and chest handles. Some of the cupboard mounts belonging to the museum are of a most elaborate character. There is one consisting of two doors of oak, over which are fixed the iron mounts of plate metal forged and chiselled into very decorative and yet very simple details. Even the screw-heads by which the mounts are fastened to the doors are made to form an integral portion of the design. The effect of the whole is simple and artistic, yet there is nothing that an intelligent smith could not produce, the design being once thought out, drawn, and placed before him. Some of the handle plates are very suggestive, and prove what can be done with even a little knowledge of graphic geometry.

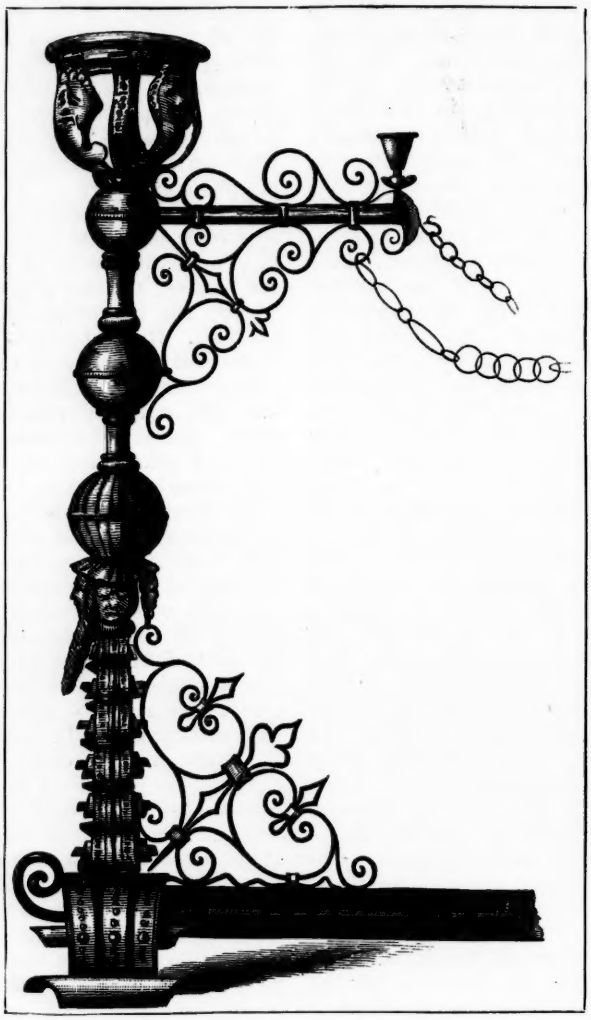
Hinges, door-knockers, and key-hole escutcheons come under the same head, being mostly plate-work with, as in the instance of knockers and handles, a forged adjunct for use, but frequently not less ornamental in its way than the plate. Hinges frequently became important decorations of a door or coffer-lid, and aid in giving strength to both by the manner in which they trail over, and so bind together the wood-work. The principal examples would carry us too far if enumerated, but all are of a more or less suggestive character.

The brazier-stands, bowl-stands, candlesticks, and lamp-pendants are the last series to which special attention can be called. In these objects the skill of the artist-smith is frequently displayed in a very remarkable manner. The ingenuity of construction, the manner in which the lines of the forged parts are made to flow into each other and combine to produce a structure which shall be eminently useful for the purpose intended, the quiet subordination of the harmonised details of the ornamentation, clothing the main lines and making them decorative, are points which cannot fail to strike those who examine them carefully. There is no heaviness of effect; lightness of appearance and comparative lightness in weight also being the result—the latter a most important point in movable objects for use in a house.

In addition to these special groups to which we have been enabled to call attention, there are miscellaneous objects such as the head ornaments for graves, chiefly German, the decorative insignia for public buildings, in forged and *repoussé* iron, gilt and painted; all showing a wealth of resource which suggests the wish, "Oh, for one of those fifteenth or sixteenth century smiths to design and construct an iron bedstead as a lesson in what could be done to meet modern wants in this direction!" For one fears, if a modern worker in iron, or a designer who never handled a hammer, attempted to devise such a thing, it would prove to be more

like a Brobdingnagian porcupine, bristling with pointed details, than a decorated metal framework to carry a bed.

As an example of finely forged and decorated iron-work in use for domestic purposes in the houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it may be well to refer back to fire-dogs, already mentioned in connection with a similar class of articles. In the construction and art decoration of these objects remarkable skill and ability are very frequently displayed, and the illustration will show the extent to which good design and skilled manipulation of forged, hammered, and chiselled metal could be brought to bear upon objects of common domestic use. These fire-dogs are of sixteenth century French work, elaborately carved out in all the details. A strong bar of iron runs across the front of the fireplace, and attached to each end are scrolls; a species of candelabrum which rises on each side being surmounted by a cresset of open strap-work, on the faces of which masks are chiselled. A bar of iron, surmounted by a minutely decorated scroll, is set at right angles from under the cresset, with bracket scrolls as supports. At the end of the bar are sconces for candles. The bases of each candelabrum are excellent and original in construction, and the effects of the series of scrolls convey an idea of richness and variety of light and shadow, which is not often achieved in iron. Indeed, the whole work is highly characteristic of Italian art as applied to the material, the chiselling and chasing of the flat sides of the scrolls and rosettes being admirably done, without excess of labour or useless detail.



ONE OF A PAIR OF FIRE-DOGS.

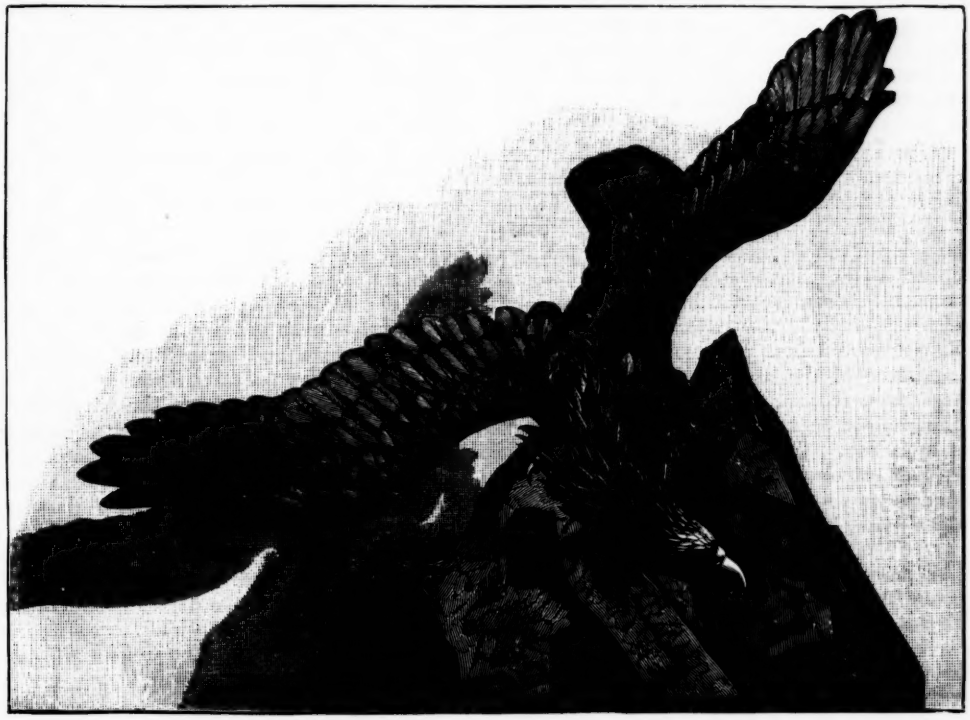
(*French, sixteenth century. From the Bethnal Green Museum.*)

No work of its kind can be more suggestive to the designer and the student. The whole arrangement is calculated to convey a very practical lesson in the way of execution as well as of design.

The last art-work in iron which space permits us to notice here, as belonging to South Kensington Museum, remains, with other examples of Japanese metal-work, in the central institution. This is a wonderful representation, in hammered and chiselled iron, of the sea-eagle, or osprey. The bird is represented as swooping from a rock with extended wings, measuring three feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other. It is the work of Miyôchin Munéhara, a famous worker in metal of the sixteenth century. Nothing can exceed the perfection of workmanship displayed in this example. Feather by feather has been imitated in the iron, and with such effect that the most perfect ease

prevails throughout; and so complete is the mechanism adapted to the material, that all mere vulgar imitation is avoided, and yet the result is suggestive of feather texture and lightness.

The base or rock on which the bird stands is formed of iron *repoussé*. It is simple and effective, perfectly suggesting the texture of stone without slavish imitation. The illustration will show the character of the design and the life-like action of the bird. It is impossible to over-estimate the technical value of a work like this—not for imitation, but as showing the capabilities of a very unpromising material; even for the suggestion merely of feather texture and surface, although that material is in the hands of an artist who is master of his tools, and knows exactly how far to imitate and when to stay his hand. Half the failures in industrial and decorative art arise from either ignorant or ambitious attempts on the part of the executant to do that with the material in hand which it is not capable of, and when the plea is put in, "But consider how difficult it is," one thinks with Dr. Johnson, "What a pity it was not impossible!"



SEA-EAGLE IN HAMMERED AND CHISELLED IRON.

(Japanese work. Sixteenth century. From the South Kensington Museum.)

It is a matter for congratulation to all interested in the improvement of domestic decoration to find a decided tendency, alike in Germany and England, and more recently still in France, to revive the art of the smith. Some of the works exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 were of great importance as showing how happily the art-workmen engaged in this direction had caught the spirit of the old workers whilst adapting the forms and details of their productions to modern wants and requirements. Such lessons as these now presented at the Bethnal Green Museum would have been impossible a few years ago. Certainly no such collection has ever before been got together in this country. We hope, therefore, the hand-workers in ornamental iron will take advantage of the opportunity presented, to make themselves acquainted with what has been done in the past, as an evidence of the extent to which decorative iron-work can be applied to every-day use.



THE MUSÉE WIERTZ.

By E. Belfort Bax.

SITUATED behind the Zoological Gardens at Brussels, to the left, on a slight elevation, might have been seen, some years ago, a building in the form of an ancient Pagan temple; it was, indeed, an exact fac-simile of a temple at Pæstum. This building was intended to contain the paintings, sketches, sculptures, and relics of Wiertz. It was constructed by himself in the garden of his house to give his creations a fair opportunity, as he conceived it, of working out their purpose, artistic or otherwise. Since his death the house and garden have been sold as private property, and all that remains of the temple is four columns, the present "museum" being the wing of the house comprising the painter's former studio. It consists of a large *salon* and two small rooms, the first devoted to completed paintings, and the two latter respectively to oil and crayon sketches. The unexpected and startling effect of the *coup-d'œil* on entering the large room (bare as regards carpet or furniture) it might not be too much, perhaps, to describe as appalling. It is some time before one becomes sufficiently accustomed to the colossal proportions to criticise. The huge "Greeks and Trojans fighting over the Body of Patroclus," "Polyphemus devouring and crushing the Companions of Ulysses," and "The Angels" seem to claim at once an equal share of attention. As the present notice is not intended to be distinctly critical, I refrain from commenting upon the pictures from a strictly art point of view, and shall confine myself to noticing one or two that to the ordinary observer may require a few words of explanation. The painting with which, above all others, Wiertz's name is associated by most Englishmen is the very remarkable "Thoughts and Visions of a Decapitated Head." Its conception dated from an execution witnessed by the painter in Brussels, the impression of which was deepened in him by the idea, at that time recently broached, that sensation does not cease at the instant of separation of the head from the trunk, but continues possibly for some minutes afterwards. Wiertz hoped by his imaginative and poetic creation to help to terminate the career not only of the guillotine, but of capital punishment itself. He concludes the note on the frame of the picture with the words, "Ah! if the fearful instrument of Guillotin should be annihilated some day, God be praised." Emblematic of this is the last "minute" of the picture, where guillotine and executioners are seen revolving together in the abyss.

The ardent belief of Wiertz in human progress is exhibited in a group of fine paintings, intended to form part of a series to be called the "History of the Future of Humanity," which the artist's death unfortunately left incomplete. It consists of three paintings. "The Last Cannon" portrays civilisation in its highest sense as all-powerful in the future; above is a star guiding Humanity toward her future destinies, possibly suggested by the star guiding the Magi to the cradle of the infant Christ. Below are seen the instruments of the past and present—Civilisation is in the act of breaking asunder a cannon which obstructs her progress, while on her right stands an old man bearing in his hand "the book of wisdom and experience." Behind, a child carries a crown of stars, throwing forward a light. In the foreground are the daughters of the goddess Civilisation, and below is another symbolic group. A notable point in the picture is where a daughter of Civilisation is seen burning a vessel whereon is written the war-kindling word "frontier;" such a word having no meaning in an age when national rivalries have ceased, and given place to the "parliament of man, the federation of the world." The human race is advancing from behind, preceded by Poetry, Painting, Music, and Science. Space forbids my entering at greater length into a description of this striking work. The second picture of the group is the one entitled "Human Power has no Limits." Mankind is here depicted as having taken possession of the regions of space, and as flying upward toward the heavenly bodies; it is a fine symbolic conception, and each figure is noteworthy. The third, "The Things of the Present before the Men of the Future," represents a sage holding in his hand, with a look of curious wonder, a cannon and other implements of warfare. The completion of this series was the task Wiertz had mapped out for himself, when his career was cut short by death. Perhaps as a *tour de force* the Homeric studies may be deemed the most remarkable specimens in the collection. For colossal breadth and grandeur they have been rarely equalled—never surpassed. It is in

them that we see Wiertz as the lineal descendent of Rubens, despite his individuality. The group of Christian symbolism contains much that is grand and original in the treatment of well-worn subjects. We should not omit to mention a group of small paintings, each eminently "with a purpose"—powerful statements of social questions; "Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century," "Hunger, Madness, Crime," "Poor Orphans," etc., speak for themselves. But it is injustice to particularise where the whole collection is as instinct with individuality of genius as the present. This is visible throughout, as well in the early as in the more matured works. Few even of the greatest geniuses do not by an overstrain sink at times to the level of the commonplace. The almost unexampled rarity of this in Wiertz, the fact that he was so seldom at anything less than white-heat, can only be attributed to his never having degraded his genius or his art to the market. He remained true to them from first to last. To him art and commerce had no part or lot with one another. Not merely did he never paint to order, but he invariably refused the fabulous sums frequently offered him for his completed works. When it was necessary for him to make money he made it by painting portraits, a vocation with which he filled in the intervals of creative activity. But never did he commence a great work with any other than a serious artistic or moral purpose. As regards his place in art, he is one of those rare individualities who can, taken in their entirety, be said to follow in the wake of no party or school, and who are as little likely to found any. It cannot be denied that at times the influence of Rubens is strongly marked, though even where this is most the case "Wiertz" also unmistakably stands out. One or two of the minor pictures (*e.g.*, "Human Insatiability") forcibly recall William Blake. Wiertz, as I before said, is one of those characters that illustrate the unsatisfactory nature of the neat epigrams which would sharply divide men's minds into two classes without necessary qualification. Wiertz, although undeniably an idealist in his art, was at the same time a realist in a certain sense; indeed, in some of his works it is the realism that first strikes the observer, the subjective element only becoming apparent on closer observation. This combination of the two is a frequent occurrence.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Wiertz, so far from being, as is often supposed, a mad genius without method or aim, had a definite and coherent artistic or moral purpose in all that he undertook.

"MILTON DICTATING 'PARADISE LOST' TO HIS DAUGHTERS."

By Michael Munkacsy.

HUNGARY has produced more than one great artist of late years, and the name of the painter of this remarkable illustration of English literary history is not the least noteworthy of which his country is now proud. Michael Munkacsy's works have been known for some years in England; his dark, severe, and indeed ascetic colour and tone have not chilled the general admiration excited among artists by the exceptional style of all he does. His execution is marked by a peculiar character and mastery which imply the best teaching and discipline of the continental schools. In the present instance his picture has a special interest in this country; Englishmen will never fail to be particularly attracted towards those masters of contemporary art abroad who select subjects from our history; and recognition of the one art in which that history is above all others illustrious—the art of literature—is grateful to us all, whether connoisseurs of painting or not. The interior depicted in this powerful work is picturesque in all its details; the figures are well contrasted in action and expression—the daughters all reverent and eager watchfulness, the blind father abstracted in the creation of his poem. It is recorded that Milton (whose great epic was the work of his declining years) would "sometimes lie awake whole nights, and not a verse could he make; but on a sudden his poetical faculty would rush upon him with impetus, and his daughter was immediately called to secure what came." In dictating at ordinary times he was accustomed to sit leaning back in an easy chair, "with his leg flung over the elbow of it," and on such occasions he would deliver perhaps forty lines in a breath. This work of Munkacsy's was one of the principal pictures contributed by Austria to the Paris International Exhibition of 1878, and gained the signal distinction of the award of the Medal of Honour. It was purchased by Dr. Lennox, of New York, for the institution in that city to which he has given his name.

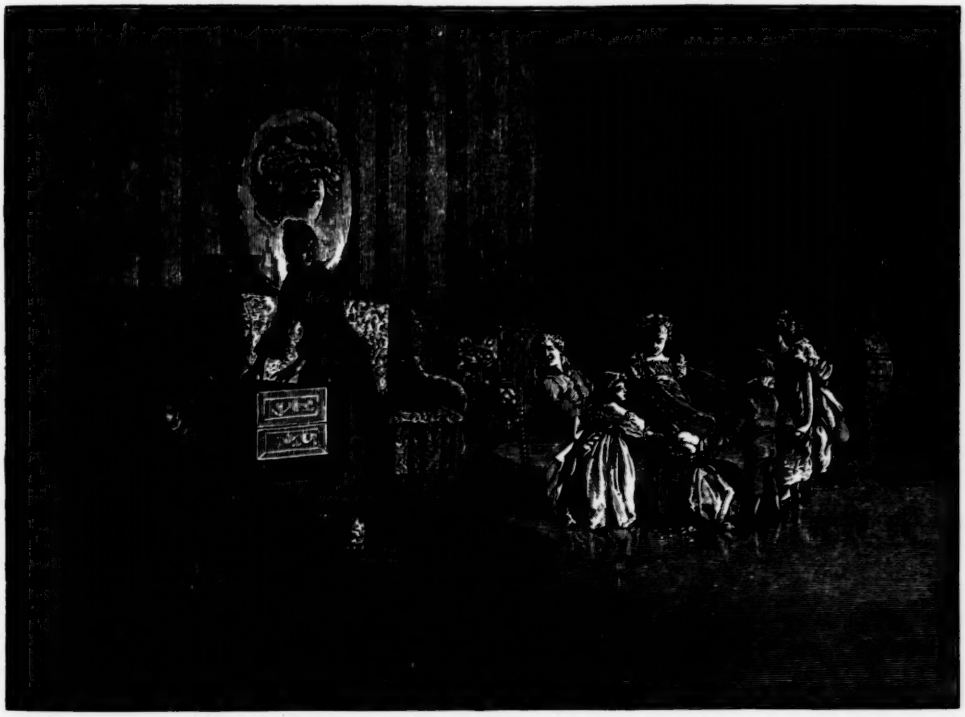


"MILTON DICTATING 'PARADISE LOST' TO HIS DAUGHTERS."

(*From the Picture by Michael Munkacsy, contributed by Austria to the Paris International Exhibition of* 1878.)

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: WINTER EXHIBITION.

THE Society of British Artists is fulfilling its promise. All the anticipations we expressed last season of the useful work it would accomplish, and the strong position it would take in the art-world, are more than justified by the collection of pictures which now cover the walls of the fine galleries in Suffolk Street. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the exhibition is its variety. As its name implies, the Society is a society of artists, and its members and exhibitors are under no restraint as to the material in which they work; so that the collection includes not paintings only, but water-colour drawings and sculpture. Thus, besides several very interesting sketch-groups by Messrs. Onslow Ford and C. R. Mullens, we find one or two works in marble of a very high order of merit. "In the Dressing-room, after the Bath," by Mr. Percival Ball, is a most graceful and exquisitely modelled figure, and the bust of "Isabella," from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," should be noted for a spiritual beauty of expression. After the Royal Academy (and at this time of the year there is no Academy) we do not know of any exhibition in London so wide in its range of interest, or that represents such divergent schools of thought, and so many different methods of working. Amongst the landscapists, who are always strong in this Society, to turn from James Peel, G. S. Walters, W. Gosling, and J. E. Grace, to W. L. Wyllie, E. Ellis, J. W. B. Knight, and A. F. Grace, is like passing from one generation to another, neither of which could we afford to lose. For if the elder school is more quick



RONDA CAPRICCIOSO.

(By Beatrice Meyer.)

in its appeal to our sympathies, the younger is more strong in its grasp of truth. If the one is endeared to us by the traditions of English art, the other is enriched with the influence of continental association. And then, amongst the figure-painters, the varieties and contrasts are still more marked. There is John Burr, the sturdiest of English painters, and one of the tenderest and most thoughtful too. There is Ludovici, with his poetical and graceful idealism; Woolmer, with his kaleidoscope of colour; J. H. S. Mann, with his sweet fancies and delicate handling; Gadsby, with his brilliant touch; and Haynes King, with his clear lighting (as pure as the lassies themselves who figure on his canvases). And there are more than a score besides, who, if they do not all of them, always, paint quite the truth as *we* see it, at least tell us capital stories. To these larger divisions of landscape and figure men should be added a few free-lances—W. J. Muckley, who, as a flower-painter, scarcely has a rival, and Wyke Bayliss, whose style as a painter of cathedral interiors is as refined as it is unique.



ON THE TRACK.
(*By Seymour Lucas.*)

This variety, while it affords the greatest charm to the visitor, presents the greatest difficulty to the critic. Criticism, indeed, under the circumstances becomes little else than selection and description. And it must not be forgotten that the description cannot be otherwise than incomplete, while the selection, at the best, expresses only the choice of one pair of eyes. The man who, after a hasty survey of nearly a thousand pictures, is ready to affirm that there is nothing more worth looking at than the few which he has noted, *must* be an untrustworthy guide to the public. Let it be understood, then, that our remarks are rather like the plucking of a few ears of corn as we pass through a field, than the threshing out of a completed harvest.

The first picture we note is by Seymour Lucas, "On the Track," of which we give an outline on this page. It is very slight, but masterly in the simplicity and directness with which the effect is produced. It is especially agreeable in the reticence and yet fulness of colour. The local colour seems to be there really, veiled from us only by the greyness of the weather and low light. Close by is another picture, "Gathering Firewood," by H. Caffieri, in which again there is a delicate perception of gradation in colour, restrained in this case by a veil of light rather than of shadow. The extreme forces of light and dark, as well as of colour, have been deliberately discarded, and yet through the subtle differentiation of kindred tints the scale seems perfect. Very much the same may be said of a picture on the opposite side of the room, "Ebb Tide," by H. Moore, an example of the silvery-grey effects in which this clever painter appears to delight. In the same room should be noticed two very powerful pictures by E. Ellis, and a pleasant, freshly-painted study by James Archer, R.S.A., entitled "The Painter's Little Model."

Turning to the great room, we think Mr. Hayllar has been more happy in his choice of subject, "A Boulogne Fish Girl," than he has generally been of late, while he has foregone nothing of his slashing and dexterous method of handling. A sweep of Mr. Hayllar's brush is intended to mean something—and what is more, it means it. "Sunrise on the River," with barges moving slowly out to sea, by G. S. Walters, has the same good qualities we commended in his work last season. It is glowing in colour, luminous, broad, unaffected in treatment, and well painted. We hope Mr. Walters will forgive us if we are mistaken, but we think we have seen his windmill before. In another room will be found several favourable examples of this artist's work in water-colour, notably a fine drawing of Arundel, from the river. "The Young Poet, Robert Bloomfield, Reading

to a Group of Shoemakers at Work," by James Gow, of which a sketch will be found on this page, is most refined and sympathetic in treatment. There is much naïve grace in the



THE YOUNG POET.
(*By James Gow.*)

boy's head, flooded with sunshine from the rude skylight; it is really the head of a child, full of sweet character, lively yet spirituelle. The delicate greys make the whole picture quite opalescent. Close by is a clever little painting, "A Reverie," by Mary C. Gow. If it is by one of the same gifted family, it does honour to the name it bears. It is clear and firm in tone, rich and harmonious, without any undue straining after effect. "A Mother's Care" is one of the gems of the exhibition. The colour is quite exquisite, while the drawing is decisive and true (except, perhaps, in the case of "the mother" herself, a white duck, with her brood of ducklings in the foreground); we think the picture worthy of a simpler and more natural title. Mr. Reid's large picture in last year's Academy, which was bought under the Chantrey bequest, scarcely contains more elements of beauty than does this little canvas; note especially the quality of the painting and intricacy of the drawing of the branches of the leafless trees.

In the centre of this side of the gallery is a painting by John Burr, "Incorrigible." The "hero," adorned with a dunce's cap, is seated in front of the old schoolmaster's desk. The master, attracted by the looks of the boys in front, or by some commotion in the school, bends forward over his books to see what mischief is brewing, and lo! the "incorrigible" is in the very act of exhibiting an orange in defiance of all the sumptuary laws of schooldom. An apple and a top, already forfeited, lie on the desk. Meanwhile, another urchin, willing to help a lame dog over the stile, is trying to give a friendly signal of danger before the storm (in the shape of an outraged schoolmaster's wrath and a supple cane) falls on the culprit's shoulders. It is always difficult to speak adequately of Mr. Burr's work, because of its very greatness. We have looked with pleasure, perhaps on a score or two of clever pictures, and have become a little used to it, when suddenly we come upon something quite different; and it is only after some consideration that we find that it is better than clever, it is grand—grand, in the sense in which a song of Burns' is grand, in its grasp, that is, of human character, in its penetration to the very core of our hearts, and in the simplicity and directness with which it goes straight to its purpose. Compare this picture with "A Flower Girl" (as complete a poem as was ever written), and then again with "A Boy Selling Watercresses" and with "After the Dance," all by the same artist, and see how many phases of childhood and youth are represented by these few pictures thus by chance brought together—from the lovely "tiny mites" of the infant school, peeping over their books in timid



THE INCORRIGIBLE.
(*By John Burr.*)

wonder, to the "incorrigible" known to all village schools—from the poor child selling flowers, to the sweet girl resting after a dance. And amongst all these, observe how a deeper note is struck in the rendering of the old man's head. You may almost count the touches with

which these pictures are painted, so decisive and masterly is the execution, but you cannot fathom or express all that is in the eyes of the flower girl—*they* will never cease to haunt you with tender memories.

The transition from these to "Looking out for Father's Boat" is sudden, but it would be most unjust to slight the conscientious work of Mr. Roberts. It is not the aim of this artist to startle, but to do sound work, and this he does. Look at the modest truthfulness of the foreground landscape, and the careful modelling of the girl's feet. It is not common to find in *genre* painting of this kind such thoroughness and almost classical grace of drawing. There is no shuffling over the work here. If Mr. Roberts chooses to clothe his figures with lowly garments, it is not for the sake of hiding any weakness, for in the simple incident of this unaffected bit of work he shows that he can paint true flesh and blood. Under this painting is a brilliant little picture by Miss Beatrice Meyer. Our illustration on page 145 will describe it better than we can do in words. It is full and rich in colour, and painted with a firm decisive touch. On the left of the fireplace hangs a charming rendering of cottage life, "Doubtful Generosity," by Carlton A. Smith, of which also a sketch will be found, on page 149. An old grandam is holding before the admiring eyes of a little girl a small coin, while an elder sister, with her hand on the half-opened door, is ready to go out marketing. The coy entreaty of the child and womanly grace of the elder girl are finely expressed. Among the water-colour drawings will be found two or three pretty studies by the same artist. Over the mantelpiece is a small but very powerful study by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., "Christian over against the Burning Pit, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death." It is full of lurid force. In the centre is the head of a girl in profile by G. E. Hicks, highly characteristic of the painter's method of handling. On the right of this is a capital little picture by A. Ludovici, Jun., whose painting last season of "Monsieur Coulon's Dancing Class" gained his election into the Society. A little further on is a cottage interior by Haynes King. Whether it is the young mother, on household cares intent, yet finding time to bend over the cradle, or a sweet lassie reading a letter from her lover, the girls and women of this artist are what we love to believe them to be—they are of the same stuff of which our mothers and sisters are made. This picture, and one in the south-west room, "A Cosy Corner," are most delicately and firmly painted, brilliant in lighting, and highly finished. Grouped within a little distance of each other in this part of the gallery are three very remarkable landscapes—by E. Ellis, J. W. B. Knight, and W. L. Wyllie—the first strongly reminding us of David Cox, the other two bearing evidence of the subtle influence of the foreign schools upon our English landscapists. We would specially draw attention to the



WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

(*By P. Macnab.*)

weird force of Mr. Ellis's "And it was Windy Weather," to the luminous and transparent depth of Mr. Knight's river-scene, and to the poetic and sympathetic treatment of Mr. Wyllie's stranded vessels. In the centre, between Mr. Burr's "Flower Girl" and "Watercress Boy," is a brilliant flower piece by W. J. Muckley. If our readers desire to know what it is like they have only to gather an armful of the finest rhododendrons and hydrangeas, and *they will see.* On the right is a delicate landscape, "Green Pastures," by J. E. Grace.

The long wall of the great room is occupied with works by James Peel, the best representative of the pure English school of landscape, of which Leader and Graham are masters; by H. Helmick, a new and very valuable contributor to the Society's exhibitions; by P. Macnab, of whose picture, "Waiting for the Tide," we give an outline on page 148; by W. H. Gadsby, who has evidently learned something from Mr. Millais (nor need the greatest painter of the century be ashamed of such a pupil, there are all too few who are strong enough to receive his stamp); by Tom Graham, who sends a small study of his Academy picture, "O, the clang o' the Wooden Shoon;" by James Archer, R.S.A., and P. Priolo (who exhibits a bold head of the bard from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel"); by C. Cattermole; G. A. Story, A.R.A. (a delicate profile called "Memories"); and by Wyke Bayliss, who has taken for his subject "The Bride's Door, Nuremberg," and has adapted his treatment to the storm-beaten, weather-stained walls of the precinct, instead of the chancel or choir. Note how differently he has treated an interior in "The Church of Notre Dame, Chalons," where the delicacy of the building and the dim atmosphere which always seems to pervade a cathedral would not justify the bold rendering of the texture that he has given in the first picture named.



DOUBTFUL GENEROSITY.
(By Carlton A. Smith.)

This general survey of the Society's exhibition by no means exhausts what might be said. If we have a little carefully kept out of our sight that which must necessarily offend in so large and widely representative a collection, we have equally failed to enumerate many works which deserve and will reward careful examination. It would not be difficult to find examples of immature attempts, pretentious failures, feeble commonplace; but our hope is that steadily and surely the process that is now going on within the Society will succeed in attracting and consolidating all that is good in British art and in eliminating the evil.

"THE CONDITION OF TURKEY."

WE owe Mr. Morris a slight indulgence, which is cheerfully accorded, on the score of his title. His little joke is decidedly extra-pictorial, and therefore liable to the objections of those who would rigidly enforce the rule that the frame of a picture is large enough to enclose all its meanings, and that none should overflow on to the pages of the catalogue. In this case, however, the title serves a certain purpose in fixing a more pointed attention on the attitude and expression of the farm-yard boy, who is making the "condition of Turkey" the subject of a care and of an interest more intimate than he would probably give to the country much discussed of politicians; and there is in his face and action a deliberate connoisseurship which the artist has well given, and which forms a humorous antithesis to the unconscious demeanour of the fattening birds. More than one artist has discovered of late the expression that exists in a bird—an expression all the more quaint and subtle that it does not lie in the creature's immovable face, but in the character of the form and in the trick of movement. A turkey is especially expressive, and always grotesquely so; vainer than the peacock without the peacock's beauty, in him human pretentiousness finds a somewhat apt parody.

MR. WATTS'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF HUGH LUPUS.

MICHAEL ANGELO once said that oil-painting was fit only for a woman, but frescoes were worthy of a man. That he did not take himself altogether at his own word we know, for a few easel pictures are included in the glorious legacy his genius left to mankind; much less did the painters who came after him accept his dictum as final. Nevertheless, in these days, when the first half of the great man's saying is so literally taken to heart, when women have distinguished themselves as painters in oil and have produced works with so little that is conventionally womanish about them as Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" and Miss Thompson's "Quatre Bras," it is perhaps particularly fitting that our masculine artists should re-echo Michael Angelo's phrase, and assert the supremacy of their sex by the accomplishment of works such as no woman could be found to undertake. Thus, Sir Frederick Leighton is at present engaged on his great lunettes at the South Kensington Museum; while, a few years ago, by an impulse of genius he threw off a group of sculpture—that other art which Michael Angelo thought worthy of masculine steel—the "Athlete Struggling with a Python." And thus another great Academician, Mr. Watts, years ago made a pause in his painting, to execute his "Clytie," his monuments to a Bishop and to the late young and brilliant Lord Lothian; and has now in hand the magnificent work which is the subject of these notes. We allude to the equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, which is nearing completion, and the size of which will prohibit its exhibition at the Academy, where otherwise we should have noticed it in the ordinary course.

It will surprise nobody to hear that several years have now elapsed since the Duke of Westminster gave Mr. Watts, R.A., the commission for this equestrian statue of the ancestor of the Grosvenors; for this is an artist who, above all others of his generation, possesses and practises "that long patience which is genius," and labours with "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Before the master's hand had built up the great plaster man and horse with that piecemeal labour which never interfered with or broke up the mental completeness of his conception, he had to undo as well as to do, to re-model over and over again the limbs that had already been modelled with much study and effort, to break down to-morrow what had been done to-day. The result is a work in which nothing is scamped—and no effect is the result of chance. The group has over-stepped the confines of the heroic, and entered on those of the colossal; for the figure of Hugh Lupus is about eight feet in height, and the horse, on which he is mounted, in proportion. The figure has those massive forms, the grandly rounded limbs and fine details, which are observable in its degree in the feminine bust of the "Clytie." The face has no attempt at false refinement of type or expression; it is noble, but with the rough, unlearned nobility, akin to that of nature and of the grander animals, of those young times. The figure is armour-clad; one hand reins in the charger, on the other wrist sits the hawk. The dominion of a wild intelligence over bird and beast, and the triumph of conscious human strength, are expressed in the look and action. The treatment is a peculiarly happy combination of the heroic and the delicate, for however out of place the latter word may seem in connection with this work, it is not so in fact. There is fineness of treatment wherever fineness is requisite—an accentuation of the joints and articulations—without which no colossal work, nor indeed any work of sculpture whatever, could be anything but a blunt and inanimate form, lacking the elegance which fine art never fails to give to the rudest subject without injuring its rudeness. If certain passages are so delicate, others are equally broad and large, showing in the sculptor that generous mastery by which he can well afford to ignore some of his own learning and knowledge of detail, when art requires it. A pedantic sculptor would attempt to give fineness of anatomical form everywhere, whereas one dull to the vital elegances of the figure would give largeness everywhere. The greatest draughtsmen of Italy have, like Mr. Watts, conquered the difficulty by this combination of science and art.

This noble work will be finished in the autumn, and its destination is Eaton Hall, where it will stand in front of the house in which the Duke of Westminster spends a considerable portion of his year. That it will not be permanently placed more publicly is a matter of regret; but that it should be temporarily on view in town before it is taken to the country is a hope so earnest and so widely expressed, that we cannot help thinking it will be fulfilled. The size of the group, as we have already said, precludes its exhibition at the Academy, but not an open-air display of it in many a centre of London life. For such a course we are not without precedents, as will be remembered by the admirers of Marochetti's "Cœur de Lion," which could not be taken in at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The public, indeed, shows at times a strange indifference towards the interests of noble art; but although it has permitted precious sculptures of classic times, purchased at a cost of £25,000, to lie in a dark cellar under the British Museum year after year, it will surely show less apathy in the case of a contemporary—and of such a contemporary as Mr. Watts. Were it otherwise, we should be forced into the belief that a lasting stigma would be attached by posterity to the art patrons and public of our generation.

ART IN THE NETHERLANDS.

THE GALLERY OF M. LE BARON STEENGRACHT D'OOSTERLAND.

THOSE whose taste and culture enable them to find in art one of the chief sources of enjoyment can make no pleasanter pilgrimage than a ramble through the Low Countries, studying the treasures with which the public and private collections are so richly dowered. It is a journey involving no serious preparations. The *impedimenta* need be but small. One dines in London, and breakfasts the next morning in Rotterdam; and, if the holiday cannot be extended beyond a week or ten days, in that time a glimpse can be had of half a dozen or more as quaint, bright, and picturesque cities as can be found in Europe. There is also the additional piquancy of the intermingling of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, which can scarcely be seen elsewhere. The problems of nineteenth century civilisation find no more acute and patient investigators than the eminently practical Netherlanders; but if art is the sole aim of the trip, then it is possible to live in the past with the Dutch masters in the galleries, and still remain in it while strolling through the streets or along the canals; for there is enough of the old architecture and manner of life still remaining to keep up the illusion. It is not here as in some of the larger capitals, where the student cannot help feeling struck with a sense of incongruity. Exalted by the serene splendour of the masterpieces of a past time, and elevated by the grave dignity of the forms bodied forth on their glowing canvases, he descends from the halls of the Louvre into the rattle and clatter of the streets of Paris: the buildings are brand new, their architecture is pretentious but commonplace, smart yet destitute of real grace or refinement; the artificial life, too, dazzling and bewildering, is in sharp contrast with the spirit and moods, whether grave or gay, of the great painters and sculptors whose lofty ideal he has been seeking to penetrate. Paris, the Paradise of the Philistine, is, saving for its inestimable gallery, the Arabia Petra—Araby the unblest—of the artist.

Corresponding to the proximity of Holland to England is the close affinity of our art to that of our neighbours across the sea. For our school of painting is a direct emanation from the Dutch masters; and for the matter of that, nearly all which is valuable in the modern schools of other countries is derived from the same source. Modern pictorial art, which commenced with the Dutch, may be said, like Venus, to have been born of the sea. The same hardy and indomitable race which had made dry land out of the sea ooze, and had founded on it the freest state in Europe, had also the courage and genius to decree the emancipation of art. That of Italy and the other Latin races, having its origin in tradition, and dealing with the supernatural, had in too many cases lost itself in the arid wastes of unreality and inanity. Rembrandt, and the band of which he was the head, launched forth on the wide expanse whereon such splendid feats had been already achieved by Shakespeare. They first showed that, if art is to do real service to humanity, it must deal with the life and nature in which our lot is cast, must show us the joys and sorrows of the community of which we form a part,

and reveal to us the poetry of nature wherein we work and which our fathers have helped to fashion. Preceding artists, selecting their subjects from a mythical or historical past, had lavished their genius on the decoration of the cloister or the palace; the Dutch, representing the life of the family or the farm, ever attempts at reviving the old scheme have been essayed, have invariably resulted in sterility and oblivion, alike whether they have originated in the serious efforts of scholastic dilettantism or the mere passing caprice of a freak of fashion; showing the more clearly that the principles initiated by these



PAUL REMBRANDT.
(*Born*, 1603; *Died*, 1674.)

the market or the municipality, devoted theirs to brightening the home and giving dignity to the house of the city government—the Stadhuis—and the meeting place of the guild: the former were the servants and dependants of princes and popes, the latter citizens of a free state rendering free service to their fellow-citizens. That the revolution they effected was demanded by the new ideas and loftier aspirations then arising has been proved by the subsequent course of art. What-

robust Hollanders are those only which can render art a worthy object of interest to the members of a cultivated community. Such considerations indicate the importance of studying the works which inaugurated the new era, and which in their technical qualities, as well as in their fine and subtle insight of classes and shades of character, have not yet been surpassed; to do so the more thoroughly one naturally turns to the land of their authors, and, though the number of the Dutch galleries

is sadly diminished, there are still, in those remaining, examples of the school more remarkable and noteworthy than can be found elsewhere.

Among the private collections of Holland a very high position must be assigned to that of Baron Steengracht at the Hague; it (leaving out of consideration the modern works in another room), comprising masterpieces of the essentially national painters—as Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Terburg, De Hooghe, Metsu, the Ostades, Brouwer, the Vanderveldes, Thomas de Keijzer, Paul Potter, the landscape and portrait painters; the Italianised masters, as Berghem,



JAN STEEN.

(*Born*, 1636; *Died*, 1689.)

admirably represents the best period of the native art, and in some instances with works of superlative excellence. All visitors to the Hague know the stately range of mansions called the Vijverberg, running along the north-west side of the Vijver, and directly facing the antique pile of buildings which form the Binnenhof. The residence of the Baron is on the Vijverberg, and the gallery is contained in two noble rooms on the principal floor. The collection consists of about ninety pictures

the Boths, K. du Jardin, and others, are also here represented. The present article must be confined to a notice of some half a dozen works, sufficient to indicate the great interest of the collection and to induce those of our readers who go to Holland to seek permission to visit the gallery, a favour which M. Steengracht with true native courtesy and liberality readily grants.

Foremost among the Dutch masters stands Rembrandt, therefore to a work of his we

must first call attention. It is a small picture, representing "Bethseba at the Bath," signed and dated 1643, and has belonged to several well-known collectors, among others Sir Thomas Lawrence. The composition consists of three figures, Bethseba, who is seated, with two attendants; the one, an old woman, dressing her feet, the other, a negress, is combing the luxuriant tresses of her golden hair. The light is the master that the chief glory of the work lies in the magic of the colouring, the effect of light, and the marvellous flesh-painting of the naked figure. A wave of warm, radiant sunlight flows through the composition, is arrested by the principal figure, and breaks in a flood of golden spray on the terrace at the right. The magician who in frank representation of nature could rival the most positive of realists, yet



ADRIAN BROUWER.

(*Born*, 1608; *Died*, 1640.)

concentrated on the principal figure, which is perfectly radiant with luscious golden and pearly hues; exceptionally beautiful is the head of Bethseba, and admirable the modest candour of its expression. These figures are on a terrace, which has some steps leading down to the water; the gorgeous plumage of a couple of peacocks gives splendour to the immediate foreground; a kind of grotto with overhanging foliage is on the extreme right; the background represents a park, with buildings of fanciful architecture; the whole is in a dim, mysterious undertone. But it is scarcely needful to tell admirers of steeping common objects and ordinary humanity in its every-day garb in the golden atmosphere of the ideal, had need at times to exercise his pencil on a simpler material, though one which for subtlety of surface would task all his powers. Picturesque as was the dress of his period, he knew that higher than picturesque costume stands the beauty of the human form divine. The ideal of form was never reached by Rembrandt, never even aimed at; he valued truth and character too highly to merge it in a feeble generalisation; but in the presentation of sentient, palpitating flesh

he was never surpassed. This, the most difficult problem in art, invaluable as study, and in which all the great painters have been imperatively compelled to try their powers, had for Rembrandt a peculiar fascination. What for others was despair as well as delight was for him unalloyed satisfaction, so frank yet delicate was his touch. This is the explanation of the various Bethsebas, Susannas, and other pictures of nude figures which have come from his easel. They are not epoch pictures, like "The Anatomy Lesson," the so-called "Night-Watch," or "The Stallmeester," but they are the source of exquisite enjoyment to the cultivated and the artist.

The distinguished biographer of Rembrandt, M. Vosmaer, in the eloquent conclusion of his work, compares the great master to Shakespeare. The comparison is just. Yet it may be suggested there was one element wanting to complete the parallel with the many-sided poet: Rembrandt cannot be said to have displayed a strong sense of the humorous in his art. But this quality has been developed by another Dutch master in a greater degree than by any other painter. On the side of pure humour, the eternal comedy of human life, Shakespeare in Jan Steen finds a worthy peer. Indeed, though we have no reason for supposing the painter to have known the works of the dramatist, there are several panels of the former which might well serve for illustration of some of the Falstaff scenes of the latter.

The two pictures in this gallery by Jan Steen present different styles of the artist. The larger in size is painted in his broad manner. It represents a merry family party—his own family, as may be seen by comparing the figures with those in the portrait picture in the Maurits Huis. Wine and song are not wanting, and the hilarity is general, as would always be the case when the jovial Jan presided at the board. The handling is marked by largeness of style, firm drawing, and bold foreshortening; the colour is rich and masculine, harmonious from the artistic combination of warm greens and greys, browns and purples. The smaller and more highly finished picture is one of his inimitable Doctor series. A plump, frolicsome damsel is lying in bed, the doctor with whimsical gravity is considering her case, while three other figures are thoroughly alive to the drollery of the proceeding. We see there is nothing seriously the matter with the saucy little puss, who will have her full share of fun and frolic at the next *kermess*.

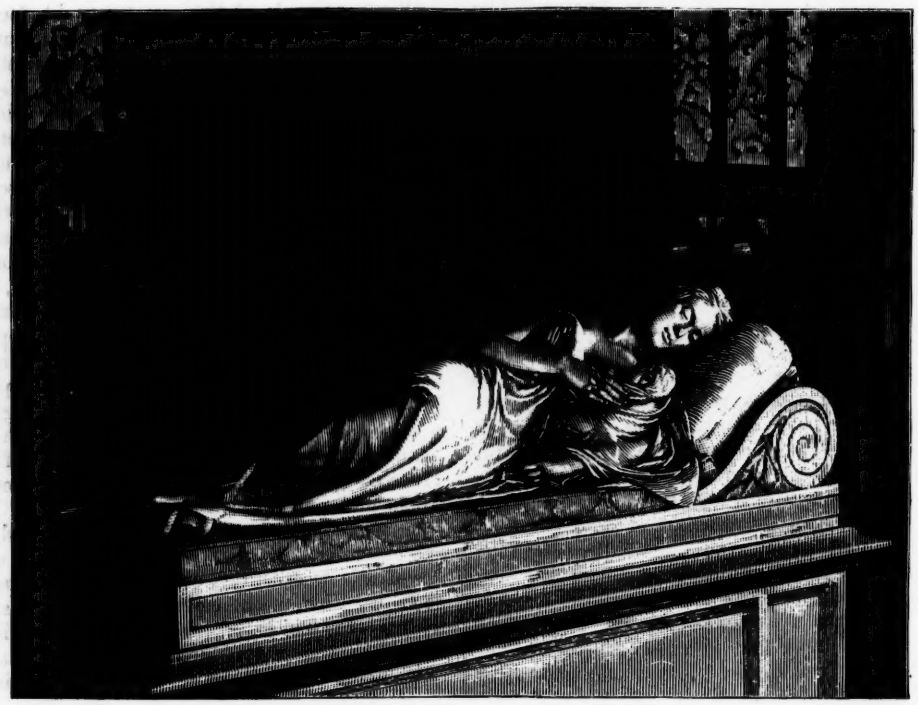
Another humorous picture, this time by Adrian Brouwer, is indeed a masterpiece. And in no other gallery in Europe is such a brilliant example of this master to be found. Too often one associates the name of Brouwer with dingy little panels, mostly spurious, black and opaque in colour, and representing scenes of mere buffoonery. This, for glowing colour, rivals Rembrandt or Giorgione. For mastery of painting, for exquisite sensitiveness of brushwork, it was perhaps never surpassed. In some places the paint is laid on with a rich floating impasto, in others with the thinnest glaze; always perfectly presenting texture and form, never descending to mere bravura; in short, the execution is a blending of power and playfulness which perhaps the artist only can fully appreciate. The scene shows five boon companions seated in a tavern; the principal figure, probably a portrait of Brouwer, has been singing a song or telling a story. With laughing triumph he resumes his pipe, puffing out fantastic clouds of smoke; laughter and enjoyment ripple and play over the countenances of his companions, and are certainly communicated to the spectator. But no detailed description can adequately describe this work, so spontaneous is the conception. The career of Brouwer is still an unsolved enigma; little is known of him saving that he was a pupil of Franz Hals, and died in a hospital at Antwerp. Certainly Houbraken's sketch cannot be accepted as biography. In the Berlin Gallery there is by him a moonlight scene, showing a profound sympathy with the more mysterious aspects of nature. In the composition we have been considering, on the extreme right hand, is a man in black; this is said to be a portrait of Franz Hals; the tradition must be considered as apocryphal. (*To be continued*)

LADY FREDERICA LOUISA STANHOPE'S TOMB AT CHEVENING.

IN the chancel of the picturesque village church of Chevening, Sevenoaks, contiguous to Lord Stanhope's residence, is the beautiful tomb we engrave below. The recumbent monumental figures are life-size, and are those of the Lady Frederica Louisa Stanhope, sister of the present Earl of Mansfield, and her infant child, a veritable masterpiece by Sir Francis Chantrey.

The inscription upon the front of the tomb states that Lady Frederica Stanhope died in child-bed, in the twenty-third year of her age, on the 14th January, 1823. Added to this short but expressive record of the life thus early lost are a few lines, written by the lady herself, so illustrative of her own history and sad fate, that, although of the nature of a prayer, we venture to repeat them:—

"To be a pious Christian; a faithful, affectionate, and tender wife, a dutiful and grateful daughter, a kind sister; the mother to my children which my mother was to me; the friend of the poor and needy; to have true charity, to live a godly life on earth, and to die in the blessed hope that my sins, though many, may be forgiven, and that I shall enter the gates of everlasting happiness, there to meet or wait those I love—this is the life and end for which I pray."



LADY FREDERICA STANHOPE'S TOMB.
(By Sir Francis Chantrey.)

The illustration to the pure and beautiful existence here expressed has been fittingly rendered by our greatest sculptor. The figures are enveloped in a few folds of simply arranged drapery, that of the mother, in her posture of graceful ease, suggesting rather slumber than the sleep that knows no awakening, with her hand placed caressingly upon the form of the little one nestling to her bosom; while the beautifully chiselled features, closed eyelids, and calm expression together form a work scarcely to be equalled, certainly not excelled. The dimpled hands and exquisitely modelled feet are also wonderful examples of the artist's skill.

The whole work, standing about five feet high, is of pure Carrara marble, and upon a scroll, whereon Lady Frederica's head is resting, is an emblematic embellishment by the sculptor, a lily with two buds, the stem of the flower itself and one of the buds being broken, whilst the only remaining bud—the surviving offspring—is intact. No work of Chantrey, not even his most memorable "Sleeping Children" in Lichfield Cathedral, surpasses this unexampled production of his genius, and no one who visits Chevening to inspect the treasure will leave the little church without a lifelong impression of its solemn beauty.



"HAMPTON COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME."

(From the Picture by F. E. Cox, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879.)

(See page 138.)

"HAMPTON COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME."

By F. E. Cox.

IT is no wonder that artists—and especially those who affect a kind of elegant historical *genre* painting—should be admirers of the last century customs and costumes. Other times perhaps have been, in a sense, more picturesque, others again decidedly more natural, others equally ceremonious; but no epoch has ever so felicitously combined picturesque beauty, exquisite artificiality, and a frank naturalness which powder and patches scarcely marred. The ladies' roses of that period may not have been native, but their manners were open and their laughter free. As to the men, their garb was not exactly suggestive of the athletic virtues which a later day has learnt to prize so highly, but neither was it effeminate, or undignified, or unworthy of men and gentlemen. Sir Plume of the amber snuff-box and the clouded cane certainly caricatured the fashion in a manner to which it lent itself with great facility, but in spite of him and of his tribe, powder and long-waisted coats and buckled shoes clothed a man of more solid mould in eminent dignity. These were the days of the glory of Hampton Court and of all such royal pleasure-places; even more than the noisy gallants of the Merry Monarch, the courtiers of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges are fitly placed in the trim gardens of palaces. We have said that the period was not precisely athletic, but the dandies of Mr. Cox's picture are very probably proficients in the gentlemanly science of fencing, and are clearly equal to an energetic game of bowls in the encouraging presence of the weaker sex; the ladies of a later date, by the way, would certainly not be contented with watching the play and inspiring emulation; our fair lawn-tennis players have a different standard of enjoyment. Mr. Cox's figures are put in with grace; the two players and the lady to the right being particularly happy in action and line. This picture was at the Royal Academy of 1879.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES OF THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

WATER-COLOUR art is best seen in the little world of its own which such societies as this have created. The mixture of the arts which is usual elsewhere almost inevitably suggests a competition which, though not always pernicious in its effects upon the principles of oil-painting, is invariably deleterious to those of water-colour drawing. It does an oil picture no harm to be pure, clear, transparent in thought and in colour, impressionary, and impulsive; it damages a drawing to be imitative, heavy, literal, laboured, and opaque; a beautiful work may be produced, it is true, even in this case, but it will be a good picture and not a good drawing. In separate exhibitions the eye becomes quickly educated to the one method or the other, and is content with one manner of expression. Water-colours in their beginnings had a character of their own far more decided and far more distinct from that of the sister arts than they have since been permitted to retain. It is undoubtedly the tendency of art as it increases in its capacities, as the knowledge of the artist becomes greater, as his facility and skill gain ground, and as the vehicle he has chosen becomes more and more improved and perfected in all the branches of its mechanism, to advance towards a literal, reproductive, imitative rendering of nature, to forsake the conventional and interpretative manner with which it was content at first, and thereby to lose that precious element of art—the impression. It has eminently been so with water-colours. It is manifestly difficult, and an exercise of self-denial, for an artist, when the means at his command have immeasurably expanded, to confine his art to those hints and suggestions—to that stenography of art—beyond which those means would not at first take him. And yet he will probably acknowledge to himself that a transparent wash of colour almost in monochrome, with the pencil marks of the first outline unerased, is a better—nay a more perfect—expression of water-colour art than the stippled, caressed, many-tinted and mellow little painting with which an aquarellist can now vie in strength, solidity, and fulness of colour with the oil-painter. These principles are by no means yet fully established or revived, and for their

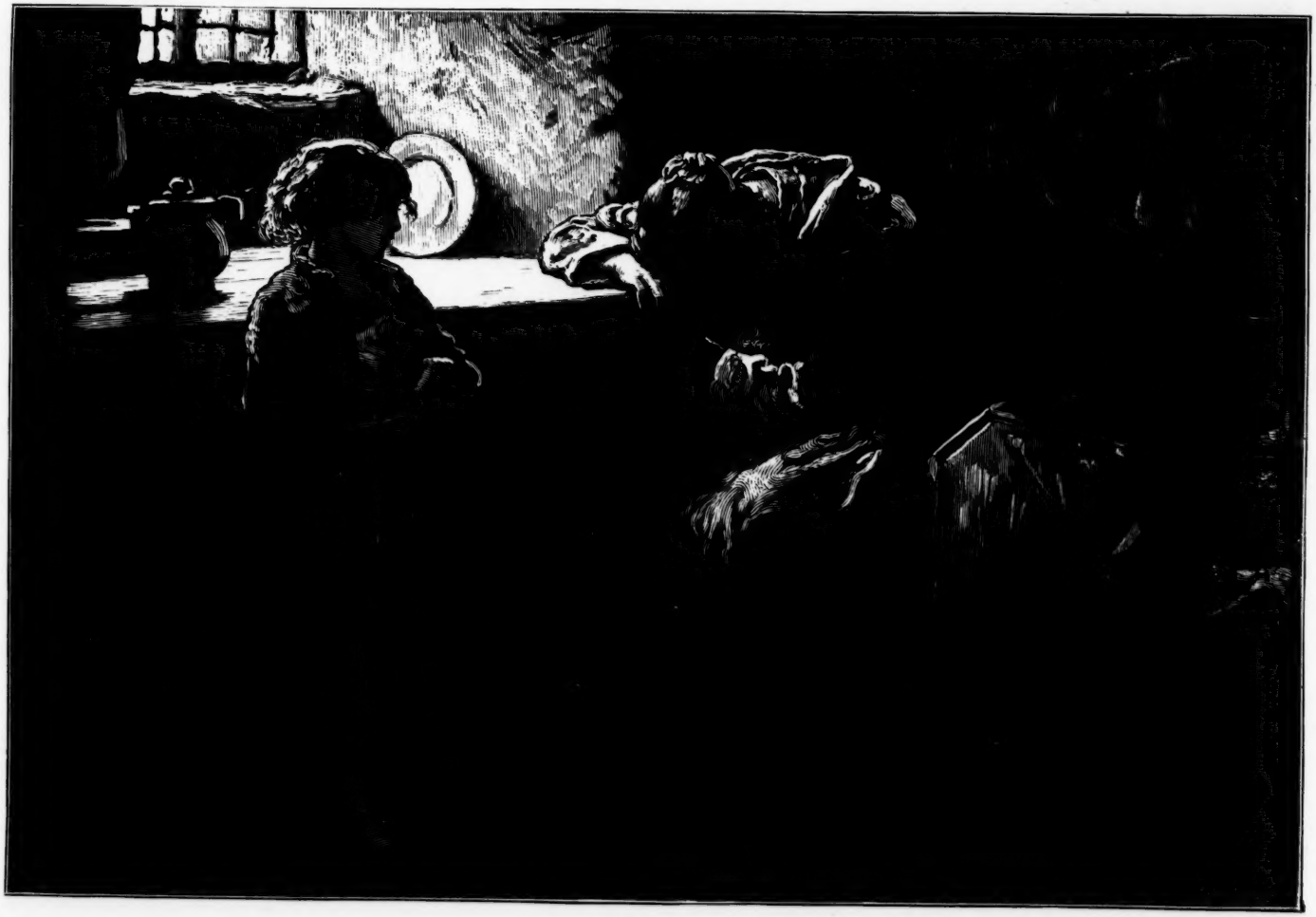
better propagation we look to the head-quarters of the art—that "Old Society" which has boasted such illustrious names. We should especially desire, and we might naturally expect, a return to legitimate principles in the winter show, which disclaims finish and picture-making. But the truth is that these annual collections are in no real sense exhibitions of sketches and studies. The members have never had the courage to show their work from nature in all the frank and graceful simplicity of its incompleteness, so that students lose much instruction and lovers of art much delight. The least impulsive of all landscape-painters have their spontaneous moments, in which they have surprised Nature in one of her artless moods, and been themselves surprised into artlessness; in such moments their work has a charm and also a power which dwindles in its subsequent elaboration in the studio. We have little doubt, however, that the example set by the Grosvenor Gallery in its exhibitions of *bonâ fide* sketches and studies will in time be followed elsewhere.

It cannot be disputed that a society which confines itself strictly to the works of its own members condemns itself to a certain degree of inevitable monotony. The artists who constitute the society are so active and so industrious in the number of works which they contribute to each exhibition, their distinctive characteristics are so familiar to the public, that much of the work shown by them is a foregone conclusion. Some novelties there are, indeed, this winter — among them being the rare and welcome accession of a work by an honorary member, Mr. Ruskin. This distinguished teacher of art seldom labours as an artist without some other object than the production of a good picture or drawing. He has been wont to preserve his position as master first and painter secondarily, by using his rare executive gifts for the illustration of some point in the large range of his teaching. His studies among the Alps were intended to be the one absolutely truthful and accurate record of the extension of the snows at such a period; his exquisite flower-outlines have a direct scientific intention; his studies of trees illustrated for the first time the laws of a tree's growth; in the same way his beautiful architectural study contributed to this gallery comes *àpropos* to the time to show how much beauty of colour, and what significant and historical decay, are menaced by "restoration" in the façade of St. Mark's, Venice. Mr. Ruskin has aimed at making a portrait rather than a picture, and it need scarcely be said that he has taken the likeness he desired with a sympathy of eye and hand which express themselves in exquisite lines and lovely colour. Another honorary member, the Princess Louise, exhibits a number of well-considered and intelligent studies of Canadian scenery; for the somewhat uncommon quality of accurate architectural perspective drawing her "Court-yard of the Citadel, Quebec," is especially to be commended. Mr. Oswald Brierly's power as a painter of sea-storms, whether in full force or gathering, is well exemplified by his "Burrasca on the Lagoon at Venice." This city is as usual the subject chosen by several contributors, but its hitherto most constant votary, Miss Clara Montalba, has transferred the scene of her labours to the banks of the Thames in the midst of London smoke and turmoil, into which her masterly artistic manner compels, as it were, a fine kind of beauty. Mr. Carl Haag is at his best in most of the eight works he exhibits; his study of "The Camel which leads the Procession" is a truly magnificent piece of painting, brilliantly executed, and containing, indeed, perfect wonders of skilful management in the accessories, while the Arab and his camel, so often painted by this artist, are excellent in character, and the group is invested with a fine light and harmony. "A Young Zulu" is a good specimen of our late enemies, young, alert, and intelligent, if sufficiently savage; "A Group of Caireen Musicians" is an equally admirable study of that Oriental life which Mr. Haag has made peculiarly his own. Faithful in his turn to the Pagan past, which he has set himself to recall with all the reality which can be compassed by the familiarity of learning joined to taste and skill, Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., contributes "The Old Bachelor" (who is a bachelor of ancient Rome) in the enjoyment of the latter stages of an evidently successful banquet. The roses, which were considered in Rome so important an element in the luxury of all festivities, the marble surfaces, the draperies, are treated with the usual perfection. The President of the Society, Sir John Gilbert, is represented by a characteristic drawing of "Gipsies" with a knight in armour and his train, and by a study in sacred illustration, "The Wise and Foolish Virgins." His habitual qualities of "dash," facility, and rich colour are here in abundance. To proceed with a group of figure-subjects, special attention is attracted by Mr. Henry

Wallis's "Luca Signorelli," a picturesque composition in which the artist, with a young pupil, dreamily descends the steps of a hilly Italian town, while two girls take advantage of his abstraction to pelt his companion with blossoms. Another of this artist's works is a study of poor Flemings at prayer, "Nearest the Door in the Cathedral, Bruges." Mr. Smallfield exhibits a small study for his oil picture, "The Inventor of Sails," Dædalus studying the wings of birds in their mechanism and in movement. Mrs. Allingham, as usual, combines figures with landscapes or interiors, her drawings being excessively clever in manipulation and most elaborately finished; "The Straw Plaiter, St. Albans," an old woman at her labour, is full of pathetic expression. Two oil-painters, Mr. Marks and Mr. Holman Hunt, exhibit among the water-colour artists. "The Serf" and "The Student" are well-drawn heads in chalk by the former, while the latter is represented by a crayon head of a "Bethlehem Woman." Another figure-subject of some importance is Mr. A. H. Marsh's "Wayfarers," two young women of the class and type that this artist invariably paints (and paints from imagination, for though not maudlin, pretty, or sentimental, they are entirely idealised) sitting together in a melancholy landscape under the shelter of a hedge.

Among the more important landscapes must of course be ranked the works of Mr. Henry Moore. This artist has consummate powers in the management of light, distance, and the masses of a landscape composition; in his water-colour work there has always been noticeable a purple or magenta treatment of the greys of nature which is absent from his oil pictures, and which mars the pleasure of the eye in his otherwise admirable drawings. This particular fault of colour is an especially distasteful one; a mannerism in the opposite direction — a trick of putting in too much yellow, such as an exaggeration of green in blue skies—may be quite as untrue to nature, but it is more easily forgiven, because it charms the eye. Mr. Boughton, for instance, has a more confirmed habit of green than Mr. Moore of purple, but the former pleases while the latter offends. Mr. Moore's draughtsmanship, however, is exceptionally good in his two large studies of this year, "East Tarbet Castle, Argyll," and "Machrihanish Bay, Kantyre." As often in former years, some of the freshest and most charming work in the room comes from the pencil of Mr. Thorne Waite. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Brittan Willis deserve also special praise, and the veterans of the society maintain their reputation.

For the other water-colour exhibitions we have left small space. Of these, the Institute—also a "close" society—follows so nearly in the steps of the older body, that much of our more general criticism of the latter applies to it also, except that there is a higher degree of originality and perhaps of innovation to be remarked in the artistic methods of the contributors to the smaller gallery. It is here, for instance, that Mr. Herkomer's characteristic and decided water-colour work — more distinctive in its peculiarities at that time, perhaps, than it has since become—first excited interest; that Mr. Green's solidity of drawing and power of expression, which gained him honours at Paris in 1878, have long given pleasure to the lovers of strong rather than flimsy work; and that Mr. Hine's repose and breadth were shown before those qualities had become as general as they now are. At the Fine Art Society's gallery, in Bond Street, an exhibition of the water-colours of Samuel Prout and William Hunt borrowed a peculiar interest from the "notes" prepared for it by Mr. Ruskin. The early drawings of Hunt, as the great critic observes, "depended for their charm on the most open and simple management of transparent colour; and his later ones, for their highest attainments, on the flexibility of a pigment which yielded to the slightest touch and softest motion of a hand always more sensitive than firm." And this particular collection of Hunt's drawings was brought together to illustrate, we are told, "what real painting is, as such, wholly without inquiry concerning its sentiment or story" (a laudable and useful motive for any exhibition); and to show, in short, "what is meant by painting as distinguished from daubing, from plastering, from rough casting, from chromo-tinting, from tray-varnishing, from paper-staining, and in general from the sort of things that people in general do when you put a brush into their hands and a pot within reach of them." Whether all this could really be accomplished by an exhibition of Hunt's drawings, and whether Mr. Ruskin would carry conviction to all his readers, when he assures them that if they do not admire a certain little brown-red butterfly of Hunt's, they "cannot admire Titian and all other good painters," is a question which few would be found to answer affirmatively, without mental doubts and reservations, even when propounded to them by a master whose tastes and judgments are seldom open to doubt.



"WIDOWED."

(From the Picture by Frank Holl, A.R.A., exhibited in 1879.)

GROSVENOR GALLERY: WINTER EXHIBITION.

IT has come in three years to be an established custom for the Grosvenor Gallery to give us some new—or at least fresh—form of water-colour art at its winter exhibitions. A habit is quickly formed in London. A very few years sufficed to establish the Academy collections of old masters as one of the principal interests of the artistic year; a couple of seasons accustomed us to the summer show at the Grosvenor, so that London would be strange to us without that abundant subject for talk; and we should certainly miss the water-colours and drawings in Bond Street in winter, even if Sir Coutts Lindsay should select some other method of interesting us. The first of these loan collections, it will be remembered, comprised the beginnings and early developments of water-colour drawing in England; the second brought the art down to the eve of our own times; the third would have less distinctive character, inasmuch as it is chiefly an open exhibition for contemporary artists with whose work we are all familiar in the several shows of the year, but for the felicitous idea of importing continental water-colour drawings from the fast-rising schools of modern Holland. Thus the Grosvenor Gallery this winter is able to boast a feature even fresher than that of the first year, in this Dutch contribution, which, though it is not a large one, contains exquisite examples. Sir Coutts Lindsay will, no doubt, very shortly turn his attention to the French school of water-colours, which proved a surprise even to the Parisians last spring, and of which absolutely nothing is known in England.

The works in oils of the brothers Maris, of Mauve, Mesdag, and Israels, are, or ought to be, familiar to London through the frequent and always admirable exhibitions in the Goupil galleries in Covent Garden—the last-named master, indeed, has more than once contributed to the Academy and to other London collections; but the public has had few opportunities of enjoying their water-colours. Their subjects are to the full as characteristic as their manner—canal scenery, little unpretentious bits of low wood and brimming water, ponds, and meadows forming the majority of the landscape motives, while the figure compositions are all taken from the homely and picturesque life of Dutch interiors—families, labourers, mothers and children, invested with no sentimental fictions, but all the more pathetic for their unconscious simplicity. Josef Israels, indeed, is seldom contented with the inevitable pathos which all peasant life presents when art deals with it sincerely; he chooses the saddest tragedies of lowly existence, but paints them with a tact, a reticence, a thoughtfulness, which preserve his exquisite work from ever crossing that delicate boundary between the mournful and the dismal. In "Left Alone," one of the most beautiful of his drawings in the present little collection, he has chosen an immense sorrow of every-day life, the great tragedy that is played out on the narrow stage of a peasant-woman's nature—the sudden widowhood, not of the young wife or happy mother consoled by troops of friends, but of the old and lonely creature whose love has become a lifelong habit harder to relinquish than a passion. The scene is sketched so simply and yet with so much mystery, there is such exquisite truth of tone in the dusk of the interior, and the colour is so fine, that this small drawing must rank as one of Josef Israels' masterpieces. "A Happy Home," from the same hand, is a bit of Dutch home-life as simple in its serenity as the other in its sorrow, and "A Workman" is an admirable study from the life. J. Maris, who is a master of the art of oil-painting, uses water-colour almost entirely for the purpose of note-taking and recording impressions. Not that his drawings are to be considered in any sense unfinished, for they have that finest of all finish, which is truth. An "Interior" and a "View at Schiedam" are in his most admirable manner. His colour in these drawings is noticeably cooler than is usual with him in oil-painting, and this tendency is still more characteristic of the water-colours of W. Maris, whose beautiful studies of cattle and pastoral country are all marred by positive coldness of tone. Du Chattel's "Rainy Day" and "Bright Day," Van de Sande Backhuysen's "Landscape," and W. Roeloss's "Duck-Pond" are all fine examples of pure, vivid, and transparent water-colour work in landscape; while—to

return to figures — B. J. Blommers has succeeded in uniting to a title ("Baby's Dinner"), which has stamped so much of the bread-and-butter art of our galleries, a freshness, charm, and vitality which make his little group keenly interesting. No special research is needed for the attainment of this result; the one essential thing is sincerity—a direct and vivid sympathy with the truth of the subject. Cultivated men would never have taken "domestic art" in horror (as they undoubtedly have done) on account of its homeliness or simplicity; its routine sentiment, its shams and real heartlessness have caused the disgust. Most people have smiled at Mr. Hamerton's vigorous onslaught on nursery art at the Royal Academy; to our minds, however, he misses the right point of attack when he assails the subjects; the weakness and the vulgarity are in the insincerity of the artists, not in the child-life which they spoil. The quaint baby who reaches down with the exquisite action of nature towards his little porringer of food, in M. Blommers' drawing, is more poetical and lovely than a poem could well express. Another exceedingly clever bit of life is the "Tea-Party" of M. Henkes, a group of elderly Dutch women in caps enjoying the moderate pleasure of tea under the trees, unrelieved by any youthful or masculine mixture in the society. The subject is quaint, and caught with appreciativeness.

We have perhaps lingered long over this handful of drawings, but there is nothing of the same interest elsewhere in the gallery. In fact, autocratic selection has not proved itself (where contemporary interests come into question) more effective than the deliberative counsels of the Academy committees as a severe sifting power. Without undue severity it must be said that some of the work which is here hung so thinly and with so much advantage of space, light, and setting, might have taken a modest place on the crowded walls of the Society of British Artists without any loss of dignity. We shall, however, confine our remarks to those drawings which are exceptionally good. Foremost among these are the two grand Thames pieces from the pencil of Miss Clara Montalba, "Greenhithe" and "Cannon Street Bridge." In these unpromising subjects the artist has been true to her aim of ennobling without falsifying the reality of the scenes before her, except in one respect: she has substituted one kind of dinginess for another—the rich darkness which comes of age and weather and the effects of rough toil, for the thin and grimy darkness which comes of soot. The one is essentially pictorial, not so the other; and we are obliged to charge this conscientious artist with so much of idealisation when we contemplate the gloriously rich depth in depth of tone which the gloom of her "Cannon Street Bridge" enfolds. Certain it is that she has produced masterly studies. Mr. W. Small's "Holy Well, Connemara," has the interest of its subject—a true bit of Irish life and feeling—as well as of the artist's excellent drawing. By the lonely lake is the small well with its sacred monogram; an old woman has bent her head upon the stones in a fervour of supplication; a younger woman tells her beads quietly, and two children at a distance kneel also at prayer. The scene has its own characteristic air of remoteness. Prominent for their quality among more ambitious works are two of Mr. Mark Fisher's wonted pastoral landscapes—very good examples—and a brilliant little piece of light and sunshine by Mr. Fahey entitled "The Fair Maid of the Farm;" the artist here has achieved the rare merit of filling his sky with light; it may be held as an almost universal rule that the skies in pictures are too dark; even some of the Dutch water-colours fail in this respect and might borrow something from this capital little work. Mr. Adrian Stokes contributes a fresh and sympathetic little figure subject—a girl at a spring "Revolving Many Memories." Mr. Herkomer contributes a study from the life, which he calls "A Descendant of the Romans;" his model has, in fact, the low upright brow and square head and jaws which suggest a civic crown under the Republic. Praise must also be given to the sunshine of Mr. Frank E. Cox's drawing, "Oh, the sweet Spring!" and to Mr. J. B. W. Knight's "Hop-Pickers at Dusk." Every one knows Mr. Briton Riviere's "Daniel" and "Circe." It was the latter picture, indeed, which for ever fixed the place of the artist in public estimation; he may have been known and valued in the ranks of his brother painters before the wonderful pigs were produced, but "Circe and the Friends of Ulysses" was the picture of its year, and has never—being admirably engraved—been forgotten in public favour. The studies for this and for the "Daniel and the Lions" are among the best of the Grosvenor water-colours; both are masterpieces of manipulative skill. Two of Mr. J. C. Moore's portraits of children are as attractive as are

all such works from the pencil of one who has the happy knack of avoiding all the artificial graces of the conventional portraiture of children, and of giving something of the true infantine nature.

The studies so carefully preserved from the remains of the old masters were for two seasons a source of infinite instruction to students at the Grosvenor; and this year the idea has been successfully and profitably carried to the length of exhibiting the portfolio scraps of some of the young masters—the eminent living painters of the day. Of these we shall speak on another occasion.

IRISH SKETCHING GROUNDS: ON THE THRESHOLD.

DUBLIN BAY. A very poem in itself. An epic in its frown, an idyll in its smile. Seen by sunrise from the deck of the *Leinster* or *Connaught* with Bray Head to the south and the Hill of Howth to the north, like couchant lions on guard, with the blue-green waves dancing in the sunlight, with the Sugar-Loaf mountain recalling its old Keltic title—"the Gilt Spear," the spike burnished as if kept ready by a giant for action,

> "'Tis Baiæ by a softer blue!
> Gaeta by a gladder green."

The wide sweep takes in Killiney strand, a golden fringe to a beryl sea; the three hills—the central one, Killiney, crowned by its obelisk; Dalkey Island and Sound, where Grace O'Malley, the "Granuweal" of peasant song and story, anchored for some days with her little fleet on her return from paying homage to another strong-minded lady—Queen Bess; the bourne of the pilgrim, Kingstown Harbour; the South Wall, with its white mole stretching far into the bay; the distant City; the green shores of Clontarf, and—Howth,

> "Like a leviathan afloat on the waves."

I recall, in this very month of June in which I write, one moonlight night when "herrings were in the bay," how, far as one could see, lights flickered, rose, and fell on the surface of the waters, as if legions of Jack o' lanterns were dancing on the waves, the myriad reflections forming a faërie Ridotto, like that furnished in the illumination of the surf at Madras on the Prince's visit. True, as the steamer cautiously worked her away through the scene, the glamour proved to be but a boat and a lantern multiplied by thousands; but take anything "in the aibstract," and the result is disillu-



VICTORIA CASTLE, KILLINEY—BRAY HEAD ON THE HORIZON.

sioning. As it is, the herring-fleet as seen by moonlight makes up a scene so charming in colour that, if the sketcher should succeed in fixing it on canvas, he may wake up some morning not only famous, but also "hung on the line," with policemen as art guardians to the marine painter of the age.

Killiney Hill, the opening illustration to this paper, is a kaleidoscope in itself. Standing at the summit by the obelisk, and turning on your heel, you take in sea and landscapes as widely varying as if not merely miles but leagues formed a separation. It is as if one were looking into a showman's box on a Brobdingnagian scale, and, by the turn of a pin, one picture was replaced by another. On the one side are sea, strand, and green plains, stretching on to Bray; fairy-like Killiney Bay—

> "Soft Shanganagh's silver strand,
> The breaking of a sapphire sea
> Upon the golden-fretted sand"—

with the cones of the greater and lesser Sugar Loaf merging into the ether, linking sky and land. Then a champaign country, yellow cornfields and green pastures—the vale of Shanganagh, which Denis Florence M'Carthy preferred in such musical lines to the "calm Susquehannah." Next the whole valley of the Liffey, backed by the Wicklow mountains, with its richly-wooded plains; in the far west the hills of Kildare; at one's feet, as it were, Kingstown Harbour, linked by the winding coast with "Dublin Citie, so grand," with its many domes, rare spires, and still rarer factory chimneys. Whilst to the north lie the green wooded shores of Clontarf curving to the south side of Howth, and in the far distance the serrated peaks of the Mourne mountains. Nearing the top of Killiney Hill is Anglesey, once a hunting-box of the Marquis, over the monument to whose legs sympathising tourists have perhaps shed a silent tear at Waterloo. From this one can see, when the regatta week sets loose its flock of yachts, the white sails dotting the bay like the wings of so many "Mother Carey's chickens" glancing in the sunlight and dancing over the waters in festive pursuit.

I have gone many a mile along the Susquehannah, whose tree-covered hills, grander than those of the Rhine, only lack their legends; but lovely as they are, grand in outline as in colour, after a while they wax monotonous. Indeed, save the view from the Leopoldsberg, with the "Schöne blaue Donau," its sandbanks and its wooded islets lying beneath, on the left the vine-clad Bisamberg and the Marchfeld—scene of Wagram and Austerlitz—spreading away to the blue Carpathians, with the vineyards lying beneath one's feet, and the Kaiserstadt, with the spires of St. Stephen's towering above a crowd of domes, and all the lovely plain walled in by the snow-clad Styrian Alps, I can recall no fairer scene. The view from the terrace of St. Germain, with the valley of the Seine, the winding river, the fortifications of Mont Valerien and distant Paris, fringed by the green Bois de Boulogne, is indeed lovely, but all these lack the sea, and such a sea as greets one from Killiney Hill. Truly did Lady Dufferin say,

> "Oh, Bay of Dublin!
> My heart you're troublin'."

Her beauty has as many changes as a pretty woman; in her morning costume, with the light clouds trailing in fleecy softness, she has all the blushing beauty of a gentle maiden. But in the gorgeous robes of evening, when the clouds, golden, crimson, and mauve, melt away into the celadon sky, and when the purple waves of the bay are barred with gold, then she is indeed a goddess in majesty. Cloud effects, such as even Turner never dotted down from his Chelsea home, may be noted from this same obelisk of Killiney. If the sketcher does nothing else, he will gain lessons in colour no other teacher than Nature can give him, and even of these she is chary save in some few favoured spots.

All these are, however, ambitious efforts; the sketcher may simply wish to while away a holiday. If he be young, a knapsack, a sketching umbrella, and camp-stool will be his only *impedimenta;* and as, like the "Roving Englishman," "he may wish to pay as little as possible for the conveyance of his body," a hint may not be despised. Let him not come by the Irish mail to Kingstown; let him take his ticket at Euston Square, *viâ* the North Wall.

The moment he lands there are models awaiting him. There is no more picturesque vehicle in Europe than the "jaunting car," not even the *droschky* or the *vetturino*. As for "jarvey," whether he wears his "cotamore" of freize or assumes a more summery garb, he is always in keeping with the droschky of Dublin. Along the North Wall many types of character will be found, and on the other side of the river, Ringsend and the Dodder at its mouth will give many excellent "bits" of scenery.

The city itself will furnish many a score of architectural notes. The predominance of

domes and the paucity of spires form a striking feature. Indeed, this is one of her three peculiarities; the other two are, the fact of two cathedrals—St. Patrick's and Christ Church—and the circumstance that the river Liffey is honoured by a Christian name, though whether Anna Liffey when in the flesh, before she became, "like Niobe, all tears," was maid, matron, or widow, is an unsettled point.

The Custom-House, either as shown in the view looking towards Carlisle Bridge, or giving to the mouth of the river, with a forest of masts for a background, will make one excellent picture. The Bank of Ireland, which George Augustus Sala, no mean authority, has said to be one of the few buildings in the world which do not remind one of something else, will make another. The College Park, attached to Trinity College—"Old T. C. D"—will give many charming combinations of woodland scenery and architecture, and both the cathedrals will furnish ample work for many a day. The porch of Christ Church, the tomb of Strongbow, the dip of the hill leading to Arran Quay, all invite the pencil. Christ Church itself, as restored through the liberality of Mr. Roe, is well worthy of being sketched, whilst St. Patrick's, which also owes its present condition to the munificence of another Dublin citizen—the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness—both externally and internally, amply merits record. The banners of the Knights of St. Patrick, with their 'scutcheons of varied hues, contrast well with the grey Gothic shafts and oaken stalls, and with the "storied windows richly dight," form a delicious bit of colour. The ivied porch facing the dean's house was, as I well remember, a charming nook. St. Michan's Church, too, merits a sketch, if only for the fact that chivalrous Robert Emmet, the "young hero" of the daughter of John Philpot Curran, rests under its shadow beneath the stone that remains "uninscribed until other men and other times shall have learned to do justice to his memory."



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

But to pass on to other sketching grounds. Just above Donnybrook, famed in song, there is a "bit" of a village street which, taken from the foot-bridge, is fixed on the retina of my mind. A little further on a mill-race overhung by green boughs invites the sketcher. Milltown, with its two-arched bridge, will make a cabinet gem. Then, at Harold's Cross, there is a ruined mill overhanging a quarry hole—a picture ready made, foreground and all.

By Upper Rathmines, through the fields known as the Bloody Fields, with the pathway overhung by blackberries, and the hedges with their wealth of "primrose stars in the shadowy grass," scores of pieces to fill up corners in the sketch-book may be found. The name Bloody Fields is not euphonious,

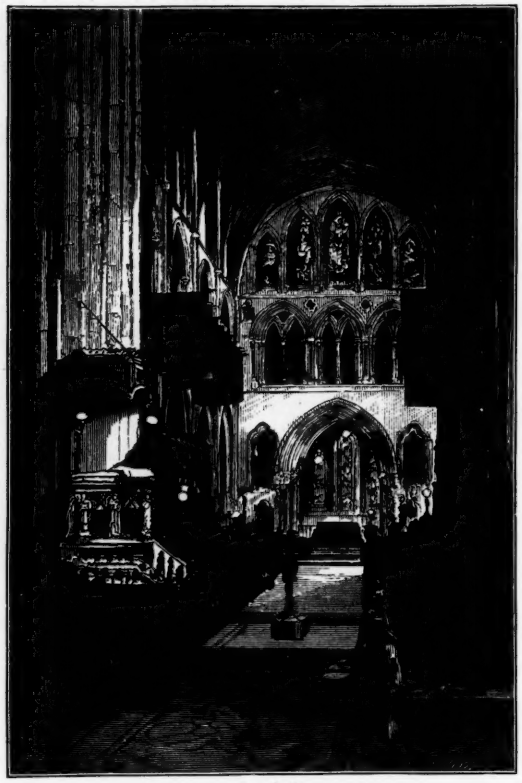
yet imagination can people it with a subject worthy of a painter, for here did the Danes and O'Byrnes fight out one of their many feuds. Now victors and vanquished are alike forgotten—

> "Their part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills
> Is—that their graves are green."

Going from this, through Upper Rathmines, at the foot of the hill leading to the Dodder, is a mill-stream, a green, quiet nook that Birket Foster would love to immortalise.

At Rathgar there are "bits" that would have tempted Ruysdael. One windmill overlooking a dark tarn, with ferns growing out of the rocks that overhang it, would form a delightful etching. Two other windmills, so close together as seemingly to take the wind out of each other's sails, by moonlight would recall the old home of one Gerritz, afterwards known as Rembrandt Van Rhyn. Rathfarnham, in Judge Blackburn's park, affords superb examples of woodland. At Dundrum there is a crenalated old house surrounded by trees which, with the lane approaching it, is worthy a day's journey for amateur or artist. We are now on the way to the Three Rock Mountain—under the shadow of which the unhappy Richard II. knighted "Young Harry," the future victor of Azincour—with its rough granite boulders, to Killakee, and to Montpelier, topped by the quaint ruin that once witnessed the revelries of a certain infamous club.

On the north side of the town, Chapelizod, the scene of James Sheridan Lefanu's "House by the Churchyard," will delay the wandering sketcher; and, at Clondalkin, there is a round tower, on a mound over which an ash-tree droops, which, though one of the smallest, is also one of the most perfect and picturesque in the entire island. The Strawberry Beds, with the water frothing over the weir and the green banks sloping up from the Liffey, may compare with many a scene by the much vaunted Rhine. Indeed, replace the green rows of strawberries by vines, and the transformation would be almost perfect.



CHOIR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

The Phœnix Park, looking from the magazine, of which Swift wrote,

> "Behold a proof of Irish sense,
> Here Irish wit is seen,
> When nought is left that's worth defence
> They build a magazine"—

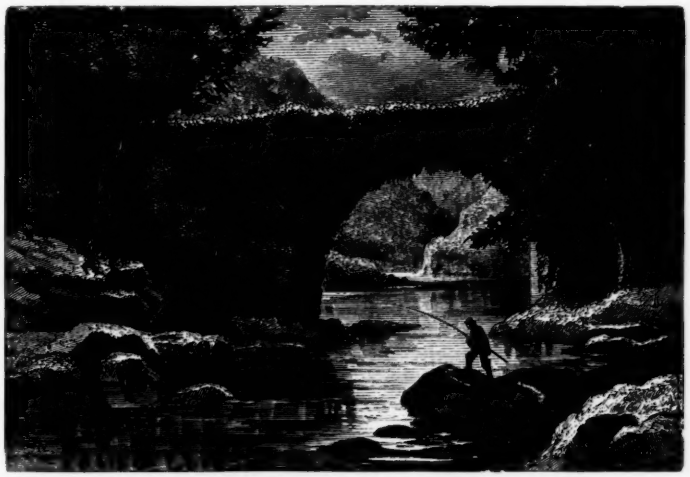
and taking the view across the Fifteen Acres, which has witnessed more references to the arbitration *à duello* than even the Bois de Boulogne, Chalk Farm, or Calais Sands, gives a superb landscape. The scene takes in the picturesque Old Man's Hospital—the Chelsea Hospital of Ireland — backed up by the green Wicklow mountains. In spring, in this same Phœnix Park, the hawthorn bushes, or rather trees, with the red and white coral of their blossoms set off by the brightest of green leaves, are unequalled for size and unmatched in picturesque effect. As sketches in black and white, the quaint diverse angles formed by the boughs, and the gnarled, knotted trunks, make each tree a study.

Taking the north-east suburbs, the Green Lanes of Clontarf, with their Gothic arches of greenery, flecking the sunshine of the road, are admirable vistas. Then there is the sea road, past Dollymount, running beneath St. Anne's, the country seat of Sir Arthur Guinness. This in wild beauty, with green trees on one side, the desolate

yellow sanded North Bull on the other, has but few equals so near a metropolis. Howth is a very centre for sketching. On the road to it from Dollymount is "the kirk deserted by its riggin," with its uncanny looking churchyard. Near the castle, linked by legend with Grana Uile, ancestress of the Earls of Mayo, is the ruined church in

"Give me a stretch of heathery moor, all gay with gorse in bloom,
And grey stones streaked with lichen stains and wisps of yellow broom,
And creeping sprays of stag's-horn moss and clumps of parsley fern,
And rugged lines of mountain-tops with here and there a cairn."

All this will be found at Howth. Many



THE OLD BRIDGE—THE DARGLE.

which generations of the St. Lawrences, Lords of Howth, sleep soundly. There are Ireland's Eye, distant Lambay, and the Bailey Light, and, round the north side, cliffs that recall Plemont in Jersey and many a wild scene on the Cornish coast by "lost Lyonnese." As for the hill, which seems far removed from the busy haunts of men, as if the puffing steam-horse never invaded its territory, of it one may well say—

other sketching grounds are there round and about Eblana—gay *spirituelle* Dublin—Tallaght, the Green Hills, the Canals both Royal and Grand, Leixlip and its Salmon Leap; but I must, for the present, quit them all, giving the reader one peep at the lovely Dargle in the view of the Old Bridge, and, with the door barely ajar, usher him into the scenery of wonderful Wicklow, leaving him "On the Threshold."

HUGH WILLOUGHBY SWENY.

A BUNDLE OF RUE:

BEING MEMORIALS OF ARTISTS RECENTLY DECEASED.

I.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THIS is the age of memorials and biographies. More than the people of any other times are we anxious to put on lasting record everything which is in any way memorable amongst us. Other ages have kept a silence about their men and their manners which we would give much to hear broken; great things were achieved in almost all the arts, and the age has the glory while the man remains unknown. The designers of cathedrals which are schools of architecture to all times, the writer of the book which has been more read than any except the Scriptures (the "Imitation of Christ")—no one knows for certain the names of these immortals. We are more tender and more self-conscious, more anxious to be

remembered individually, more curious about the individuality of others. And this marks our country as particularly as our time. An artist like George Cruikshank, therefore, has not been dead for almost two years without having been made the subject of the brief biographies which the interest of a troop of friends has prompted while the memory of the living man—a man who had been much loved and liked—was still warm in their hearts. Mr. Sala has published a "Life-Memory" of his friend in a magazine; and a monograph by Professor Bates made its appearance in the year of the artist's death; a much more extended memoir falls to the pen of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, and the materials for an autobiography were left to the editorship of George Cruikshank's widow. Perhaps in none of these memorials is the appreciation of the writer altogether uninfluenced by the feelings of a surviving for a deceased friend; no one looks or even wishes for strict impartiality in a pamphlet written before the days of mourning are accomplished; the cool judgment of the future cannot be anticipated where the personal feelings are engaged. It will be our task and endeavour, in these papers on deceased artists, to write the thoughts of strangers, successors, critics, and impartial lovers of art—to speak as if for posterity.

Of the personality of one who so recently passed away from a scene where he played so long and so prominent a part, we need not say more than an introductory word. A very marked personality it was—so marked that it was sure to repel when it did not please. The warm





(From a Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.)

esteem in which Cruikshank was held by so many friends must always be kept in mind when the peculiarities of his strong, obtrusive, inevitable, and noisy individuality are remembered. Those peculiarities were emphasised by a cheerful and irrepressible conceit, which led him to keep himself by any means before the eyes of the public. During the theatricals, to which allusion is made further on, it became so difficult to prevent Cruikshank from "keeping the stage," that some of his fellow-actors suggested his suppression through a trap-door. He had a picturesque face, marred by an exceedingly long upper lip, and also by the fashion of long

hair brought forwards over the temples, which he preserved from the times of his youth. His eyes were piercing, vivid, and wonderfully quick of movement.

The great modern humorist of Hogarth's school was born in the September of 1792 of Scotch parents. That his family fell into evil fortunes through their adherence to the cause of the Pretender, as he himself has put upon record, is of less interest than the fact that his father, Isaac Cruikshank, was also an artist—a struggling one, of the "hack" order, glad to work in water-colour, in black and white, with the engraver's burin or the etcher's needle as necessity directed; but full of artistic capacity. His own predilection was probably for caricature, for we find him designing political satires at the time when Gilray was master in that field. He had two sons, Robert and George, and these were brothers not only in blood, but also of the brush. The latter, able to draw as soon as he could write, began to make money (in the scantiest proportions) when he was twelve years old, and in the succeeding four years, when his father's death left him entirely to the support of his own exertions, he earned his living by such humble work as few even of the most purely self-taught artists can look back upon. He had made a sketch of Nelson's funeral car, and indulged his turn for satire by political and social caricatures when he was thirteen; and during his more adolescent years the poor boy illustrated street ballads, the nursery rhymes of gutter children, and penny broadsides for the politicians of the ale-house. By far the larger part of all this raw work has perished. Specimens linger here and there



"ELECTION FOR BEADLE."

(By George Cruikshank. Copied by permission of the Royal Aquarium Society, London.)

in the portfolios of collectors; and the artist himself lived to see the scrawls of his ill-taught youth disputed for as curiosities in the art-sales of sixty years later. His art in its better developments being essentially dramatic, the love of the actual drama was not wanting. In his circumstances, however, to become an actor meant to become a strolling player; while he was hesitating about the possibility of embarking upon such a career, he obtained a commission to paint a drop-scene for Drury Lane Theatre, on the stage of which he was ambitious of appearing. The bit of scene-painting in question was a caricature of Sir William Curtis, and the young artist depicted him looking over a bridge, and did it with so much humour that the picture "brought down the house." This well-known city magnate was a favourite victim of George Cruikshank; he was the typical turtle-fed alderman of that day—a fact which did not prevent his memorable assumption of full Highland costume when in Scotland; it was he whom Byron described in a bitterly scornful line as

"The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal"

(George IV. was his patron); finally, it was to his inventive research that we owe that admirable vegetable, the sea-kale, as an article of food. George Cruikshank's success in scene-painting led to more employment of the same kind; he shared as an artist the theatrical beginnings of Stanfield and David Roberts. But he would have been, and was, a vivid and energetic actor, though his opportunities for public display were few. Among these may be recorded the amateur performances organised by Charles Dickens many years later for the benefit of Leigh Hunt.

An unbroken series of social and political caricatures from Cruikshank's pencil made their appearance during those days, so far separated from ours in feeling, in which the final discomfiture of our national enemy Napoleon was the subject of facile British satire. Nothing changes so rapidly as the sense of humour; it is the great disadvantage of all humorists, whether literary or pictorial, that their work is of necessity ephemeral, insomuch as what is freshly, strongly, irresistibly comic to one generation often seems flat to the next, and absolutely inane to a third. We can enter into the spirit of any part of Greek literature except some of the jokes; and with regard to the great moderns, candour is bound to admit that it is not altogether invariably that the vital and immortal quality which was in all Shakespeare's work is strong enough to keep his humour from the decay of change. Dickens is not to us *altogether* what he is to our fathers; and what that fine genius will be to our children's altered minds it is almost sad to foresee. Now, Cruikshank belonged virtually and actually to an earlier time than Dickens; and if social humour changes so fast, that which is political is even swifter to alter. It is difficult for us, with the neutral feelings and the large liberality which are now generally mingled with our views of foreign policy, to enter into the intense, bigoted, and energetic nationalism of sixty or seventy years ago. To make easy jokes out of the fall of a colossal enemy is hardly in our present humour. George Cruikshank, therefore, in the long labours of his political satires—some idea of the spirit of which may be gathered from specimens of their titles, "Otium cum Dignitate, a View of Elba," and "Quadrupeds, or Little Boney's Last Kick"—is an artist who appeals to our historical interest, but distinctly not to our sympathies. In 1820 he published the finest of his works in this connection, a political caricature in parody of "Coriolanus addressing the Plebeians," containing portraits of the patriots and demagogues of the hour. An engraving of this clever picture is given on the opposite page.

At about this time, William Hone, an agitator of an inveterate kind, was making no small stir with his politico-social pamphlets. Cruikshank became associated with him as etcher, and was the partner of his works and his intimate and faithful friend. As was the case later with those books of Dickens' and Ainsworth's which he illustrated, it was difficult to separate the parts of author and artist in Hone's publications. The Prince Regent was the always ready subject of the larger number of these caricatures in wood, lending himself to the purpose with a facility which never failed and never palled. In every imaginable position of humiliation and ridicule—political, social, or matrimonial—was the august victim gibbeted by the radical Hone and his energetic *aide-de-camp*. But if George Cruikshank entered with all possible spirit into his friend's onslaughts, his pencil and his etching-needle were also cheerfully at the service of the Tories. In fact, it may be presumed that his own leanings were somewhat conservative, as a work due entirely to himself, and not to combination with any author, appeared at about this time—an etching of a highly allegorical character and of



CORIOLANUS ADDRESSING THE PLEBIANS (1820).

(By George Cruikshank. Copied by permission of the Royal Aquarium Society, London.)

considerable power, representing "Britannia and the Virtues of the Constitution in Danger of Violation from the great Political Libertine, Radical Reform;" and in 1821 he illustrated a weekly publication entitled *The Loyalist; or Anti-Radical*. His long, close, and loving connection with Hone has often been quoted in his disfavour; but be it remembered that the eccentric pamphleteer, denounced by the *Quarterly Review* as a "poor illiterate creature," and "a wretch as contemptible as he was wicked," was nevertheless, as Professor Bates reminds us, a man of rigid morality, the friend of Charles Lamb and of Barry Cornwall, and, though stigmatised frequently as an atheist, was professedly a Christian, if a violent anti-churchman.

ALICE THOMPSON.

(To be continued.)

OLD KEYS.—III.



Fig. 1.

THE forms and fashions of early keys have already been described to some extent in these pages, and in bringing to a conclusion the present notice of the subject it may not be inappropriate to consider the deficiencies and possibilities of modern art in this particular branch.

It has recently been declared, by a very high authority, that the great *desideratum* in manufactures is the combination of utility and beauty—the former to meet the wants of man, and the other his taste. Complaint has also been made that English industry has long been wanting in the latter quality, and that this country, with all its commercial instincts, has even ignored the market value of the beautiful. We are compared unfavourably not only with the ancient Greek, who knew no distinction between use and beauty, and who exerted all his efforts in the production of both alike, but also with the people of modern France, as to the standard of taste in production. Even the distinguished representative of French dramatic art, who lately visited our capital, candidly sums up a friendly criticism by saying that they are the Greeks and we are the Romans. That is to say, they are the artists *par excellence* of the modern world in thought, work, and feeling; while we are the bluff, sturdy, practical people who attend only to what will supply our needs, and have no real care for these things of beauty.

This, then, being the light in which others see us—at any rate, as regards some portion of our outward life—have we any defence to make when a similar charge proceeds from one of ourselves, who has held the highest political office, and who claims that long public experience has placed him in close relationship with the industrial arts?



Fig. 2.

Progress, it is admitted, has been made in the last half-century — witness our tissues, our glass and porcelain; but when we come to metal-work, reform and improvement become more slow and stubborn. Now, to pass more specially to the subject in hand, if we take the key as a representative of modern metal-work, can anything more plain and ugly be imagined? A key can, and should be, a perfect combination of beauty and utility. It should, in fact, exhibit art at one end and science at the other. The wards, which when used are hidden, may be as complicated, as mechanical, and as generally useful

as the possessor may desire; but the stem and handle, which are always seen, should be something to look at as well as to hold. This is the point where the artist comes in, and where there is so much scope for every kind of adornment. Whether the American can pick our last new lock, or we his, let us at any rate beat him in respect of beauty, which in his haste he is sure to disregard.



Fig. 3.

Nothing is so likely to give the workman a real interest in the object he is producing as the cultivation and exercise of his taste as well as of his ingenuity, and the desire to bring this about has shown itself in the numerous fine-art exhibitions established in our manufacturing centres. In this way the education both of buyers and producers is carried on simultaneously, and people are enabled to "study the great works of the great masters for ever."

As in architecture, so in the minor arts, it is absolutely necessary to go back to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance for a standard of pure taste, seeing that we have the dust of two centuries of *rococo* to shake off our feet. Not that we should seek to revive in the nineteenth century the quaint and mystical forms that were in vogue before the revival of art began in any class of production to which they are not altogether appropriate; but we should study them as being founded on true principles of art, and as an expression of the life and manners, the ideas and feelings, of the time to which they belong. We should destroy their charm altogether by seeking to imitate them too closely, but as their forms are capable of adaptation to the wants of all time, we may use them in this way to the great benefit of our manufactures. And in reverting to the works of a period when "artist" and "artisan" were synonymous terms, we may do something to restore a real feeling of art among the industrial classes. Situated as we are on the earth's surface, and carrying our varied trade to all the corners of the world, we are in danger of suffering from a confusion of taste by coming into contact with the productions of north, south, east, and west, which may make us lose sight of the principles on which beauty is based.

The specimens of keys chosen for illustration in the present number are suggestive of forms that might be adopted in the present day. Fig. 1 is evidently the key of an old Italian Renaissance marriage coffer, or chest, such as are supposed to have held the bride's wardrobe. The proportions of the handle are very beautiful, and the design is well suited to the character of the object. The wards have suffered an injury at some period of their existence, but the ornamental part is clearly the work of an artist both in design and execution. Fig. 2 is a fine specimen of a monogram key, surmounted by a coronet, and might well serve as a model for reproduction. Such an ornament could hardly be refused a place on a lady's chatelaine, after the fashion of our ancestors. Fig. 3 is the key of an old Italian cabinet, and dates probably from the beginning of the seventeenth century. The cabinet is richly ornamented with chased escutcheons and handles of silver, the outer falling door being stamped with classical designs on a thin layer of silver foil. The lock is turned twice for security, and throws up four bolts. The same key fits another lock of three bolts attached to an inner door which leads to the smaller drawers. The stem is hollow and fluted, so that it forms a quatrefoil at the end, and the graceful though not elaborate curves of the bow give a most telling finish to the general appearance of the cabinet. In this case the design is taken from the vegetable rather than the animal kingdom, the stem being made to behave like a true stem and to throw out branches to form a handle. The central device of the cabinet is the changing of Actæon into a stag, whose antlers seem almost to reappear in the handle of the key. In specimens of this description the addition of foliage



Fig. 4.

carries out the idea of a growing stem still more plainly. Fig. 4 is a very richly-adorned key of the Renaissance; and Fig. 5 is another example of Italian workmanship, its date being of about the close of the sixteenth century. A hundred years later the taste for ornamental keys seems to have declined, and we have not unfrequently, in the furniture of Queen Anne, bows formed of three curves without further ornamentation. Then follows the simple ring, all attempt at beauty having disappeared.



Fig. 5.

It is probable that many of the old artistic keys that are commonly attributed to Italian workmanship have really come from French hands. France, indeed, at the end of the sixteenth century seems to have been the great emporium of these delicate works in wrought iron, which became a recognised trade under Charles IX., and were still very much in fashion during the reign of Louis XIII. The names of many of these master chasers are on record; and, as an instance of the appreciation in which their work was held at the time, we are told that a pair of spurs obtained the sum of 5,000 francs. A very beautiful cabinet key with a silver bow, made for Louis XIV., in the Renaissance style, with the royal crown and monogram, apparently from the design of Lepautre, proves that the same forms existed at the court of the Grand Monarque.

It is evident that for ordinary locks the addition of ornament is excluded by the consideration of cost, but some simple means might be discovered of making even common things more pleasing to the eye, while in decorative furniture and objects of luxury, for which a close limit of price is not required, there can be no reason why the metal-work fittings should not partake of the general character of the work. This, indeed, is the secret of the beauty of the old artistic keys—that they are part and parcel of the objects they secure, designed by the same hand that composed the whole, the parts being preserved in perfect harmony.

If this is borne in mind by those who supply the more ornamental furniture and appointments of our houses, we may yet hope to see plainness in one small class of objects replaced by beauty, without in any way diminishing their usefulness, and not only keys but a thousand other objects of daily use so constructed as to minister to our tastes, and through them to the happiness of our lives.

T. W. Greene.

"A VISIT TO THE YOUNG MOTHER."

THIS picture was exhibited in the National Exhibition of Naples in 1877, and in the following year, if we remember rightly, in the great International gathering at Paris, along with a kindred work called "The Two Mothers." Lombard painting of this kind has taken two directions. The main object of those who follow one path is to delineate character: everything else must be subservient to that. That no adventitious or conventional circumstance may come between them and their object, they choose their themes from the lower classes of society. They are careful in finishing details, but they scarcely give that attention to air and light which they might do. Nevertheless their painting is fresh and healthy, although now and then their colour has a tendency to dryness. The other path pursued by Italian painters of *genre* leads straight to that practised in Belgium by the famous painters Stevens and Willems. It will be remembered that their manner is smooth and their finish exquisite; that their subjects are taken from the world of wealth and fashion. For all their manipulative dexterity, however, and their by no means unsuccessful efforts after style, the masters of this school just miss being great painters. The picture we have engraved explains itself, and we regard its painter, Signor Busi, as one of the most accomplished exponents in Italy of the school we have been describing.

J. F. R.



"A VISIT TO THE YOUNG MOTHER."

(From the Picture by L. Busi, of Bologna.)



Fig. 1.—FRIEZE (FOR A ROOM).

(Designed by Thomas Jeckyll, worked by the Ladies' Work Society, and shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition, 1876.)

ART NEEDLEWORK.—II.

THE previous notes on Art Needlework have been more or less devoted to a cursory retrospect of some incidents connected with the early history of the art. We now propose to allude to schools and societies for cultivating art needlework, which within the last ten years have arisen in London. Foremost of these stands the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. It had been successfully overcoming difficulties which often beset the initiation of enterprises, when it occurred to its promoters that an exhibition of ancient needlework, held under favourable auspices, would tend to promote the interests of art education and the employment of women. An application in this spirit was made to the Lord President of the Council by H.R.H. the Princess Christian, H.R.H. the Princess Mary, Lady Marian Alford, and Mrs. Welby (now Lady Welby Gregory). The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education gave their assent to the application, and directed that steps should be taken for carrying the suggestion into effect at the South Kensington Museum. A large committee of ladies was formed, and the scope and character of the proposed exhibition are described by the title adopted, namely, "Special Loan Exhibition of Decorative Art Needlework made before 1800." Upwards of seven hundred specimens were brought together, and it will be interesting to our readers to have before them the names of the classes of embroidery into which the collection grouped itself. They were as follows:—

1. Ecclesiastical work.

2. Works having historical interest (such as a piece of the cushion-cover on which a finger of St. Luke lay; work-box decorated with panels, done by Mary, Queen of Scots; baby-linen done by Queen—then Princess—Elizabeth, for her sister, Queen Mary; embroideries done by the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, "Bess of Hardwicke;" embroidered gloves which belonged to Richelieu; sachet which belonged to Marie Antoinette; etc.).

3. Small objects to which embroidery was applied, such as caps, gloves, semainiers or poches, book-covers.

4. Embroidery on work-boxes and for pictures.

5. Silk embroidery on net-gauze and similar material.

6. Samplers.

7. Hand-worked tapestry (*i.e.*, wool-work on canvas).

8. Silk embroideries on muslin, fine linen, and other thin textures.

9. Silk work on coarse linen grounds.

10. Embroidery in crewels (work in which it is said Amy Robsart delighted to occupy herself).

11. Embroidery in coloured braid, chiefly upon linen and cotton grounds.

12. "Appliqué" work.

13. Embroideries on velvet.

14. Embroideries on silk grounds in silk, gold and silver threads, and chenille.

15. Embroideries on satin.

16. Quilted work.

17. Embroideries in white silk, thread, and cotton upon white muslin, linen, and cotton grounds.

18. Pictures done in fine stitches.

This exhibition was opened in May, 1873, at the South Kensington Museum, and became the centre of study of the ladies of the School of Art Needlework.

In the following year the operations of the school had so extended their scope that it became evident that larger premises than those at Sloane Street were required. Accordingly, through the kindness of H.M. Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, the school was provided with the commodious and spacious building in which it is now located in Exhibition Road.

On the 22nd June, 1875, the school's occupa-

tion of these premises was inaugurated by an address from H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. In that address Her Royal Highness reminded the students that "the school started from the warm sympathy with misfortune, and rare energy and self-devotion of Mrs. Welby," and impressed upon the students the necessity of keeping before them the "success of the school." "If," continued Her Royal Highness, "the desire which has been created, and which is increasing, for more beautiful and artistic needlework, should obtain even a larger influence over the wealthy classes of this rich country than at present, there is no saying how much good may not result from it to the great mass of unemployed women in England." Since this address was delivered the school has progressed in taking a position as a public institution. It is now incorporated under the Companies Acts by the licence of the Board of Trade. It is twofold in character—as a centre producing and selling art needlework, and as a school for teaching students.

On entering the large rooms, filled with embroideresses sedulously at work, one is tempted to exclaim—

> "I joy to see how in your needlework
> Yourselves unto the bee ye do compare.'

Here in progress are all kinds of embroideries, on all kinds of silks, satins, linens, etc., most of the works being in execution of commissions the school has received. In another portion of the building are held the courses of instruction in ornamental needlework. Every course consists of six lessons, and any one who chooses to pay the fees may be shown the methods of working in crewels and silks, of doing appliqué and ecclesiastical work.

One rather looks for a list of teachers, or for some indication of details of the "school," such as provision for examination and the granting of certificates of competency, but at present such information is not given. Branches of the institution for the sale of goods are open in Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Norwich, and Glasgow, at which latter city a branch "school" has also been established.

Samples of the decorative work done by this institution are always on view in its show-room. It would be beyond our present purpose to give an adequate description of the many modern uses to which art needlework is put by the school. There are great hall hangings and curtains, and small finger-glass napkins, long sweeping folds of silk powdered with sprays of flowers, destined to be advantageously floated out at a critical moment by a dapper gentleman usher; there are brown holland shoe-bags decorated with simple crewel work, and boxes and writing-cases, photograph frames, and blotters, to which needlework is applied, and which are considered to be new and charming.

When the International Exhibition took place in Philadelphia in 1876, the Royal School of Art Needlework put forth its powers to surprise the world with a galaxy of embroideries. Mr. William Morris, Mr. Burne Jones, and Mr. Walter Crane, and others furnished designs for portières (of all sizes), screens, and curtains. The embroideries were on view in London, and excited criticism. Mr. Crane gave us an eclectic, Pompeian, Roman, Raffaellesque, Queen Anne decoration (see Fig. 3). The arts sat under four arcades, apparently of Vespasian's amphitheatre, and Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, equipped with Greek or Etruscan implements, formed a valance to a curtain-rod, from which depended the curtains themselves, ornamented with gracefully drawn female figures. The outline in which the forms were rendered gave the work a pleasant conventionality. What, however, tended to mar the effect of the design (irrespectively of the propriety of architecture wrought in needlework) were the folds and wrinkles in which the curtains very naturally hung. Old Arras, with processions and battles, and gods in judgment or conflict, were heavy and rich with many colours, and after being drawn up on one side to admit whomsoever it might be—my lord, his lady, or their retainers—quickly regained their normal flat hanging position. The pictorial decorations worked on them were not subject to the modern treatment of being looped up. This looping up, however, is inevitable with modern door or window curtains. In the evenings, when the windows and doors are shut, the curtains may hang down, but even then the thinness of the material, and its readiness to fall into folds, are against that flat surface which figure pictorial treatments require. In designing for materials whose nature is to fold and drape themselves, it is obviously necessary to thoroughly consider the effects which an undulating surface has upon a design painted or worked on it. The grace of natural folds should be an element to which, so far as he can, the designer should contribute.

> "A winning wave deserving note,
> In the tempestuous petticoat,
> Does more bewitch me than when art
> Is too precise in every part."

These lines ingenuously hint an important principle, which may be of use to those who

are experimenting in the arts of designing for or embroidering on textile fabrics.

The group of figures around "Musica," designed by Mr. Burne Jones (see Fig. 2), is seen to far greater advantage, since the linen on which the brown crewel lines are worked is strained in a screen frame. But we must return to the schools of needlework, and leave notes on considerations like these for a future time.



Fig. 2.—"MUSICA."

(Designed by E. Burne Jones. Worked in brown crewels on linen by the Royal School of Art Needlework.)

Two schools, or societies, are, in a measure, connected with the Kensington school. That called the "Ladies' Work Society" now occupies the former premises of the Royal School of Art Needlework in Sloane Street, and that called the Decorative Art Needlework Society has premises in George Street, Portman Square. The Ladies' Work Society in Sloane Street is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. It aims almost entirely at obtaining commissions for needlework of all kinds—decorative and plain—to be executed by the members of the society at their own homes. The society, through its officers, exercises a considerable surveillance of the

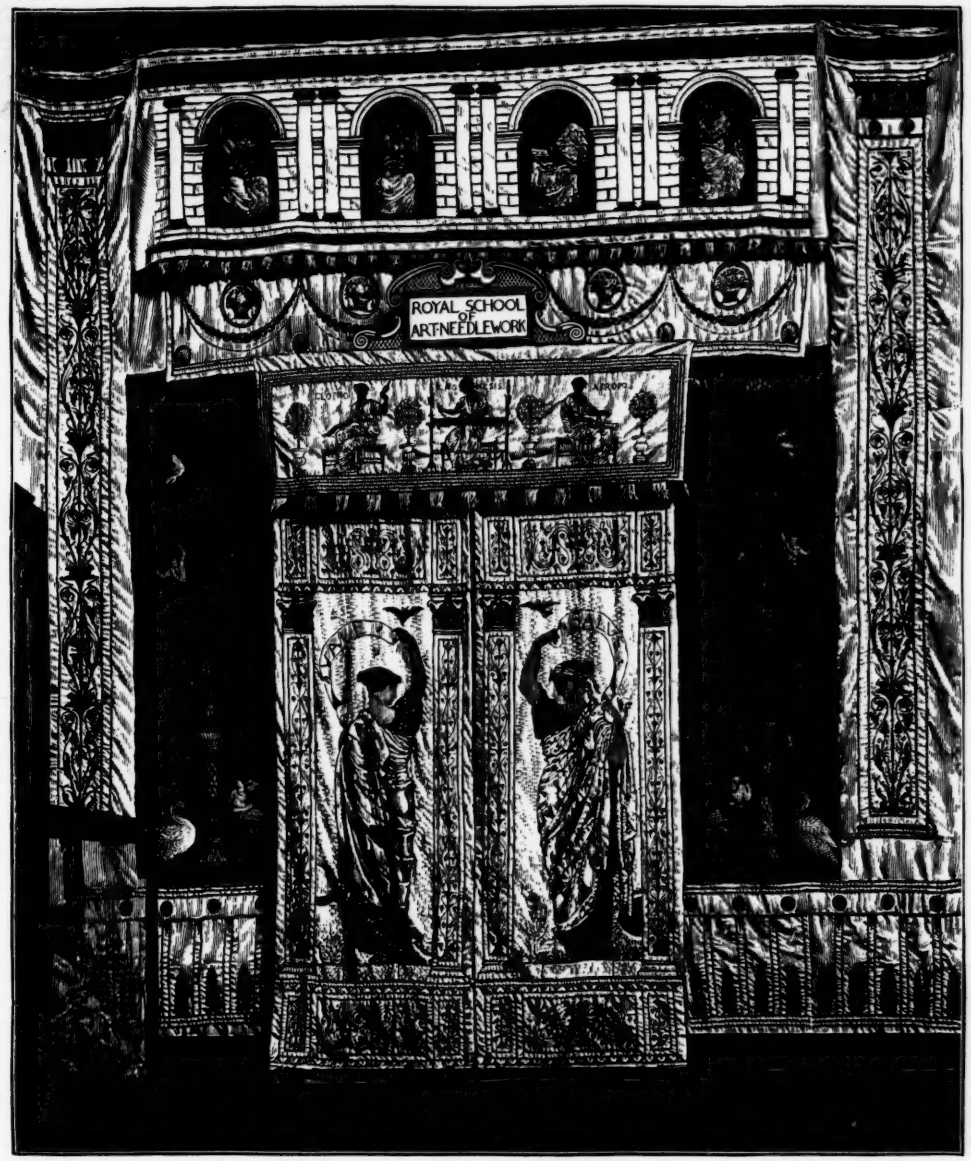


Fig. 3.—ENTRANCE TO THE COURT OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION, 1876.
(Designed by Walter Crane, and worked by the School.)

designs and their execution in embroidery; and, as far as customers permit, tempers the taste of the commissions. Arrangements can be made for the giving of lessons. The society's chief object, however, is to provide work of a useful, artistic, and elevating character for ladies who are dependent on their own exertions.

On the occasion of the Paris Exhibition in 1878, the society wrought a set of elaborate hangings for a room in the pavilion of the Prince of Wales. The work was principally of the appliqué class. In the design, mixed in character, at times vivacious like a Japanese composition, at others betraying a tendency to

lumpy mediævalism, were depicted scenes of "sporting life," shooting, fishing, and such-like. The society also produces works very much in the style of those from the Royal School of Art. To these we may again refer when we discuss the style and character of the phases of modern art needlework.

The Decorative Art Needlework Society, George Street, Portman Square, owes its existence, in the first place, to Lady Welby Gregory, who had a great desire to find out whether decorative art needlework could be made commercially profitable as a business. A small capital sufficed to start the undertaking, which is in all respects a success. All branches of decorative needlework are done by the society, and lessons are given to amateurs. The society has been particularly successful in restoring and copying antique needlework. The President of the Royal School at South Kensington has extended her patronage to this society, and in this sense the society may be regarded as linked to the parent school at South Kensington.

Whilst, however, these three institutions about which we have been writing are principally devoted to the production of secular works, there is one, and possibly others in London, which produce ecclesiastical embroidery only. This is the School of Mediæval Embroidery, conducted by the sisterhood of St. Katherine, in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. There are at present fifteen workers in this school, who undertake the execution of orders for embroidered stoles, orphreys, chalice veils, maniples, chasubles, banners, altar frontals, etc., for those churches of the Church of England in which such accessories of ritual are used. The scale of fees for persons desiring to be initiated into the cunning of the delicate stitchery used in ecclesiastical embroidery is a guinea for a single lesson in the less difficult stitches, and two guineas for a lesson in embroidery applicable to the reproduction of human faces, etc. We are enabled to give an illustration of the Virgin in a vesica of glory, which has been worked for a processional banner (Fig. 4). Although our engraving is a faithful copy of the design, it does not on this small scale indicate how the work has been done. The effect of the stitchery in the original nearly approaches that of painting. In the face and hands, with much ingenuity the stitches are taken so as to impart a variety of surface and modelling to the flesh, which appears to be superior, as an approximation to painting, to that more formal stitchery of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, it may well be argued that the embroiderer should not attempt to emulate the life-like results of the painter. Needle and silks are not so freely handled as brush and paints, nor could the greatest skill produce any but a far-off imitation of a painting.

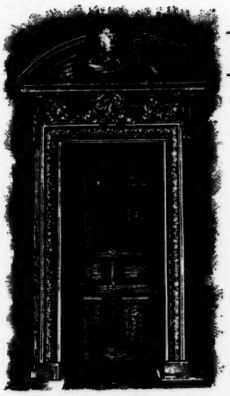


Fig. 4.—BANNER WORKED BY THE SCHOOL OF MEDIÆVAL EMBROIDERY, QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

In our next article we propose to consider the influence which the various centres of art needlework are exercising, regarding it from the artistic aspect in respect of design and workmanship.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—V.

CHATSWORTH.



MARBLE DOORWAY TO STATE ROOMS.

DID I conduct the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART through the Palace of the Peak corporally, instead of in the spirit, I am afraid my ill-trained voice would only reach a few of the foremost fringe of the good people pressing to see the art-treasures of the place. Indeed, the great house itself would hardly hold the throng, which would spread over the green acres of the glorious park, and cause the General Manager of the Midland Railway Company to run a special service of trains to Rowsley Station, the threshold of Chatsworth. But, donning the cap of Fortunio, and assuming the stilts of Asmodeus, I ask them to follow me invisibly. It shall be my endeavour to repay the honour by being as unguide-like a guide as possible, neither repeating cut-and-dried descriptions, like a parrot with a mechanical memory, nor bursting forth at inopportune moments with inapposite quotations of unpunctuated poetry. But here are the keys, and the guide presents his services, together with a welcome to Chatsworth in the name of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., whose liberal spirit fences the place round with no selfish exclusiveness, but throws open both park and palace so freely that one is like a public picnic-ground, and the other is more suggestive of a popular museum than a princely mansion.

If one or two of our party loiter behind among the green glories of the park, they may be forgiven for lingering among such leafy loveliness. However poetical the landscapes that brighten the walls of Chatsworth, none can be so fascinating as the pictures framed by the gilded windows of the house. Vignettes, these of wood and water, rock and river—the soft acres of the park, with the fallow deer wandering among the soothing shadows of gnarled old trees; the dark wooded masses of hill flanking the ducal mansion, topped with a wind-swept shooting-tower; the Derwent gliding through the broad meadows fronting the house, the river here showing white and broken water over a weir, there shining in still pools under overhanging branches; the house itself starting with fluted columns from the bosom of the scene, a stately mass of beautiful buff stone, which the tinting hand of time has toned down to an harmonious cream colour that contrasts with the green gloom of the forest foliage behind; beyond the park the Peak country climbing up to the sky in the picturesque perspective.

The existing mansion only dates from the latter half of the seventeenth century, having been built by that William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, who played so heroic a part in the Revolution of 1688, and who retired to Chatsworth from an historic criminal information and employed his time—as Lord Macaulay phrases it—"in turning the old Gothic mansion of his family into an edifice worthy of Palladio." "His magnificence," says the same historian, "his taste, his talents, his classic learning, his high spirit, and the urbanity of his manners, were admitted by his enemies." Chatsworth House is, indeed, the monument of that munificent nobleman. He scarcely survived the completion of the palatial pile twelve months. Dr. White Kennett, the Bishop of Peterborough, in preaching the funeral discourse of the departed duke, said the prodigious expense incurred in the structure of the building was the least expense "if regard be had to his gardens, water-works, statues, pictures, and other the finest pieces of art and nature that could be obtained abroad or at home." The duke appears to have engaged the best contemporary artists of the day in the embellishment of his Derbyshire mansion. The classic allegories on wall and ceiling are the conceits of such painters as Verrio, Laguerre, Sir James Thornhill, Richard Highmore, Price, and Huyd. The chief worker in iron was M. Tijon, whose daughter was the wife of Laguerre. The carving was divided between Cibber, Grinling Gibbons, Watson, M. Nadauld, Geeraerslius, Harris, Nost, Davies, M. Auriol, Lobb, and Lanscroon. William Talman and Sir Christopher Wren were the architects. William Cavendish's successors have enlarged the building, and enhanced decade by decade its art-glories. The northern wing was erected by the late duke, but the architectural *tout-ensemble* of the Ionic façade is not improved by the addition. The house is

like a body with only one arm. A wing on the other side is wanted to give the building completeness and perfect repose. The old house was one of the prisons of Mary, Queen of Scots, the captive princess being then in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. In the park there is a sombre bower, with a moat, which is linked with her name and misfortunes, but as there is scarcely an ancestral seat anywhere in the kingdom but what is said to have served as a place of durance for the northern queen, her

We will now enter the house itself. The state entrance is not a chamber of imposing proportions, nor does a stately staircase meet the view over which one can work oneself into raptures. The ceiling glows with a copy of Guido's "Aurora," the work of Miss Curzon. That is a statue of Domitian; these are busts of Homer, Jupiter, Ariadne, Socrates, and Caracalla. A corridor with floor of inlaid marble gives access to the great hall, a truly noble apartment extending



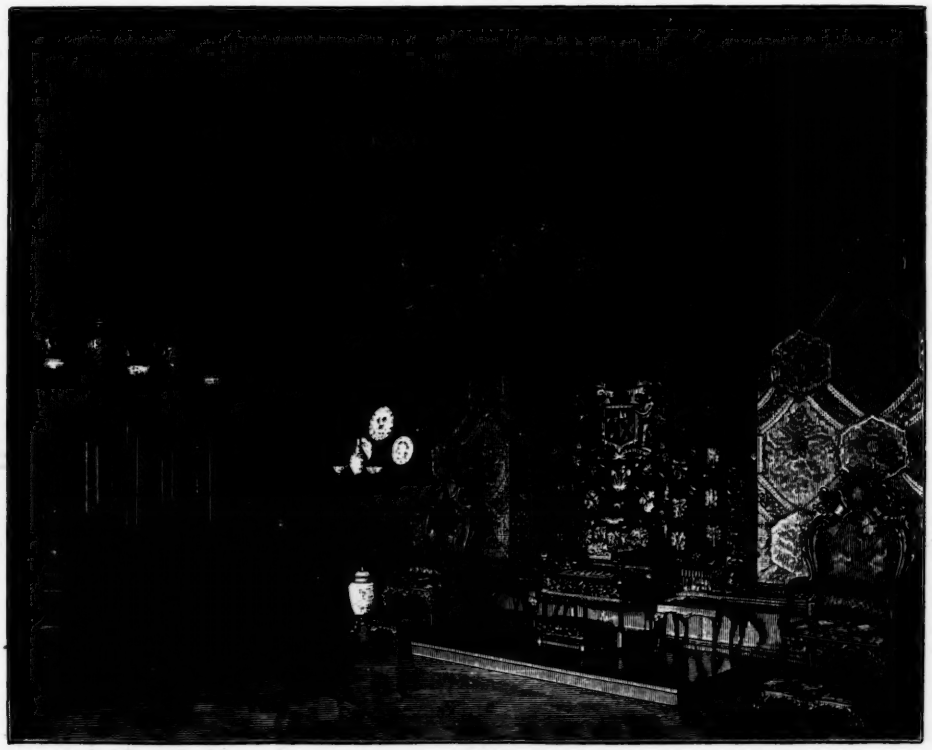
CHATSWORTH HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

association with Chatsworth has no particular charm. More interesting will be thought the testimony of another illustrious prisoner which relates to the present building. The captive was Marshal Tallard, who submitted to the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim. He was detained in England for some years, and spent a short time at Chatsworth. The compliment he paid the reigning duke, when he left his hospitalities, was worthy of a Frenchman. "My Lord Duke," he said, "when I compute the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out those I have passed at Chatsworth."

the entire length of the eastern side of the quadrangle. The floor is of black and white and veined marble, artistic in design, and exquisite in polish. There is much that is interesting in this superb hall. Inspect the immense marble table in the centre of the room. It is of Derbyshire marble, as also is the massive chimney-piece. The tablet surmounting the fireplace gives in a sentence the history of Chatsworth House. The inscription is in tedious Latin; but the translation reads, "These well-beloved ancestral halls, begun in the year of English Freedom, 1688, William Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, inherited in 1811, and completed

in the year of Sorrow, 1840." The "year of sorrow" is an allusion to the death of the much-loved and lamented wife of the present duke. The walls and ceilings of this spacious chamber are enriched by Laguerre and Verrio, in a series of vast paintings illustrative of episodes in the life of Julius Cæsar, with colossal characters, like the prodigious Peters and Pauls that Sir James Thornhill (whose work we shall presently meet) painted, suspended in a basket two or three hundred feet high in the dizzy dome of St. Paul's, or standing on a frail platform up in the empyrean, covering with sainted gods areas of ceiling and staircase greater than the Flemish ells of theatrical scene-painters. There are bronzes, and other objects of artistic interest, in this grand hall, and on the exterior are some notable stone carvings in alto-relievo by Watson.

Leaving the hall, and passing down a corridor containing some cabinet pictures, and Swiss views, and an exterior by Hogarth, the chapel is open to us. Here all that painting, sculpture, and carving can do to enrich a room with artistic beauty has been elaborately employed. The sacred room is fragrant with the smell of cedar-wood with which the walls are wainscoted, and of which the reading-desk is composed. The floor is of black and white marble in mosaic work. The altar is of the finest Derbyshire spars and marbles, with sculptured figures of Faith and Hope, the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the laureate-poet. The same sculptor executed the celebrated figures of "Madness" and "Melancholy" over the gates of Bedlam, which his son Colley refers to as "the brazen, brainless brothers." This *en passant*. There are exquisite sculpturings round the altar, and ornamental wood-carvings by Grinling Gibbons, more of whose skilful work we shall soon meet with. The fine painting over the altar of "The Incredulity of St. Thomas" is Laguerre's. The same artist, together with Verrio, has filled the upper walls and ceiling with Scriptural scenes. As we leave the room, pause to look at the wood-



STATE BEDROOM.

carving over the door of Cupids with musical instruments, with the entwined vase of flowers and foliage.

Now the house is all before us where to choose. I need not be tediously topographical in describing the position of the various suites of apartments, nor need we go over them in any classified order. Sketches before pictures. Let us visit the sketch gallery. It contains the largest private collection of original studies by old masters in existence. The collection was amassed by the second duke, the nucleus being secured at a great outlay at Rotterdam. The gallery comprises two large apartments, and the walls are completely covered with



STATE DRAWING-ROOM.

original sketches, divided into departments—the French, German, Dutch, Bolognese, Florentine, Venetian, and Roman schools. The collection is so exhaustively comprehensive that to merely mention the names of the contributors would be to give a catalogue of all the old masters. These interesting drawings, some of them the initial experiments in sepia, pencil, or crayon, of great masterpieces, afford to the educated artistic eye as great a charm as more ambitious and finished works. They demand many days' thoughtful inspection, but must now be dismissed in a few minutes. Still note, I beg of you, the spirited studies of figures by Michael Angelo. They were for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. There is a head of the Virgin by Leonardo da Vinci, and other sketches distinguished by all that delicate precision of style which is characteristic of the drawings of that master. Raffaelle's pencil contributes the sketch for the picture by Pinturicchio at Sienna of "Æneas Silvius kissing the foot of Pope Eugenius IV. at the Council of Basle," the figure of St. Paul for the cartoon of the "Sacrifice at Lystra," the original sketch for "St. Catherine" (the picture now in our National Gallery), "The Virgin and Child," "Joseph discovering himself to his Brethren," and several others. Holbein is represented by such examples as his "Fall of Phaeton," "The Last Judgment," "Hagar and Ishmael," and "Diana and Actæon." Look, too, at the excellent specimens by Albert Dürer, Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Claude, Vandyke, Salvator Rosa, and Correggio, the study of which is an art-education. Adjoining the sketch gallery, and really part of it, considerable space is devoted to a comprehensive collection of coloured paintings of birds. The artist is not known, but his acquaintance with the feathered tribe was large and minute, for every species of bird is presented, and the drawing and colouring are meritorious.

Proceeding now to the state rooms, pause at the entrance for a moment to admire the collection of specimens of ceramic art, represented by English and foreign makers, and then to behold the striking vista of the superb series of the state apartments, which occupy the whole

length of the building. The first room in this splendid suite is the dressing-room. The floor, as in all the rooms before us, is of polished oak parqueterie, in which the light is reflected as in a mirror. The door-cases are of carved marble. It would be difficult for the most constrained and prosaic of persons, for the coldest professor of the *nil admirari* school, to describe the state apartments at Chatsworth without falling into the language of superlatives. The coved ceiling is adorned in the centre with a painting of the flight of Mercury on his mission to Paris, and on the coving are groups representative of the arts and sciences. But the most attractive feature is the wood-carving. Wood-carving, indeed, may be said to be the distinguishing characteristic of Chatsworth. It is *sui generis*, and none but itself can furnish its own parallel. Here is Grinling Gibbons' masterpiece. Horace Walpole has described it. It is a group comprising a cravat of point-lace, a woodcock, pendent leaves and flowers, and a medal with a bust in relief. Exquisite in its delicate clearness is the lace, while bird and foliage are wrought with a skill that makes the work indeed a *chef-d'œuvre*. It has been disputed whether the carving in question really is the work of Gibbons. More than one authority attributes it to the genius of Samuel Watson, a Derbyshire craftsman, who, with Thomas Young, William Davies, and Joel Lobb, shared with Gibbons much of the wood-carving at Chatsworth. Over the doorway is another group of carving, excellent in design and execution, representing a collection of carvers' tools—globe, compass, brace and bit, square, augers, chisels, gouges, together with a bust. On the west side of the room are several pendants and a group; and, before passing on, note that clever picture in mosaic, those artistic Japanese cabinets, and the curious specimens of old earthenware.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

(To be continued.)

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

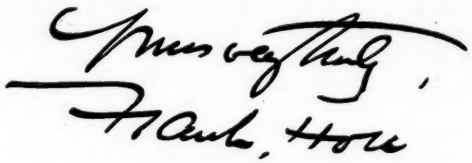
FRANK HOLL, A.R.A.

ALTHOUGH our series of "Living Artists" is hardly likely to include the life of any painter of whom the pleasant record of success is not to be set down, yet seldom has swifter or smoother progress to distinction fallen to the lot of any than that which Mr. Frank Holl's career has shown us. Born in the year 1845, at St. James's Terrace, Kentish Town, he received from his father, an engraver, his first training in art. At the early age of fifteen he entered the schools of the Royal Academy as a student. And from the day, two years later, when he gained his first distinction—a premium and the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique—to the 19th of June, 1878, when he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, his advance has been steady, from success to success. In 1863 he received the gold medal and a scholarship of £25 for two years, for the best historical painting; "Abraham about to Sacrifice Isaac" was the subject. In 1864—when but nineteen—he exhibited his first Academy picture, "Turned out of Church." This was followed in 1865 by "Fern Gatherers," in 1866 by "The Ordeal," and in 1867 by "The Convalescent." In 1869, for the picture which forms the subject of one of our engravings—"The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away"—Mr. Frank Holl obtained from the Academy the two years' travelling studentship for painting. His stay in Italy was, however, short on this occasion; he resigned his claim on the Academy and returned to England, not considering himself sufficiently forward to take full advantage of the opportunity of studying the great masters. He had also formed the intention, fulfilled in all his later work, of avoiding the conventionalities into which an artist must fall who sets himself to paint a life, and customs, and manners with which he is not in familiar and intimate sympathy. There is, no doubt, a large amount of the routine picturesque in the work of English artists abroad with which we could well dispense; Mr. Holl believed that greater originality, honesty, and interest would be found in an English painter's pictures of England, especially when his heart is altogether in his own country. Another reason for his choice, in his earlier years, of nature rather than of even the finest art for his example was his desire of escaping the danger of conventionality in manner as well as in subject. A not entirely formed judgment is apt to take for granted, in a somewhat unintelligent manner, the merits of famous works; a style is thus

formed which is imitative without being fully appreciative, and the result is mannerism. After a close, unrelaxed, and watchful study of nature, the artist is able—as Mr. Frank Holl found in later years—to enter far more fully into the true beauties of the great pictures, to understand them through nature, and to love them for their truth to her. His enjoyment of the galleries is much increased, and at the same time he is not entrapped into any habit of copyism, but preserves his individuality. But if Mr. Holl gained little from the travelling studentship, he had much to recompense him in the benefits he otherwise derived from the painting of "The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away." It was his introduction to the outside world, the sure foundation-stone of an extended public reputation. When the Queen visited the Academy it attracted her attention so favourably, that on learning she could not be the possessor of it—it was already sold—Her Majesty gave the artist a commission for another work.

From this time dates the triumph of Mr. Holl's maturity; his peculiar and distinctive choice of subjects is confirmed, and his manner of painting assumes its own assured character. "No Tidings from the Sea"—the picture painted for the Queen, and representing the wife of a seaman in suspense during a storm in which her husband is out—appeared in 1871; "The Village Funeral" in 1872; "A Seat in a Railway Station" in 1873; "Deserted" in 1874; "Her First-Born" in 1876; "Going Home" in 1877. At Mr. Arthur Tooth's winter exhibition in 1877 "Gone!"—a scene of great dramatic power—caused no slight sensation. The melancholy of





most of Mr. Holl's other works had touched the public sympathies; the vivid force of this picture stirred them more deeply. Mr. Tom Taylor wrote an accompanying description of the picture, which represented the common but tragic incident of the emigration of a father, husband, or brother in search of the possibilities of living, while the women are left to bear the "long anguish of patience" in the overcrowded and hopeless English town at home. Mr. Holl's scene is laid on the platform of a station; the train is disappearing; the forlorn little group is giving way to unconscious if undemonstrative sorrow. Nothing is falsified or even idealised, nor is any sordid detail omitted or glossed over; the artist has simply used his power as interpreter to make us understand something of those usually shy emotions of the poor which are too easily overlooked in actual life, and which he is nobly employed in explaining to us. "Gone!" was painted with a remarkable vigour and effectiveness. Another passage of lowly life appeared at about the same time at Mr. Wallis's Gallery in Pall Mall; it was entitled "Want—Her Poverty but not Her Will Consents," and showed what pathetic poetry may be found in the most unpromising of all localities—a pawnbroker's shop. A young wife and mother has come to the counter, for her child's sake, to pledge her wedding-ring, the sign of her humble dignities, the memorial of her own day of hope, and love, and confidence. The woman's action is thoughtful, recollected, and resigned; near her feet lies the proof of an equally significant sacrifice—a Bible which some fellow-sufferer in want has left behind. In 1878 Mr. Frank Holl commanded still more general attention by his great picture of prison life, "Newgate—Committed for Trial." The subject was one which Sir Edwin Landseer is said to have regarded as most especially dramatic and pictorial; it may be, however, that this great artist knew his own smooth completeness of manner to be ill suited to the rude tragedy of such a scene; and in the event it fell to fit hands, and was treated with a gloomy reality, an uncompromising power which gain considerably from the impulsiveness and freedom of the execution.



"THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY."

(From the Picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869, by Frank Holl, A.R.A.)

In 1879 Mr. Frank Holl painted not only well but much. Five of his works were hung at the Academy, two of these marking an era in his artistic career, and assuring him what his brother painters, at any rate, will agree with us in considering his greatest triumph. For, with the exception of a head painted the year before, no portrait had appeared from his brush until the "Signor Piatti" and the more memorable "Mr. Samuel Cousins" were exhibited last year. In attacking portraiture the artist seemed to develop powers yet latent; in the head of the venerable engraver he produced indeed what all must acknowledge as vital work; technically it was a masterpiece of handling. With real pleasure, with renewed hope and confidence do we find our foremost artists—those who are young and who, under the influence of the contemporary foreign schools as well as of the past, are setting free and developing the hitherto somewhat insulated English capacity—turning their powers to the worthy work of portraiture. It was in portraiture that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the noble little group of our great eighteenth century laboured to the admiration of all time; and it was in portraiture that the elder masters of races kindred to our own excelled. But from the most intellectual it had of late years—save for the redeeming work of a few eminent names—sunk among us to the least intelligent branch of the art. A Royal Academy portrait was generally a vulgar enough production. The public ceased to be interested in what was so uninteresting; and, as technical knowledge declined, subject became the one essential thing in the eyes of the many. Subject is undoubtedly important, and Mr. Frank Holl has told many a story, and told it well; but gifted as he has proved himself to be with the sympathetic intellect of a fine portrait-painter, he will do no more valuable work than portraiture. And all the more for his achievements in expression and action may he now permit himself the study of the human character in repose, with its complexities all present yet unstirred by dramatic emotion. A third picture, exhibited in the same year, may also be considered as virtually a portrait, "The Daughter of the House" being a study of a little girl painted in an admirably well-rendered effect of light, reclining on her convalescent couch, and well supplied with picture-books and toys. "The Gifts of the Fairies" had a somewhat kindred subject; two charming little maidens, barefooted, and fresh from their beds with the first peep of light, are coming, half afraid, to see what presents the beneficent genius of good children has brought them on Christmas morning. In "Absconded" the artist returns to the interest of criminal life, and shows us a malefactor in flight.

Mr. Frank Holl has not gained the praises of Europe alone. At the American Centennial Exhibition of 1876 his work was singled out for the distinction of a medal. It was *àpropos* of the pathetic picture already alluded to that Professor Weir, in his official report on the exhibition, makes the following remarks: "'The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away,' though painful in subject, is rendered with great delicacy and pathos. The expression of sorrow which pervades the figures, and fills the place where death has left a void as with an atmosphere oppressively sad, is wrought out with great power and truth. The picture manifests a most heart-rending grief, yet so delicately and sympathetically depicted, that while we condemn the choice of the subject we cannot but admire the consummate skill of the artist." With all deference to the Transatlantic professor, his proposition that a subject is to be condemned for its sadness is untenable, as any principle must needs be which would involve the irreparable loss to the world of all the tragedies in all the arts, and which, moreover, would divorce art from truth, and also from the deepest capacities of human nature. The one thing needful is that sadness in painting should be a sincerity—that it should be real in feeling, and not caught on the end of the pencil, or produced as a cheap and almost ready-made effectiveness. It is notoriously easy to move a certain amount of not very valuable feeling in the public by the merest sentimentality; all the more precious is the real emotion evoked by real power. The difference between the sham and the true in melancholy art of all kinds is always utterly unmistakable—too subtle to define, yet clear to the apprehension. Action is eloquent of it—the turn of a head, the meaning of a hand, sealing a picture irrevocably as sincere or insincere. In such a picture as "Widowed," for instance, which forms the other engraving accompanying this paper, and which is perhaps the most beautiful of all Mr. Frank Holl's compositions, the actions of both figures are *thorough*. They are drawn by a painter who meant and felt the expressiveness of each. Both attitudes are marked by a fine reticence; even the abandonment of the widow is quiet, and unmarred by a touch of melodrama, while the more mixed meaning of the child's posture and expression is also exquisitely restrained. In painter-like qualities, in poetry of tone, and in its vivid truth of lighting, the picture is as

remarkable as in its feeling. It is indeed in his thorough study of light that Mr. Holl's greatest technical successes have been achieved; he chooses Nature in her striking moments, but it is always to Nature that he goes; we do not find him indulging himself with an arbitrary effectiveness.

Mr. Holl is young enough to be congratulated on his present as well as on his past progress. The advance in the quality of his work is rapid, and does not falter year by year; he began from the right beginnings, as a painter who was above all things careful, and his present roughness and mastery have been legitimately arrived at; he has secured the voices of his fellow-artists by his honest work, as well as the interest of the public by his pathetic subjects. The Royal Academy gains by the accession of such members as he that fresh blood which renews its youth.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

DECORATIVE ART.—II.

STYLE IN ORNAMENT—PAST STYLES AND THEIR INFLUENCE UPON MODERN DESIGN—FITNESS THE ONE ESSENTIAL IN DESIGN—THE RELATION OF NATURE TO DECORATIVE ART.



HISTORIC "styles" of ornament might perhaps be called only the fashions of the past; but, at all events, they were not merely of a day or of a "season." The fashion of a century, or of an era, ceases to be a fashion—or, if a fashion, is no longer contemptible. The ancient styles were not pushed and puffed into ephemeral existence; they had time to grow, develop, culminate, and at last to die a natural death, the new style developing itself as naturally from their remains as a fresh plant from the seed of last autumn.

Each phase of ancient ornament embodied in some degree the ideas of the people among whom it arose, although the ideas were often, like the forms of ornament, by no means original, and the people themselves had no consciousness of any particular idea at all in the art about them. From the evidence of their pots and pans alone, it would be quite safe to declare a remote people simple or sophisticated, unrefined or cultivated, sensuous or ascetic, or whatever their character might have been. In every case their ornament would betray them, and all the more surely that they did not for a moment suspect that in the manufacture of ordinary objects of every-day use, they were writing their own history for posterity. The testimony of decorative art is, again, the more valuable in that it represents, not a single class of wealthy and perhaps cultivated purchasers of pictures, sculptures, and objects of luxury, but the whole people. Everybody had need of pots and pans and all the multitude of common things which it came so natural to decorate, that the artist was scarcely aware he had left his mark upon them.

It is not my present purpose to enter at all fully into the history of ornament, but it is simply impossible to ignore the past styles altogether. They are the various languages in which the past has expressed itself, and unless we fancy in our foolishness that we can evolve from our inner consciousness something at once independent of and superior to all that has been done before our time, we must begin by some study of the ancient principles and practice. It will save time in the end. Even those who flatter themselves that they are going to take success by storm, and hope to jump at a bound into originality, would do well to reflect that they are more likely to succeed by stepping back a pace or two for a spring than by "toeing the line."

If there were no other reason why we should know something of past styles, it would be sufficient that, in the absence of any marked national style among us at present, we have taken to "reviving" in succession all manner of bygone styles. The ornament of to-day is to so great an extent a reflection, or perhaps rather a distortion, of old work, that one cannot well discuss it without reference to its origin. These "revivals," irrational as they are in themselves, are not without good results. We have such a wealth of old work about us, accessible through modern facilities of travel, purchasable through modern processes of re-

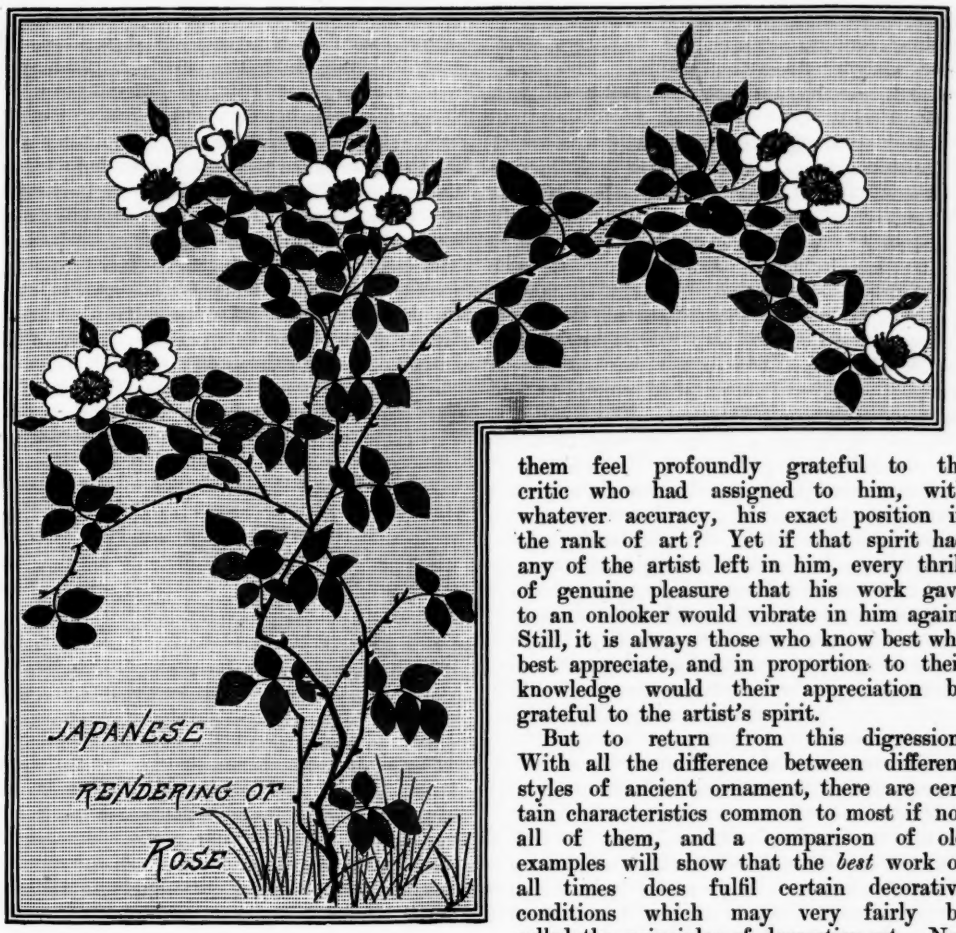
production, brought to our notice by modern methods of publication, that we cannot escape their influence if we would (which is not the case); and the "revivals" have involved such study of these styles that, when we shall have arrived at reason and begin to express ourselves naturally in the language of our own day, it will surely tell in our work.

It would be beyond the truth to say that the principles that underlie all old work are the same. Those principles are as diverse as the temperaments and characters of the races among whom they were developed. The Egyptians loved mystery and symbolism; the Greeks aimed at perfection of form; the Romans revelled in richness; the Byzantines mingled symbolism with barbaric brilliance; the Arabs delighted in intricate detail and broken colour; the artists of the Gothic period combined religious sentiment with energy of execution; and those of the Renaissance returned to the worship of beauty for its own sake. We should seek in vain elsewhere for the all-pervading symbolism that runs through Egyptian ornament, the purity of line that characterises Greek detail, or the sumptuousness that belongs to Roman scrollery. Inasmuch as all nations and all ages differ, their expression in ornament differs, and inasmuch as all nations and all ages are alike, they express themselves alike in their every-day art. And there is this to be borne in mind that, though one race of men may be naturally disposed to remain in the grooves of tradition, and another always eager to start off on a new track, there is no race of men among whom all are exactly alike; everywhere there have been skilful and clumsy, conscientious and dishonest workmen, and in every period of art there has been good work and bad. Fortunately for us, the latter has most of it gone the way of bad work and perished, and it is mainly the good that remains to us—another reason for the careful study of old work if we wish to educate ourselves in ornament.



STUDIES OF APPLE, AND INLAID PANEL FOUNDED UPON THEM.

It is not to be supposed that any simple amateur will set to work to study every phase through which the art of decorative design has passed on its way to our times. One may know a good piece of smith's work, when it occurs, without having traced the progress of the art from Tubal Cain



to B. J. Talbert; one may appreciate the glory of colour in stained glass without being familiar with all that has been done from the twelfth century to the time of Burne Jones; and, in truth—whisper it lowly—the men who most truly appreciate are not the antiquarians, pedants, and compilers of catalogues (useful as these men are), but the *actual* artists whom it encourages and inspires, the *possible* artists whom it delights and satisfies. Imagine the dead looking down in spirit on their work—would any one of them feel profoundly grateful to the critic who had assigned to him, with whatever accuracy, his exact position in the rank of art? Yet if that spirit had any of the artist left in him, every thrill of genuine pleasure that his work gave to an onlooker would vibrate in him again. Still, it is always those who know best who best appreciate, and in proportion to their knowledge would their appreciation be grateful to the artist's spirit.

But to return from this digression. With all the difference between different styles of ancient ornament, there are certain characteristics common to most if not all of them, and a comparison of old examples will show that the *best* work of all times does fulfil certain decorative conditions which may very fairly be called the principles of decorative art. Not that they were consciously followed by the artists; the grammar is compiled from the language, the language is not constructed on the lines of the grammar. Nevertheless, what is to be gathered from the practice of the masters of design may well be formulated into principles for the guidance of beginners. All



PERSIAN RENDERING OF ROSE.

arbitrary rules and dogmas are in the nature of leading strings, irritating to a degree when once we can do without them; but small children cannot run alone, and every one is a child in art to begin with.

Let us attempt to put on record some of these principles.

The first and most essential principle in decorative design, and one that is universally followed in the work of the best periods, is *fitness*, and in it are included the rest. The peculiarity of decorative art is that it is subsidiary. Whatever the licence of the sister arts, ornament, by its very title, acknowledges its dependency. You cannot have ornament by itself; it must be applied to something, and that something is paramount. The unpardonable sin in ornament is the attempt to usurp the foremost place.

In the first instances of old work, obedience to the law of use was compulsory. A savage might carve the handle of a tomahawk, but the carving was just sufficient to give tighter grip to the weapon; he would take very good care not to cut so deep as to weaken it; no danger of his indulging in false ornament, that at a critical moment might cost him his life. And to this day we find that among ourselves the only objects *never* overlaid with misplaced ornamentation are weapons, tools, implements, and things of actual use, where we cannot afford to play the fool and sacrifice to what we call "effect."

Between the simple forms of things suggested by utility, and the point at which their elaboration and decoration begin seriously to interfere with their first purpose, there is a very wide range of ornament. No one, it is to be presumed, will deny that all ornament that does so interfere oversteps its limit. It is in hitting the exact mean between bald simplicity and undue enrichment that the difficulty of decoration consists, and it is very evident that the art of knowing where to stop is rarer among us to-day than it was among the artists of the Mediæval, Renaissance, and Classic periods, much rarer than it is even now among contemporary nations of the East. We live in an ambitious, or rather a pretentious age. The accessory arts are all hot to start in business on their own account. What wonder that they come to grief?

The particular point at which the bounds of fitness are reached must in each individual case be determined afresh; there is no dogma possible in that respect. The art of decoration depends, in fact, quite as much upon the critical as upon the creative faculty; and the decorator proves his right to the title as much by what he leaves undone as by anything that he does. It may be well, however, to indicate the directions in which fitness has to be considered. All ornament should be fit—(1) for its purpose; (2) for its place; (3) for the material in which it is executed; (4) for the process of its manufacture, or the method of its execution. Wherever these conditions are impossible of fulfilment, ornament is superfluous. The most successful enrichment is frequently *suggested* by some useful purpose, and so takes its place as a matter of course. Then ornament has uses, too, quite independent of art. Plain surfaces are not only unpleasantly monotonous, they are in many cases unpractical as well. The slightest soil or scratch, sooner or later inevitable (most likely sooner), betrays itself unnecessarily upon an even ground; and it is only taking Time by his proverbial forelock to dapple such spaces with a pattern or to scratch them with ornament. How anxious some young housewives are about the polish of their furniture, and what a relief it would be to their minds if the surface were once for all indented with some slight carving! Those light silk dresses, too, that show the stains so provokingly, if only they were figured the case would not be nearly so bad!

Almost the first function of ornament is to compensate, correct, or qualify the simplicity or ugliness of form dictated by necessity. It is a common mistake to suppose that this is to be done by overlaying it with enrichment, and hiding it under a heap of ornament. The simplest and most obvious lines on which to build a house, the inevitable construction of a machine, the traditional shape of a piece of furniture, the convenient form of a gas-pipe—each and all of these may be far from beautiful, but that is scarcely an argument why they should be smothered with scrollery. If the necessary form is indeed beyond redemption, there are only two courses—either to do without it, or to put up with it as it is. But it is not often so hopeless as that. In most cases a little careful consideration will show that some of the objectionable features may be omitted or supplanted by others more presentable, and that the ill-effect of some may be counteracted by decorative features that in no way interfere with the use or even with the character of the object. It is not quantity of ornament that tells, but ornament in the right place; a few cross bands here and there to break the disproportionate length, parallel stripes to counteract the appearance of thickness, occasional rosettes or flowers

to distract attention from the less interesting parts of the construction—simple devices like these are often quite enough to redeem a form from ugliness.

The defects of the thing to be ornamented are the starting-point of the decorator. If it is already perfect, that is surely enough. It is because the proportion of a room is defective that we desire to give the appearance of greater height or length to it; because it is bare that we seek to enrich it; because it is dull that we desire to enliven it; because it is glaring that we do our best to subdue it; because it is cold that we would give warmth to it; in short, because it is unsatisfactory that we propose to do anything to it at all. The motives that prompt us to undertake the decoration should also by rights suggest the nature and the extent of the ornament, otherwise we may arrive at something satisfactory enough in itself, but inadequate to the purpose and out of place, and confessedly therefore bad decoration.

The considerations of material, and process of manufacture or method of execution, are of a more technical nature, and therefore not to be discussed at length in a paper of this kind; but it is necessary that even the amateur should known something of the value of workmanlikeness in ornament, and he has only to know it in order to appreciate how unreasonable it is to neglect it. It may require some little training and study, some familiarity at least with the various crafts, to detect at once whether a design is adapted to be wrought or cast, printed or woven, carved or modelled; whether it is fit to be executed in stone or plaster, silk or paper, wood or metal-work. But it will take only the very slightest thought to convince even the least artistic person that the processes of hammering and casting, weaving and printing, modelling and carving are so different; and the nature of hard stone and soft plaster, cross-grained wood and malleable iron, the printer's block and the weaver's cards, are so different that they demand very different treatment. And more than this, if he inquires a little more closely into the matter he will soon see that each particular material, and each particular process by which it is manipulated, even each particular tool employed in its manipulation, has its own particular limitations as well as its facilities, and that the surest way to success is to bear these in mind, to keep well within the limits prescribed by the circumstances, and to make the most of the advantages peculiar to them.

It is very possible (too possible) to work in opposition to the natural conditions, and as a boast this may be excused occasionally; exhibition work is, for example, most of it brag; delicate and reticent art would stand no chance of recognition in the bustle of an international show; but in every-day design such boasting is fatal—it leads directly from modest workmanship and straight to downright waste. In the first place, it is very doubtful whether the conditions will be overcome by the ambitious craftsman—his presumption is very likely to be in excess of his power; and in the second, supposing the result to be satisfactory, it will have been reached by an expenditure of time, energy, labour, and material which, in its own proper channel, would have been productive of results in every way superior. To say the least, such work is unintelligent, wrong-headed, and unworkmanlike.

Just as the position and purpose of ornament must, I have said, suggest the ornament, so also material and method of production must determine its character. They need not assert themselves. There is no reason why wood-work should protest that it is joinery, why iron should proclaim that it is smith's work, or a wall-paper shout at you that it is printed. But the simple reasonableness of the matter is that they should each *be*, and be content with being, what they naturally are; and for the simple reason that disobedience to the inevitable conditions is, so to speak, resented by them, and leads to labour lost; while to those who work in sympathy with them they unfold resources that the artist had not dreamt of, yielding to simple persuasion what was not by any means to be forced from them. When workmanlike treatment leads to such direct results, the wastefulness of ignoring it is, artistically speaking, criminal. It may not appear to others than artists a matter of much moment whether a material is treated after its kind or contrary to it, but all will admit that it is a consideration whether the *cost* of decoration is increased or diminished, and I would remind them that nothing is more costly than unpractical work, whilst apt treatment minimises expense. Those who begin by encouraging judicious workmanship for more practical reasons, will soon learn to appreciate it for its individuality. It was not until all character had been smoothed out of it by the opposite process that folks became apathetic about their household decoration. No wonder that such lifeless stuff ceased to interest them!

With regard to the fitness of any *form* for its purpose, there is not so much room for

question. If the consideration of use has been overlooked in its design, we very soon find out its inconvenience. However calmly we may tolerate existing inconsistences, there is in most of us a native preference for what is practical, and the suitability or unsuitability of a form to its purpose is a thing that can be proved. The fitness of applied *ornament* is not easily to be defined. Its appreciation depends to some extent upon that very intangible quality called feeling, and to some extent upon knowledge. If a man does not see incongruity when it is pointed out to him, it is difficult to explain it; one ought by rights to begin by bestowing upon him the sense he lacks, and next to endow him with the necessary knowledge.

At the threshold of this consideration of the fitness of ornament is another question, viz., the relation of nature to ornament; and upon its solution ornament may almost be said to depend. It need scarcely be said, therefore, that, having for the present no intention of entering into competition with those quack advertisers who claim to have discovered a panacea for everything, I do not purpose to present the essence of this mystery compressed into an aphorism. In the very last resource something of the solution will depend upon the individuality of the person to whom the problem is put. But there is a great deal that may profitably be said on the subject, and, indeed, the difficulty will be to know when to stop.

There is always the broad distinction between realism and idealism in art, and in decoration it is more distinct than ever. It is not that the adherents of either theory deny the value and necessity of nature to art, but that they disagree as to the particular use that should be made of nature. The question is not whether ornament should be natural or artificial, but what is the natural way of treating ornament? what is the artistic way of rendering nature? "Art is man's nature, nature is God's art." That is true enough. But if there is any one who seriously believes that art is nature, and that nature is art, I cannot hope to influence him. The base of my reasoning is that they are very distinctly two, however dependent the one may be upon the other. Admitting readily enough that nature is before all art, and above it, and beyond it, we have long since ceased to be the unsophisticated children of nature. Art may be our *second* nature, but it is a very real one to us, and the discussion of human affairs from the point of view of primæval simplicity is, though interesting, scarcely practical. Side by side in the illustration on page 192 will be found the representations of an inlaid panel and of the natural fruit and foliage on which it is founded. It will be seen that the quite natural branch, with its light and shade, foreshortening and general confusion, is not only unfit for the purpose of an ornamental panel, but impossible to be reproduced by the process of inlaying. Separate studies of more available detail were indispensable, and even then had to be modified.

Decoration may be contrary to nature, but the world has determined that it cannot do without it. In so far as nature is incompatible with it, nature must clearly be made to give way. Nature when it takes service under the banner of art should keep in the ranks. Realists would say that it is art that should serve under the banner of nature. But they would have a stronger argument in the case of pictures—ornament very clearly insists upon the precedence of art.

A painter may plausibly say that his one idea is to mirror nature, and, though we may differ from him as to the province of painting, we must respect his conscientious effort in the direction that seems to him right. The decorator can put in no such plea for unreasoning realism. His idea is to add a grace to something already predetermined, if not already in existence; and experience proves that the fitting opportunity for realistic ornament very seldom occurs. The objections to realism are chiefly those already indicated under the head of fitness. It is, for the most part, contrary to the purpose or position of the object, ill-adapted to the material and the method of working it, and most especially it is calculated to draw undue attention to the object, or, which is worse, to itself. A more subdued and reticent and altogether simpler style of design is almost invariably found to be advisable, either in the shape of pure ornament or in some adaptation of natural forms. A very happy mean between the natural and the appropriate rendering is illustrated in the accompanying Etruscan chaplet from the British Museum. Notice the workmanlike way it is put together. The artist evidently knew what leaves were like in nature, but he also knew what forms were fit for goldsmith's work.

This kind of adaptation has been called "conventionalising." But the term "conventional" is not altogether a happy one. It is associated, for one thing, in our minds with the ordinary, the commonplace, and the insincere; and it is not desirable that the art of ornament should be bracketed with the anti-friction ointment that keeps society rolling. For another, the word,

even as applied to ornament, serves also to describe the *traditional* character that belongs to forms that have been handed down from generation to generation, and that have in many instances become, notwithstanding their intrinsic value, wearisome from perpetual repetition. Such forms are, indeed, for the most part admirably adapted to their purpose, but they were none the less fit before they had been reproduced *ad nauseam;* and their fitness has nothing whatever to do with their traditional character; excepting this, that it was their fitness that caused them to be preserved, and that, in passing down from hand to hand, whatever of inappropriateness there may have been in them has been worn away until they are perfect —so perfect that they are often not very interesting. The traditional forms and even the traditional methods, however, do not exhaust the possible in ornament, they are only the prelude to what may yet be done in the way of adapting nature to decorative design. The use of the word "conventional" has hindered the appreciation of this fact, and it would be in every sense better to adopt the terms "fitness" or "aptitude" as the expression of the essential quality of ornament.

Suppose we wished to introduce the lily in ornament, we should learn something from the Gothic ecclesiastical rendering, but there would be no occasion to imitate it, least of all to emulate the ignorance of the mediæval painters and sculptors who, as often as not, represented it *with five petals*. To take another instance, perhaps no flower has yet been so successfully ornamentalised as was the rose during the Tudor period. It alone is enough to atone for the sins of the Perpendicular period. It would almost seem as if with the Tudor rose the theme had been exhausted, but compare it with the Japanese and Persian versions of the flower (page 193), so very different in character and yet also decorative, and you will see it was not so easily exhausted. The Tudor rose is almost too familiar to need illustration. Of the other examples given, the Persian is taken from old silk embroidery, the Japanese from modern painted silk. The one is much more naturally rendered than the other, but each is adapted to its purpose.

The fit representation of any plant in ornament will be best attained by comparing the thing itself in nature with its various representations in the art of the past, having special reference to the immediate purpose in hand. The keynote may be struck by something in the flower itself, or by something in any one of its past representations, or by the material and tools in use, but the one thing of importance is that all should be in tune. A mere echo of old work is often all that is obtainable by the amateur, but that is far preferable to the dissonant naturalism to which he is more prone.



At all events, it is guiltless of all sins of commission excepting that of mimicry; and in ornament sins of omission are much more readily condoned.

That ornament should, as far as it goes, be beautiful, speaks for itself—the excuse for all art is beauty—and, other conditions being equally fulfilled, the merit of ornament is in proportion to its intrinsic beauty; but not even beauty will supply the place of aptness in decoration. Good ornament answers to the tests of taste, of craftsmanship, and of beauty.

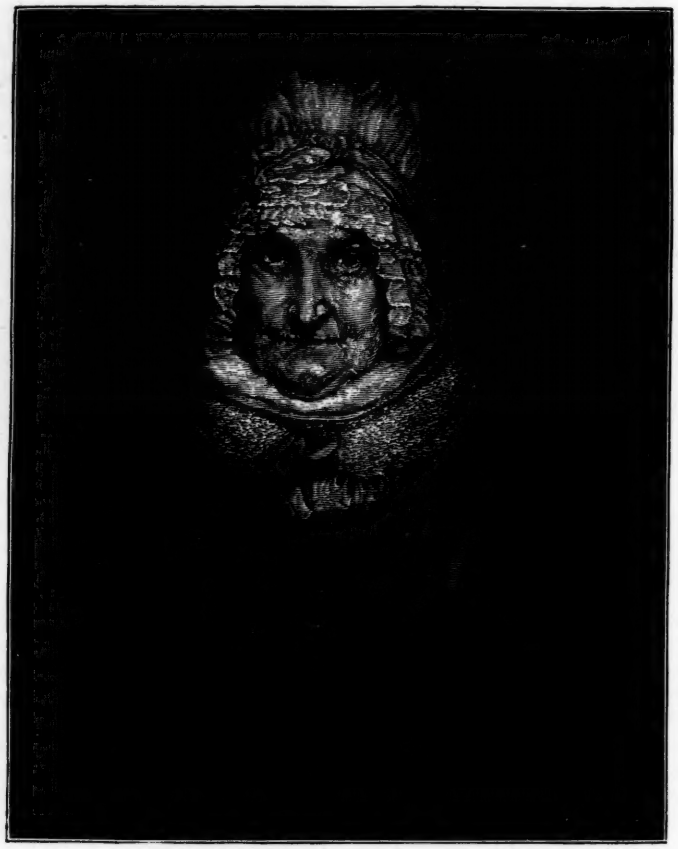
In the selection of ornament, no matter what its kind, ask yourself first of all, Is it fit for its position and purpose? Every one can form some opinion on that subject, and a little care should suffice to save cultivated people from rampant naturalism and the preposterous ornament that comes from it. Next, is it adapted to its material and to the method of its execution? That is not so easily answered. Some little knowledge of the subject is necessary here. But at least every one can abstain from that

which is obviously *not* apt. Lastly, is it beautiful? On that point no dictation is possible. Beauty is, as I have already insisted, not just a matter of liking; but we choose what we like, and wisely. We must first of all enjoy art if it is to help us, and the most unwholesome symptom in the connoisseur is the affectation of a preference which he does not feel. Insincerity is the most insuperable of difficulties. LEWIS F. DAY.

AN HOUR WITH THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

OF the eleventh winter collection of works by old and modern masters at the Royal Academy, it may probably be recorded that it resembled those preceding it in being one of the most enjoyable and instructive art exhibitions of the year. At least, such is an impression produced by a quiet stroll through the galleries, wherein the visitor will find that the exhibition, even without the examples by Holbein, is essentially one of portraiture.

My object in these few remarks is not to follow any particular rules of criticism, but to select a very few leading works which it appears to me may illustrate the character of the whole exhibition; and therefore I turn to our own great founder of the British school



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER.
(*By James Ward, R.A.*)

of portraiture, Reynolds, and with a delight I do not seek to disguise, call attention to the lovely example of his powers in "Lady Elizabeth Compton." Unlike Lawrence, who, living in an age and under the influence of a court notorious for its impurity, painted faces in which the cheeks were flushed, not with health but with rouge, and eyes bright, but not with an expression one cares to see, Reynolds gave to his figures and faces a character both of purity and graceful womanhood. In Lady Compton's portrait her ladyship, in full length, stands fronting the spectator; she wears a low white dress ornamented with gold, rests an arm on a rustic bench, and with one foot crossing the other shows sandals of blue ribbon. All will agree in admiring this charming picture, although the painting of the hands is open to adverse criticism.

Two other fine examples of Reynolds are the "Countess Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester," in which, however, the carnations are somewhat gone, and "Edmund Burke." The head of the "Rev. Mr. Score," by John Jackson, R.A., which we engrave on page 200, is a portrait of a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The artist, from a feeling of admiration for the works and of everything connected with our great first President, made this study, which he wished should always be retained in the family. The art student will feel interested in noting the masterly execution of the light and shade, and particularly the sensitively delicate treatment of the shadows.

As to Gainsborough's great powers as a landscape-painter, all will be agreed; but his title as a portrait-painter of the first class must surely be founded upon but very few works, like his "Blue Boy" and similar masterpieces. "Landscape with Cattle and Figures" and "The Harvest Wagon," by this master, are noble works. The latter picture is a beautifully characteristic example of English scenery painted in Gainsborough's best manner. How different, or rather indifferent, this painter's handiwork was in portraiture is surely apparent in the portrait of "Robert Nugent, Viscount Clare," wherein the work throughout is so generalised as to be scarcely of any value at all.

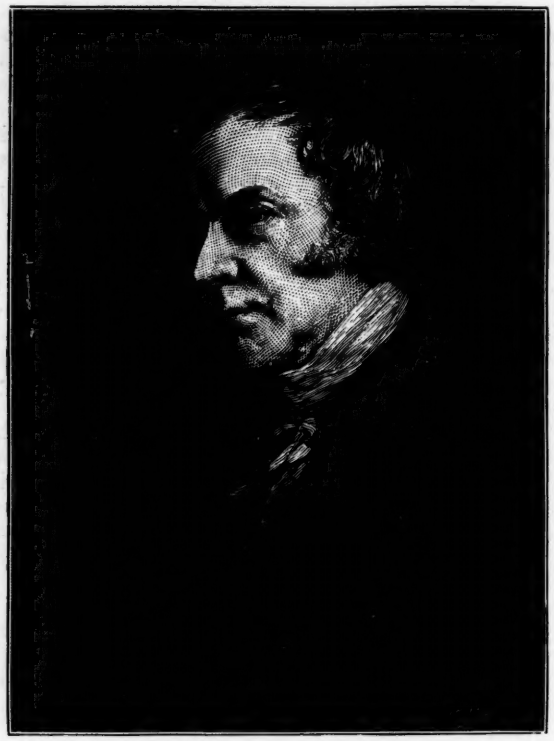
One of the most noteworthy portraits in the exhibition is "The Artist's Mother," by James Ward, R.A., the well-known animal painter, which, however, does not altogether realise the qualities called for in the limner's art; this portrait, as it is engraved in these columns, will speak for itself.

In the second gallery are two little cabinet gems of the Dutch school, of the authenticity of which there can be no shadow of doubt. The first, by Jan Steen, "The Guitar Lesson," is singularly free from the coarseness usually disfiguring that master's works. The scene is an interior of a room, in which a lady dressed in white satin is playing the guitar, whilst a gentleman at her side is instructing her, and in the background are two figures. The lady is probably pretty according to Steen's notion of female beauty, but at any rate the realisation of character is perfect, the execution admirable, and a suggestion of elegant social life one might have expected from Netscher, scarcely from this delineator of roystering drunken boors and similar individuals. But even more invaluable is Baron Rothschild's little panel, "The Tête-à-Tête," by Gabriel Metzu. Sometimes indulging in historical and allegorical designs, it can hardly be considered, however, that such were really his forte; the artist was certainly most at home in *genre* subjects, like the present. Metzu was, as we know, the intimate friend of Steen, but certainly was not impressed by that painter's idea of art. In Baron Rothschild's picture, a lady robed in white satin, red fur-trimmed cape, and white headdress, is seated at a table playing the guitar, opposite to her a cavalier, who is also seated, holding in his hand a wine-glass. The treatment of this work is exceptionally good, and whilst there is no lack of finish, the painting is remarkable for freedom of touch.

The interest one would naturally feel in the collection of Holbeins in the fourth gallery is somewhat marred by the number of works of doubtful authenticity which appear there. There can be no question that several are not by the hand of the great Augsburg master. To refer to a few of which no doubt can exist—a work of astonishing beauty and power, every touch indicating the master-hand of the sturdy, resolute Hans, who kicked Harry the Eighth's offending courtier downstairs, is "Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk." The duke is pictured in half length, life size, nearly full face, wearing a black cap, coat, and ermine-lined surcoat; he holds in his right hand the gold stick as Earl Marshal, and in the other the white staff as Lord Chamberlain. His life was a chequered one; for, Lord High Admiral of England, commanding at Flodden, he was loaded with honours by his sovereign; but on the disgrace of his niece, Katharine Howard, was found guilty of high treason, and would have been executed had not the implacable old tyrant,

Henry VIII., died the day preceding that appointed for the execution. Holbein's portrait shows him in his sixty-sixth year, his face suggesting a man of strong mind and will, and one, moreover, if the exigencies of the state necessitated it, who could be of inflexible purpose. What a lesson to modern artists is there in the lean, bony, nervously energetic hands! "Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan," is the famous life-size whole length portrait of the charming daughter of Christian II. of Denmark, from the Duke of Norfolk's collection. The pretty duchess is standing, full face towards us, her black hood concealing the upper part of her forehead, with white collar and cuffs, and her hands, one of which holds a glove, in front of her. The face wears a half-smiling and slightly satirical expression, and the modelling and execution of the work generally are beyond all commendation. It is more than a pity that the painting has been so "*restored*," that much of the original work has disappeared from the canvas. Other great examples of Holbein are "Sir William Butts," the king's physician, and his wife, "Lady Butts." "Sir Nicholas Carew," "Henry VIII.'s Master of the Horse," is also surely not by Holbein, but probably by some Flemish master. The only two remaining works I can refer to as undoubted originals are "Edward VI. when Prince of Wales," lent by the Duke of Northumberland, representing the little fellow as a child of the age of two years, wearing a striped skull-cap, and over it a red gold-embroidered cap with grey feather; crimson frock, cloth of gold under-jacket, white collar and frills. He is standing on a green velvet cloth thrown over a stone tablet, on which are inscribed some Latin lines by Sir Richard Morysine. This work, again, bears evidence of the master's touch, but has at one time or another been terribly bemauled by picture-cleaners. A bust, three-quarter face, black beard with a few grey hairs, "Portrait of a Man," is also a choice example of Holbein, of which the happy owner is Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A.

M. P. J.



THE REV. MR. SCORE.

(By John Jackson, R.A.)



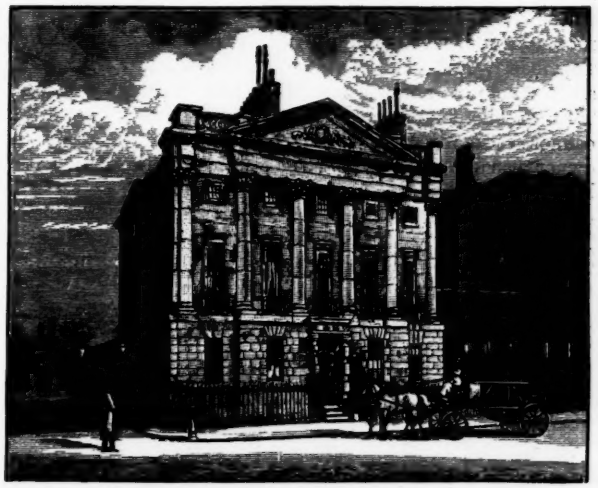
"VIOLET."

(From the Painting by George D. Leslie, R.A., in the possession of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Chas. H. Lindsay, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876.)

ART IN THE STREETS.—II.

IT was Sidney Smith who made the pleasant remark about a certain sermon or story being as long or monotonous as Wimpole Street, which, like the neighbouring Harley Street and others of the same pattern, exhibits the British house in its most uninteresting and feeble aspect. Indeed, an hour's walking through these thoroughfares, with an occasional patrol up and down Gower Street, would speedily reduce the highest spirits to a state of blank depression. The reason of this effect is that these are not properly "rows of houses," so much as stretches of wall pierced with windows, doors, etc. For the builder finds it far cheaper to build a long wall broken up by partitions into houses, than a number of separate mansions, and this has certainly been the destruction of all effective architecture in London.

On the other hand, if we turn to Portman, Berkeley, or Cavendish Squares, we shall find numbers of old British mansions, similar to that here engraved, of good effect and a certain majesty, and which belong to an era of better taste and more liberal ideas. Some of these, exceedingly simple and unpretending as to architectural ornament, have an air of dignity and spaciousness inconsistent with the scanty ground covered. This will be found to be owing to the sense of elegant proportion which then reigned. The architect seems to have considered what should be the height of his house in relation to its breadth, and to have made the spaces between his windows greater than that of the width of each window, and to have made the roof a marked feature. Now-a-days it is the fashion to make each window an opening running from the top to the bottom of the room, like a long glazed strip or doorway; whereas the true ideal of a window, at which you stand and "look out," is an opening with a parapet rising above the knees of the spectator, so that he is protected and has something to lean against, otherwise there is a sense of insecurity, and an idea that the knee or foot may break the glass. Without this moderation and homage to proportion there is no securing such a thing as a façade that shall be effective. Neither will the interior be effective, as it will be a room, not with its four sides, but with three—the side to the front being virtually open. If it be necessary to gain the balcony, one window should be in the nature of an honest doorway. How ineffective, too, is the average piece of cage-work that serves as a balcony—a precarious, ever-dangerous thing, never used—propped up on frail iron girders; or, where



11, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

it is substantial, formed out of the top of the portico, which has thus "a double debt to pay." This is a favourite device in the new houses in Belgravia, yet the effect is that of a makeshift. Infinitely more effective would it be to leave the portico to its own duty, and throw out in front of the windows a handsome gallery, as is done in the case of the Venetian palaces. If this were broad and flowing in its outline, detached from the doorway, and thrown out airily, it would become an elegant architectural feature. The solution of this and such questions is this: "Seek the thing that is desired, and fashion it so that it will carry out that view in the best way." As in this instance, let us ask ourselves for what do we desire this balcony? Is it not to come

out upon; to rest upon its balustrade, and look downwards and up and down the street; to be at the same time in perfect security; also that it shall have an airy effect, as something hung from the window? But these Belgravian balconies are regular structures solidly built—almost so much so as to rob the parlour windows below of all light and air.

Returning to our Portman Square type of house, it will be noted that the storeys are marked boldly on the façade, or, rather, declare themselves. This is owing to the sense of proportion before alluded to, the size of the windows being nicely graduated, and sufficient room being left between the bottom of one row and the top of the next for the eye to supply, as the portion between the floor and window-sill, or between the ceiling and the top of the window. We feel, in short, that there are rooms behind, with windows in them; whereas the modern-built house seems to consist of long, slim windows almost touching each other. This excellent and creditable type of house cannot escape notice. With good taste, the owner usually allows the old blackness of the bricks to remain unscoured, the surface being close and smooth as that of a billiard-table. The front is broad and low; the windows not too "tall;" the doorway narrow and unpretending, not burdened with thick pillars, and yet marked and effective, because proportioned to the house; the iron-work of the railings is good; and the two obelisks at the bottom of the steps quaint enough. Latterly the outline of most of these edifices has been spoiled by an additional storey.

Any one walking from Hyde Park Corner to Victoria Station will have noted the pretentious and costly stone mansions in Grosvenor Gardens, each with its tall spreading porch supported by Aberdeen granite columns. This covers in the whole of the steps; but as it is open on all sides, the effect is bad, and heavy without being solid. The vice lies in its affecting to be what it is not, for it gives no shelter from wind; and what with the balcony—the *real* object of its existence—and its own uselessness as to its own function, the result is a sort of shambling, disjointed air, very different from the direct purpose exhibited in the old well-built houses. There you can stand close and snug, the shoulder to the deep bay, the pillars which touch the wall acting as a protection. In some of the old houses about Soho, it is astonishing to see the effect and dignity of some such small and unpretending door.

Again, with regard to these Grosvenor Square and Portman Square houses, another reason for this good effect is that each is distinct and separate, and proclaims that it is distinct and separate. Each has something characteristic in its height, breadth, or treatment to show that it was built separately—that it had engrossed the attention of owner and builder exclusively during its erection. This thought and attention was not distributed over a long line of houses, or long wall divided into compartments. And, further, this idea of separate houses standing side by side finds its account not merely in the picturesqueness derived from inequality, but in a greater comfort, security from noise, to say nothing of the dignity arising from the apparent separation (though the houses touch), and independence. In the other system the shabby device of one wall doing duty between every two houses makes the whole row virtually one house separated



WATERLOO BRIDGE.

into compartments by partitioning walls. And, indeed, it appears to be no more on the outside. This can be noticed particularly in a huge stone block, with its high Mansard roof and elaborate chimneys, in the Grosvenor Gardens—a triangle rather than "square"—which is close to the Victoria Station. It has wings and a centre, and a kind of Hôtel de Ville look. Yet this is really made up of a dozen houses, while each individually suffers from the spectator's disappointment, and becomes smaller and more pitiful from their merely forming elements in a great whole. From such an outline one would expect indications of vast apartments and halls. Instead, we can trace the small drawing-rooms and smaller doors. The façade seems to say, "See, I am a building!" while the divisions make a counter-protest, and proclaim, "No; we are a number of small houses!" Thus they neutralise each other.

Another reason for the good effect and genial satisfactory air of these old London houses, is the famous brick-work which they exhibit. Of this fine material little is really understood now-a-days, and the whole treatment, the make of the bricks, their "setting" and arrangement, is on wholly false principles. The old brick was good, sound, close, well-baked—and rather a tile than a brick; the new brick is a lump of mud dried in the fire, open, its surface full of holes, and, like Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton, "ill-kept, ill-dressed, ill-served, and as bad as bad can be." The idea of a true and well-built brick wall should be a smooth surface, the edges of the different bricks lying close, as in a well-built



THE VICTORIA TOWER, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

wall of cut stone, so that by-and-by the whole, by the action of the weather and its own, shall become one mass, in which the details shall be scarcely noticed.

In modern brick-work we have the system of "pointing," which marks the outline of every brick by a staring white line, which is the builder's ideal of everything that is neat, clean, and perfect. The principle is quite a false one, for the divisions between a number of objects like bricks should be rather effaced than marked, and the mere "joinings" of any two objects should only be indicated. "Pointing" dwarfs and contracts a house, destroys the sense of sober outline; for the eye is diverted to the minute and glaring details. But, unfortunately, this "pointing" is a necessity, for it is used to hide the vice of the modern bad brick-work. Mortar being now cheaper than bricks, the aim of the builder is to interpose between the courses a sufficient layer of mortar, often as deep as half or three-quarters of an inch, so that in half a dozen courses this mortar-work will be equivalent to a layer of bricks, and in the height of a house a great many courses will be saved. Thus there is a surface of mortar which the weather soon wears away, and the bricks not resting on each other, their edges also decay. The only remedy is the pointing process. Thus we see how nearly related are good taste and good workmanship. In the old brick-work the bricks lay close, secured by just so much mortar as would *paste* them together, neither air nor wet could get in, and the houses were warm and firm. Such is the philosophy of true and false brick-work. Scattered about London there are very many picturesque old houses built of good sound bricks. These become, of course, encrusted with dirt, and the repairer scrapes the whole skin away, and duly points. The effect of this treatment in some of the old houses, where red and yellow bricks are mixed, is truly horrible; for their own original colour is not left to view, but a gaudy mixture is daubed over. The white of the "pointing" is, in its turn, neatly flanked with a crimson cement, and the mixture produces a result like the dyed and raddled face of some old impostor. Grimed and black as it may be, the old surface attained a certain hardness and smoothness. To find the opposite of this, we have only to go down to Delahay Street, and look at Judge Jeffrey's house, a well-designed, portly brick mansion, in fine condition, the brick-work dark as old furniture, with its good roof and effective cornice. By-and-by some new tenant will come and scrape and "point" to his heart's content.

This old mansion (see page 208), which is considered one of the best bits of old brick-work in London, presents a good instance of the old mode of joining the roof to the house by a cornice. Such a mode seems infinitely more suitable and satisfactory than the modern slate edging projecting over, looking as precarious as it is really frail, or the mean parapet, behind which the meaner roof skulks, as if ashamed of itself. The roof is the "hat" of the house, and should be as boldly expressive as the good broad brim of the cavalier days. Such was the old pattern, but the modern type is as "skimpy" and poor as the modern hat with its meagre brim. The angle of the old roof is always boldly obtuse, or almost a right angle; that of the modern very acute, which, of course, entails weakness. For the same reason, the large slates look inharmonious; they seem like slabs laid on. Neither are they secure, as they crack when anything falls on them, and get loose easily. But nothing is more welcome than the detail of small slates, which cover the roof like a woven texture, while each slate becomes incrusted in the rest. The effect, as can be seen in the high roofs, is most picturesque; we feel that it is the true system, and so Mr. Street has adopted it for his Law Courts.

In London it is melancholy to think how many fine architectural buildings have been lost or spoiled; and the surprise is, that with the mean instincts of vestrymen and boardmen, more terrible blunders have not been committed. It might seem difficult to name what is the finest structure, or "thing," in London. We should certainly be inclined to think that the boldest, most noble-looking object is—Waterloo Bridge (p. 204). The solidity and simplicity, the size, the directness and straight line with which it sweeps across the river, are truly ennobling and majestic; as Canova said, "It was worthy of the Romans." It is a grand road-way, and conveys the idea of the land being continued, instead of being a means of crossing the water. When we compare it with its fellows, we can see how steadily the spirit of bridge-building has deteriorated. Westminster has a certain elegance, but is trifling compared with the other. The new Blackfriars Bridge, with its enormous dumpy columns, supporting nothing but a recess for a seat or two, is a gross, uninviting, commonplace sort of thing. It is extraordinary that, in this land of iron, some attempt has not been made at

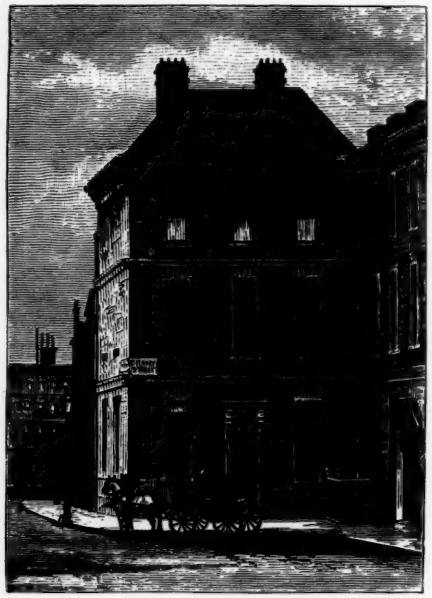
treating iron airily, for there always is a waste of strength. The girders and springing arches of iron that support the roof of the Great Midland Station seem needlessly massive. Light iron sprays springing in branches from a trunk, and fining off into twigs of metal—the supporting power being distributed according to the laws of strains—would surely be sufficient, more elegant, and less costly.



THE LAW COURTS.

As we are now at the river-side, we may continue to note what our artistic sense makes us observe. Standing by Westminster Bridge, or approaching it from the Embankment, it must be said that the view and general combination of objects is very fine. The clock-tower is original, the pinnacles and mullions behind and beside it, the bridge, and the river itself make a very striking collection of objects. It is curious, too, to think that the whole, even to the very ground on which we stand, the bridge, the buildings, are all new, and set there within the last thirty or forty years. It has been urged that if the Houses of Parliament had been built upon a platform raised to the level of the bridge, the effect would have been finer. But this may be doubted. A building built at the water's edge should surely spring from the water's edge, and there is, moreover, a certain piquancy in the different levels. What, too, would have been done with Westminster Hall? There is a fact, however, connected with this building which is not generally known. The Victoria tower (page 205) was intended to be the chief feature, as, indeed, its enormous dimensions betoken. Yet who is there that has not found the effect unsatisfactory? It seems dumpy, inelegant, and certainly does not give the idea of a vast towering mass. The fact is that the proportions have been spoiled, or lost, as it is some twenty or thirty feet too short, and this has destroyed all sense of height or airy elegance. Parliament, after a certain height had been reached, stepped in, and required the builder to stop. In possession of this knowledge, we at once see why it is that the eye is so painfully affected, and that a sense of unutterable squatness is ever present. It seems rather a great building than a tower; and, as we mentally supply the missing portion, we can see how it would have drawn together the rather scattered elements of the main building, and shortened the length of the river façade. Not so well known either is the fact that the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square has been maimed in a similar way, being shorter by many feet than it ought to be. This is unfortunate for "the finest site in Europe"—a truly ridiculous boast. The *coup-d'œil*, however, is gay and effective enough, though the arrangement of the Square is but an indifferent one. Still, we would not part with the National Gallery, for all the abuse that has been showered on it; for there is an effect in its long and broken front full of shadows, and we know not what new-born monster may take its place. Even now a sort of yellow campanile, belonging to the new additions, lifts itself from behind, and is anything but reassuring. The pepper-caster cupolas could be modified. But anything would be better than such terribly garish structures of terra-cotta as the new Museum of Natural History. The buildings on the two sides of the Square—Morley's Hotel and the College of Physicians—are not bad; even the hotel seems

more to harmonise with the view than the pretentious "Grand Hotel" that has risen in front of it. With taste, much could be done to improve the Square. Two or three broad flights of steps might lead down from the gallery, instead of the balustrade which now runs across. The present steps are clumsy and awkward. The basins of the fountains are surely too vast for the fountains, and for the space on which they are placed. There is an unmeaning row of stone posts running across by the Landseer lions. The walls that



JUDGE JEFFREY'S HOUSE.

slope down at each side are quite fortress-like, and, above all, the statues are arranged in a most capricious and inartistic fashion. The London theory appears to be that all statues must be herded together as much as possible, as if in a museum: witness the gathering at Palace Yard, where a sort of *quadrille* of statues is being formed. A statue will tolerate no rival; and, indeed, to have due effect should be the centre of a space. This naturally flows from the compliment paid to the personage represented, and the costly form it takes. These effigies should be put more back, on broad substantial pedestals. The present ones are mean and ill-proportioned. Or they should be used as architectural adornments as corners to the Square, much as are the well-known figures on the bridge of St. Angelo in Rome.

Returning to Westminster Bridge, we find that the clock-tower has, within the last few years, been made to do unmeaning service, being turned into a sort of beacon or gigantic lamp-post — not, indeed, to give light or a warning of danger—but to announce, to whom it may concern, that the House is *not* up. This may seem, at first sight, an indifferent matter, and one that would have but little bearing on a question of art. Yet there can be no question that it acts as a pernicious schoolmaster, and insensibly preaches what is mean and degrading. The tower was a useful and faithful servant; "Big Ben" booming out—albeit a little hoarse and cracked—the hours by day, and the huge illuminated dial telling the hour by night. It could be seen from afar, and the note heard still further away. It was a handsome and pleasant object to look at. Suddenly a gap is made in its fret-work over the dial, an ugly semi-circular lantern is thrust out, which, through the night, gives out a fierce glare. All is changed, and with it the associations are changed. The handsome clock-tower is now present, to our minds, as a sort of gigantic candlestick, with the associations of smoke, fierce heat, flare, and glare. The light is not, as in many cases, hung out from the tower beaconwise, but the tower itself is the beacon. The effect of the association is disastrous to a degree that is not utopian or fanciful; for there is always something degrading in seeing a fine and noble object reduced to base uses; and it familiarises the crowd with the idea of noble things in the moral order being thus also degraded. An air of triviality is also suggested, this elaborate and conspicuous device being adopted for a matter of trifling convenience. Again: from the elaborate open-work character of the "cap," or head, of the clock-tower, as well as from its function of holding a number of bells large and small, for which there is no room save in the body of the tower itself, it was to be expected that the whole was to be pierced, and have an airy, open treatment like a church spire. This was actually the architect's intention, as will be seen from the slits that ran all the way up. These, however, he was forced to "glaze," and fill in with windows, which gives the whole a heavy, clumsy air, instead of a lightness and elegance. And *àpropos* of clock-towers, Mr. Street's new clock at the Law Courts (page 207), hung out in the picturesque style of Bow Church,

is surely too trivial and small. The fine massive tower behind seems to be holding out a watch instead of a clock, and is thus actually robbed of its own majesty. These may seem trifling matters to dwell on, but the principle involved goes to the root of all art. Most passers-by will see that something is wrong, but perhaps may not recognise the principle, that where an object is out of proportion to the function set to it, either in excess or deficiency, it will appear grosser or smaller than it is actually. Thus, a pediment supported on two slender pillars will appear heavier than it really is; or, in the reverse case, the pillars will appear to be stouter and more "dumpy" than they are. It is as with a man with a hat too small or a coat too tight for him. The contrast makes him seem too large, instead of the coat too small, and so with Mr. Street's clock.

It may be thought that out of such trivial matters as lamp-posts and railings not much in the way of art principle could be extracted. Yet these are most important elements in a great city, for the gratification of the eye, or offence to the nice instinct of good taste, from their being encountered at every step. A street lamp, and a railing to a house or public garden, involve design, elegance, fitness, pleasure, or repugnance. As a matter of fact, nothing could be worse than such things in London. They answer their purpose fairly well, and we are accustomed to them, but in design and construction they are, for the most part, rude and barbarous. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Ruskin, standing before a street lamp, could illustrate by it most of the principles of art and design, and, further, could show very clearly what should be the true artistic model.

A lamp-post is a lantern set on a hollow pillar or post, of such a height as to illuminate a distance of a hundred yards or so in every direction. It would not seem difficult, therefore, to carry out this aim by means of an elegant or becoming arrangement. Yet the attempts made have been of the rudest kind, as will be seen by the specimens of the old and the new or improved street lamps set up in the City. An object also is to have the framework that holds the lantern as light as possible, so that there shall be nothing to cast shadows on the ground below, and make the space round the lamp dark. Hence we find the lantern secured to the post in the most precarious way, so that we often see it bent or ready to drop off. The pillar itself is fashioned with a shaft and pedestal, with some attempt at a Grecian model, and is planted in the ground like a tree, so that it is often out of the perpendicular. In short, it is a combination of shifts and failures entailing constant repairs.

Now this comes from not seeking the true principles, and carrying them out. A lamp-post is not only a post, but a tube for conveying the illuminating fluid; this therefore should be expressed, and no attempt be made at representing a solid Grecian pillar, with a long rectangular pedestal. It should be round and widening; for greater strength would, of course, be required near the ground. The lantern, too, should not affect to be a transport case placed like the old oil ones, to be taken out and put in again, but a cover or shield from the blast, which is lifted off and on the end of the tube to which the jet is affixed. With these principles kept in view, the French set to work, and in Paris and other leading towns we find an elegant specimen of the gas "standard."

In connection with this subject it may be said that the gaselier system, with its weights and globes—the cumbrous attempt at making what is detached appear fixed, and *vice versâ*—is one of the most disagreeable standing violations, to a refined or cultivated eye, of all art rules that can be conceived. In modern churches we find the system of brass "standards," with little bouquets of flame-jets of fiery spray, without "globes," giving the air of gas torches. That this is the natural and most becoming mode there can be no doubt. That handsome music room, the St. James's Hall, was illuminated by a number of such sprays hung from the ceiling in the air, and there was a certain fanciful airiness in the effect. Now, some two or three fiery furnaces, yclept "sunlights," rage and glare aloft. In a dining-room, however, the gaselier must be hung from the ceiling, and the flame must be shielded. It would not, surely, be difficult to devise something more artistic than the "globe," with its rickety support, and the singular device of screws, claws, etc., by which it is fixed in its place. There should be no attempt at imitating a hanging chandelier, but there should be a fixed firm tube descending from the ceiling, and supporting branches. Some sort of graceful-looking lantern could be devised, a skeleton frame into which the glass could be inserted. By keeping what is desired steadily in view, artistic means of execution will be certain to suggest themselves.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE KYRLE SOCIETY.



THE Kyrle Society, which takes its name from the "Man of Ross" (the Howard of his age, who for his goodness to the poor deserved to be celebrated, according to Dr. Warton, "beyond any of the heroes of Pindar"), was founded about two years ago with the object "of bringing the refining and cheering influences of natural and artistic beauty home to the people." It numbers amongst its supporters Prince Leopold, Princess Louise, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Ronald Gower, besides Mr. William Morris, Mr. Watts, and other artists.

It was felt by its originators that hitherto, in all schemes for the benefit of the poor, the fact that beautiful and attractive objects seldom entered into their lives had been almost entirely overlooked. Much has been done in the various parishes for their bodily wants, but few people seemed to think that the poor, as well as the rich, needed something more than meat and drink to make their lives complete.

A few years ago it was thought by many earnest-minded people that beautiful things were, if not sinful, at least unnecessary, and might tend to lead our thoughts away from the higher life; but, fortunately, such mistaken ideas have given way to a growing desire to make our surroundings as harmonious and lovely as possible. When we look around us and see the harmony which pervades all nature, and how wonderful is the beauty which fills our earth, so that the tiniest flower speaks aloud to us of the supreme power of the great Father of us all, we must feel that He intended us to enjoy all His marvellous works. It would be very selfish, if those who have the means to beautify and elevate their lives did not try to bring some of this beauty home to the poor. It is in large towns, especially London, that the poor lead the saddest lives; the ugliness, monotony, and coarseness that surround them everywhere depress and weigh them down equally with their poverty. They cannot spare either the time or money to go often into the country, their visits to picture-galleries and museums can be but rare, and, as yet, little can be done to decorate their homes; they are thus debarred from the powerful and refining influences which might be derived from tasteful and harmonious surroundings.

Conscious of the difficulty of supplying this loss in the homes themselves, it was resolved by the Kyrle Society to beautify and decorate, as far as possible, by means of pictures, mural decorations, flowers, and other attractive objects, public rooms, such as hospital wards, workmen's clubs, school and mission rooms. The largest work undertaken by the Society has been the decoration of two of the wards of Westminster Hospital—the Women's Convalescent and the Bouverie Ward. The designs for the former were given by Mr. William Morris, and the work was carried out under his direction. The walls are a pale green, till within about two feet of the ceiling line, where a frieze has been executed, introducing a conventional treatment of fruit and foliage. They are hung with engravings, which were given to the Society, for this special purpose, by Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall.

The Bouverie Ward was decorated entirely by volunteer workers. The whole of the painting is executed upon a patent washable material, and consists of a frieze of wild flowers, symbolical of the four seasons. Immediately above this frieze, and below the ceiling, mottoes are painted in clear and distinct characters. The panels of the doors and cupboards are adorned with fruits and flowers. The fireplace is of ebonised wood, with alternate panels of American walnut and tiles, and above is a chimney-piece, with divided shelves and a looking-glass. Thus, wherever the eye turns it finds something pleasant to rest upon, and the decoration has been fully appreciated by the inmates. A lady belonging to the Society relates the following anecdote, which will show how much the poor appreciate the efforts of those who are so kindly striving to brighten and cheer their lives. When visiting the Bouverie Ward, in order to judge of the finished work, she went up to the bedside of one of the patients, who said to her, "I knowed you directly I seed you; you painted our club." "Yes," the

lady replied, "I did, but I am afraid the flowers are getting dingy and dirty." "Oh, no, they ain't; we likes 'em, and we keeps 'em bright and clean;" and then, after some sympathetic talk about his ailments, he whispered, "Do you know, marm, I think it is almost a blessed thing to be ill to come here in this lovely place?" Now this was not intended as a compliment, for the poor man was so impressed by the beauty, cleanliness, and kindness which he found in the Bouverie Ward that he could only whisper his thanks to his kind friend. This little anecdote will appear to most minds very touching, and is but one amongst many which might be told showing how deeply the hearts of the poor have been touched by the sight of this artistic decoration, as unexpected as it is lovely. The thought that so much trouble has been taken to cheer and please them makes them wishful to show, by the future conduct of their lives, that the good lessons they have acquired in the hospital, in which beauty, order, and cleanliness are combined, are not only not lost upon them, but are carried away to their own homes, to be copied as far as means and aptitude will permit. It may be as well to mention that the whole of the work has been arranged so that it can easily be removed without injury, and thus allow for the annual cleansing of the rooms. Similar work, though on a smaller scale, has been effected in another ward of the hospital.

Of other institutions which the Society has decorated or otherwise improved, the principal are the Mission Room in Great Ormond Yard, rooms in the Boys' Refuge, Whitechapel, the Working Boys' Home, Southwark, the Girls' Home, Charlotte Street, and the College for Working Women in Fitzroy Street.

Besides permanent mural decorations to many workmen's clubs, a good deal has been done by this Society by means of loans of pictures. When a workmen's club is first started, it is an important element in its success to make the room look as cheerful and inviting as possible. In such cases application is often made to the Kyrle Society. As it is, however, difficult to tell beforehand whether a new club will prosper or not, pictures are never *given*, but granted on loan for six months, with the understanding that they are to be returned before that time if the club be given up; if it survives, a fresh application must be made at the expiration of the six months. Should the institution then seem to be on a permanent footing, the pictures are presented to the club. This has been found to be a most useful branch of the Society's work, and the presence of interesting and nicely framed drawings or photographs on the walls often leads members to make efforts of their own to improve still further the general appearance of the room, and to feel a pride in making it look as pretty and bright as they can.

A voluntary choir of singers has been organised, to give oratorios and concerts in churches, halls, and school-rooms situated in the poorest parts of London, where good music could hardly otherwise be heard; and believing, as we all must, that men are ennobled and raised to higher levels by lovely and harmonious sights and sounds, surely no work of this Society, which strives so earnestly to elevate the thoughts of the poor by means of such powerful influences, ought to be more supported than this. It may be that music touches the human heart more nearly than any other of the gracious gifts of Providence. How often the most callous and hardened reprobate is softened when upon his ear fall some well-remembered strains, sung perchance by his mother in his innocent childhood—

> "Songs that have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care."

In teaching the poor and neglected by means of music and other beautiful things, we may hope, with some confidence, to lead them gradually away from the ignorance and vice in which so many dwell, and nearer to the pure light of knowledge and goodness.

Another aim of the Society has been the procuring and preserving of open spaces. For this purpose a special sub-committee has been formed. It was mainly owing to the representations made by the Kyrle Society, and the Commons Preservation Society, that the Corporation of the City of London were induced to purchase Burnham Beeches, and to give the ground for the use of the public for ever. The committee are now trying to procure the opening of Lincoln's Inn Fields at stated times to the children of the neighbourhood. Efforts are also in progress to secure the site of the Horsemonger Lane Gaol for a public garden. The Society is very anxious to enlist the sympathies of landowners in the needs of the people, and to encourage the dedication of private land to public use.

The importance in London of open ground as mere breathing-space cannot be over-estimated. The Kyrle Society has helped in converting long-disused churchyards, or any other available strips of waste ground, into

pretty gardens. Such churchyards are often found in crowded neighbourhoods, far away from the parks, or any other cultivated places, and where it is a great relief and enjoyment to those of our poor who live in some dark, unhealthy alley or court, to be able to sit quietly in one of these "open-air sitting-rooms" and forget for a while, in the peace and beauty that surround them, the cares and troubles of their daily lives. Perhaps it is not too much to say that many of the poorer working classes, who frequent these gardens, find therein the only glimpse they may be able to obtain of nature in her simplest and prettiest forms of flowers, grass, and trees.

All the undertakings of the Society are carried on by voluntary workers, who, assisted by the kindly interest and co-operation of the eminent artists above referred to, give much time and trouble in the preparation of beautiful and artistic objects. It is believed that other persons would be willing to co-operate with the present members if the beneficent objects of the Society were more widely known, and that in this way its modest and useful work may be promoted. Should any of the readers of this Magazine sympathise with the objects of the Kyrle Society, and be desirous to further its efforts by personal help, it may be useful to note here that the address of the Honorary Secretary is 14, Nottingham Place, London. Quarterly reports are published by the Society, giving an account of what work has already been accomplished, and what kind of help is most needed.

FAVOURITE SKETCHING GROUNDS: LULWORTH COVE, DORSETSHIRE.

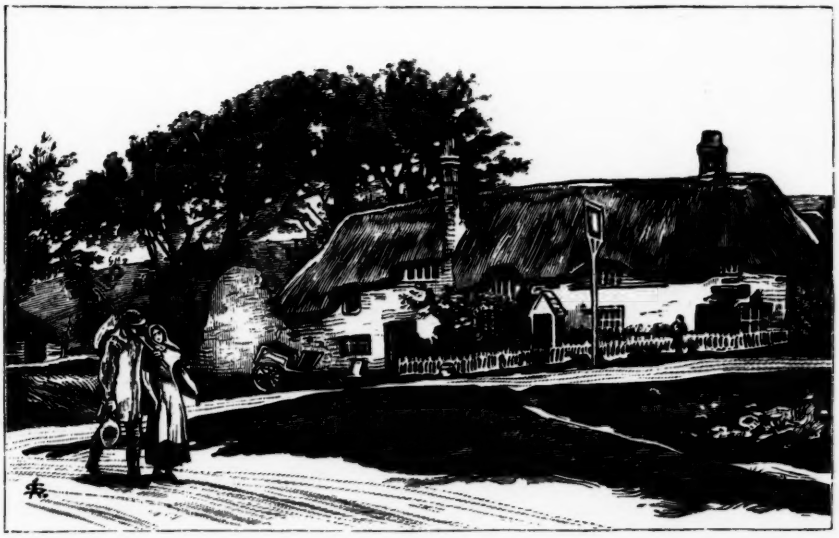
LULWORTH COVE, with its rock-girdled lap of blue sea, is a place quite unique of its kind. East and west along the south coast we may look in vain for so completely a land-locked inlet of the sea. Approached by water, it gives no hint of its existence until our boat is actually abreast of the entrance, so narrow and over-lapping is the opening in the face of the jagged cliffs, through which the blue-green sea finds its way into the circular basin worn in the chalk during countless ages by the restless tides. Coming upon it from the land, and seen from the summit of one of the lofty downs, in the midst of which, gem-like, it lies embosomed, it is not the less striking. Only of late years has the strip of Dorsetshire coast between Weymouth on the west and St. Alban's Head on the east—and of which Lulworth is about the



THE COVE.

centre—become generally popular with the brethren of the brush. Turner knew it, as what paintable place did he not know? and Clarkson Stanfield knew it, and worked along it many and many a year ago. But its popularity as an artist's haunt is of comparatively recent date.

The best way of reaching Lulworth is by the South-Western Railway, stopping at the little by-station of Wool, the first beyond Wareham, and about eight miles short of Dorchester. Here a walk—or, if the explorer be fortunate enough to get a conveyance, a drive—of five miles will bring him to the village of East Lulworth. The way lies across a wildish bit of common, and then skirting the noble trees of Lulworth Park and Castle (page 215), the seat of the Welds, it emerges at some cross-roads upon the Downs. Turning to the right and west, and winding in amongst these "grand steadfast forms," the character of the country through which the road passes is completely changed. Beyond a few wind-worn trees here and there, and some isolated, yet straggling copses, no foliage breaks the varied, rolling outline of the Downs; whilst glimpses of the sea are caught at the termination of some of their lowest valleys. Ever descending, and passing the little square-towered church, and away through the scattered thatched cottages of the village, with their patches of garden ground, old draw-wells, farm-sheds, and the like, the route gradually winds down to the margin of the cove, or stopping some yards short of this, brings up at the little inn named after the place. Towering hills rise on either hand, precipitous to the left, more gently sloping to the right, but everywhere smooth and grassy, save where the top of a jagged cliff peeps up at intervals, and conspicuously the summit whereon the coastguard look-out stands with its flag-staff dominating the western side of the entrance to the little natural harbour. A fine coast and sea view is to be had from this spot, with the long flat line of Weymouth and the Chesil Bank, ending in the bold form of Portland, prominent on the western horizon. It is the coast, of course, which forms the attraction of this locality for the artist. Essentially wild, bold, and irregular, much indented and varied in outline, it will supply him with endless subjects. Even here, at our very feet, to the right of the look-out, there is a grand and romantic mass of reft and fissured crag called "Star-Hole," probably on account of the star-shaped little arches at its base, through which the waves thunder and roar, into a second and miniature cove, oblong in form.

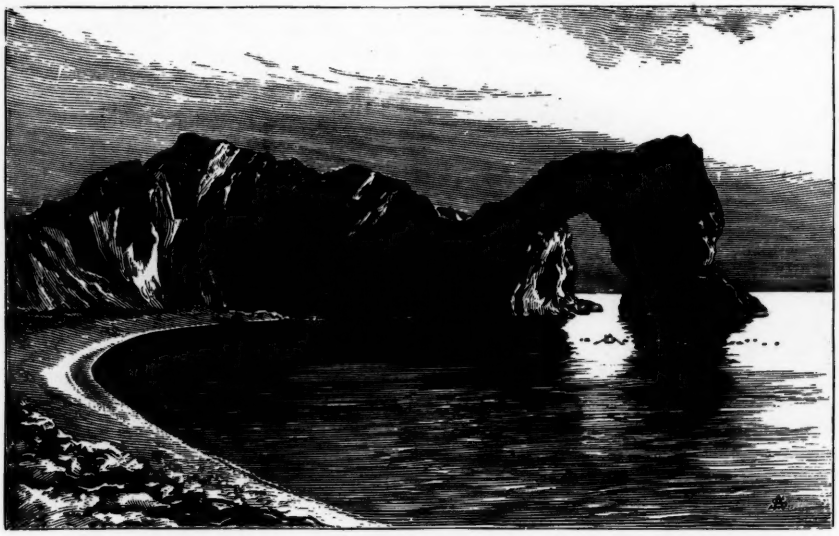


"THE CASTLE" INN.

Much may be and has been done with this queer nook. As a mermaid's haunt, a smuggler's retreat, the wrecker's stronghold—for any such subject it would be available as a background or principal feature. Westward still, a big bluff juts out seaward, rising to a

great height, surmounting which, by a sturdy trudge over the springy, sweet-scented, sheep-browsed grass, we drop into a finely sweeping bay of great extent. This is faced by perpendicular cliffs, margined alternately, according to the tide, with golden sand, silvery beach, or rich brown rock, and terminated at its western horn by an impassable and finely outlined round, crested crag.

This same bluff or crag, again, upon its western side, takes the shape of a majestic arch, pinnacled and pointed in the mass through which the orifice is worn, and once more becoming the breakwater of a cove, one side overlooks from the lofty downs, and a few isolated studies of old cottages and sketches of village bits, inland there is not much to hold him long. To the coast, then, he will inevitably give his attention, and amidst the varied masses of tide-worn boulders and seaweed-fringed rocks of fine colour and form, quiet tide-left pools, furrowed sand and most picturesque beach and shore, he will find ample food for brush and pencil. Eastward the actual shore is more generally accessible than to the westward, when once the boundaries of the cove are passed. Less lofty and less perpendicular, many a rough-and-tumble path is to be found



DURDLE-DOOR.

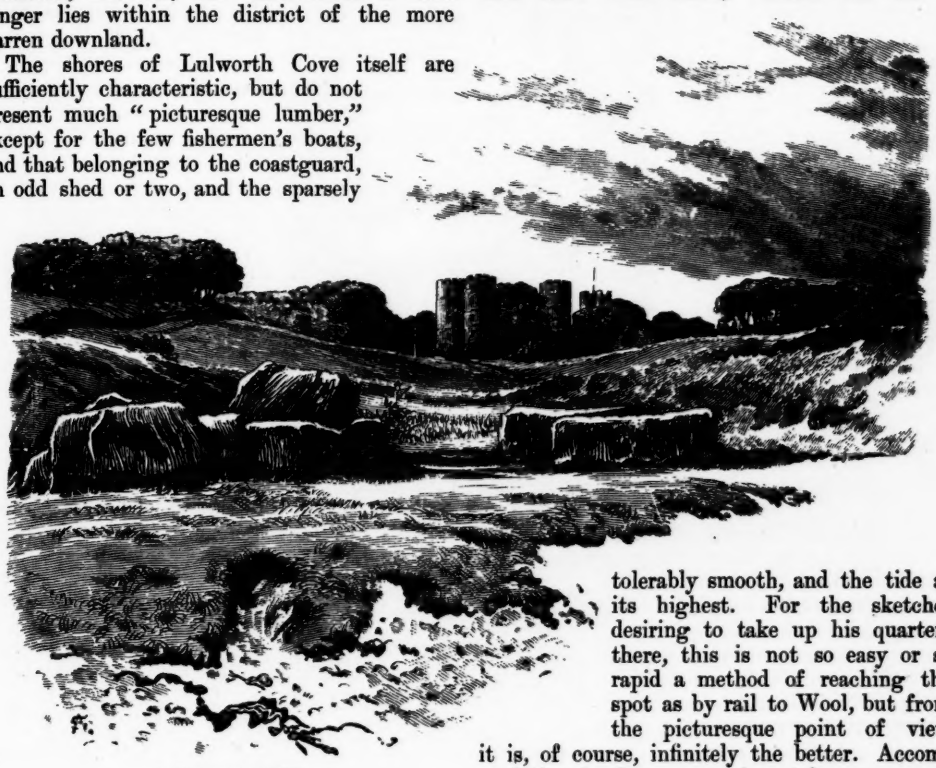
of which, however, is wide and open, trends away into another bay, this time ending with a sheer down white-faced cliff of enormous height known as "Whitenose." The natural arch aforesaid is called "Durdle-Door," and will be regarded with great interest by every painter whose taste runs geologically, or towards the romantic.

In conjunction with the sheltered water upon its landward side, it makes a fine subject for study, sketch, or picture. Beyond Whitenose the coast softens in character, until by degrees it loses itself in low hills and the sandy flat shores of Weymouth Bay. The artist, therefore, clings to Lulworth Cove and its immediate neighbourhood, and should now explore the cliffs and rocky shores to the east of it. For it may as well be said here, that beyond grand down to the beach, over the cliff, and so the deep, varied, and irregular indentations of the coast can be got at readily.

Abreast of a spot hereabouts known as "Beacon Hole," several large groups of jagged, isolated rock run out to sea, looking like the ugly teeth of some skeleton mammoth, against and around which the angry waves roar and dash themselves furiously into clouds of spray. With a gale blowing from the south-east, nothing can exceed the wild grandeur and desolation of the scene that is here presented. Woe betide the hapless barque, beating up Channel, that does not give it a wide berth! The Bay of Warborough, of which this line of rock makes the western horn, and the valley running up from it, with the little streamlet finding its way to the sea, may be called the

limit of the Lulworth sketching district. Beyond this, to the eastward, the cliffs rise again until they reach St. Alban's Head, and, as it were, form a natural barrier to our progress along the coast. Do we desire to explore yet further, we are obliged to strike almost inland, and mounting once more the billowy downs, find the aspect of the country gradually changing. Fine and extensive as are the views herefrom, however, our business for a little longer lies within the district of the more barren downland.

The shores of Lulworth Cove itself are sufficiently characteristic, but do not present much "picturesque lumber," except for the few fishermen's boats, and that belonging to the coastguard, an odd shed or two, and the sparsely



LULWORTH CASTLE.

dotted houses that straggle down the narrow road to the beach. Lulworth village has not much claim upon the artist's attention. Emphatically, as has been said, it is the neighbouring coast that induces him to make it a favourite haunt, and though chalk is the prevailing geological formation, it is sufficiently intermingled with others to give it plenty of colour and variety, and though a considerable distance off, it may be recommended as the wildest piece of coast scenery within easy reach of the metropolis. Throughout the summer months a little steamer makes excursions two or three times a week from Swanage or Weymouth to Lulworth Cove. In fine weather this is a delightful trip, as by no other means can a fair estimate of the boldness and grandeur of the coast scenery be arrived at. The approach and entrance to the Cove, as has been hinted, is especially striking, and has been likened to Balaclava in miniature. The way, however, is so narrow and treacherous that no attempt is ever made to run the steamer into the "blue basin," unless the sea is tolerably smooth, and the tide at its highest. For the sketcher desiring to take up his quarters there, this is not so easy or so rapid a method of reaching the spot as by rail to Wool, but from the picturesque point of view it is, of course, infinitely the better. Accommodation in the summer is not by any means certain to be found on a sudden, for the small inn is much frequented, and lodgings are scarce, for the simple reason that the cottages and houses are equally so. Lulworth is certainly not a place to go to with the intention of staying, unless arrangements for the purpose have been made beforehand.

As is the case, generally, on a wild unfrequented coast of this description, the sea-bird, in many of its varieties, abounds, and in the breeding season a rare spectacle is presented of feathered life all along the cliffy heights. The cormorant finds many a stronghold amidst the inaccessible crags and peaks of such places as "Durdle-Door" (page 214) and "Star-Hole,"

and coming round a headland suddenly in a boat upon the outer face of these, fine accidental incidents, appropriate to such scenery, may be seen arising out of the scare created amongst these huge, weird, uncanny-looking birds. Almost at all seasons, too, the common gull makes the air sadly melodious with his call, or odd, short, little, sharp pipe; and with his bright wings carries off gently into the sky and sea-tones, the sometimes over-dazzling brilliancy of the white chalk cliffs. Puffins, kitty-wakes, and the rest likewise abound, offering no mean addition by contrast to the general feeling of solitude which the region engenders; for though, in one sense, the absence of fishing-boats and their kindred incidents is a drawback to Lulworth from the artist's point of view, it is, in a measure, compensated for by the undisturbed tranquillity to be found on every height, and in every bay and inlet. Beyond a solitary boatman occasionally to be observed hauling up or lowering his lobster-pots in some deep rocky creek, or the shepherd and his dog tending the flock that has wandered hard upon the verge of the tall cliffs, and now and then the coast-guard on the look-out, or passing between the white-washed barracks, which, on this as along all our shores, peep up at intervals, there is no life going on. "The fisherman's boy," or "the sailor lad," is a rarity in this sequestered district, and, except in an odd instance or two, there is no seafaring population to give it much attraction in the eyes of a figure-painter. Nevertheless it may be added that Mr. Millais spent several weeks here painting his notable picture of "The Romans leaving Britain;" but he, to be sure, did not select that black-eyed, dark-haired beauty, or the stalwart Roman warrior, her lover, from the natives. It was again the fine out-look upon the irregular coast and open sea, the background to his incident, that drew our eminent painter to the spot, and so finally we come back to the fact that it is to cliffs and sea and rocky, wild, bold shore that the artist, who would make Lulworth his head-quarters, must look for his subjects.



THE SPRING.

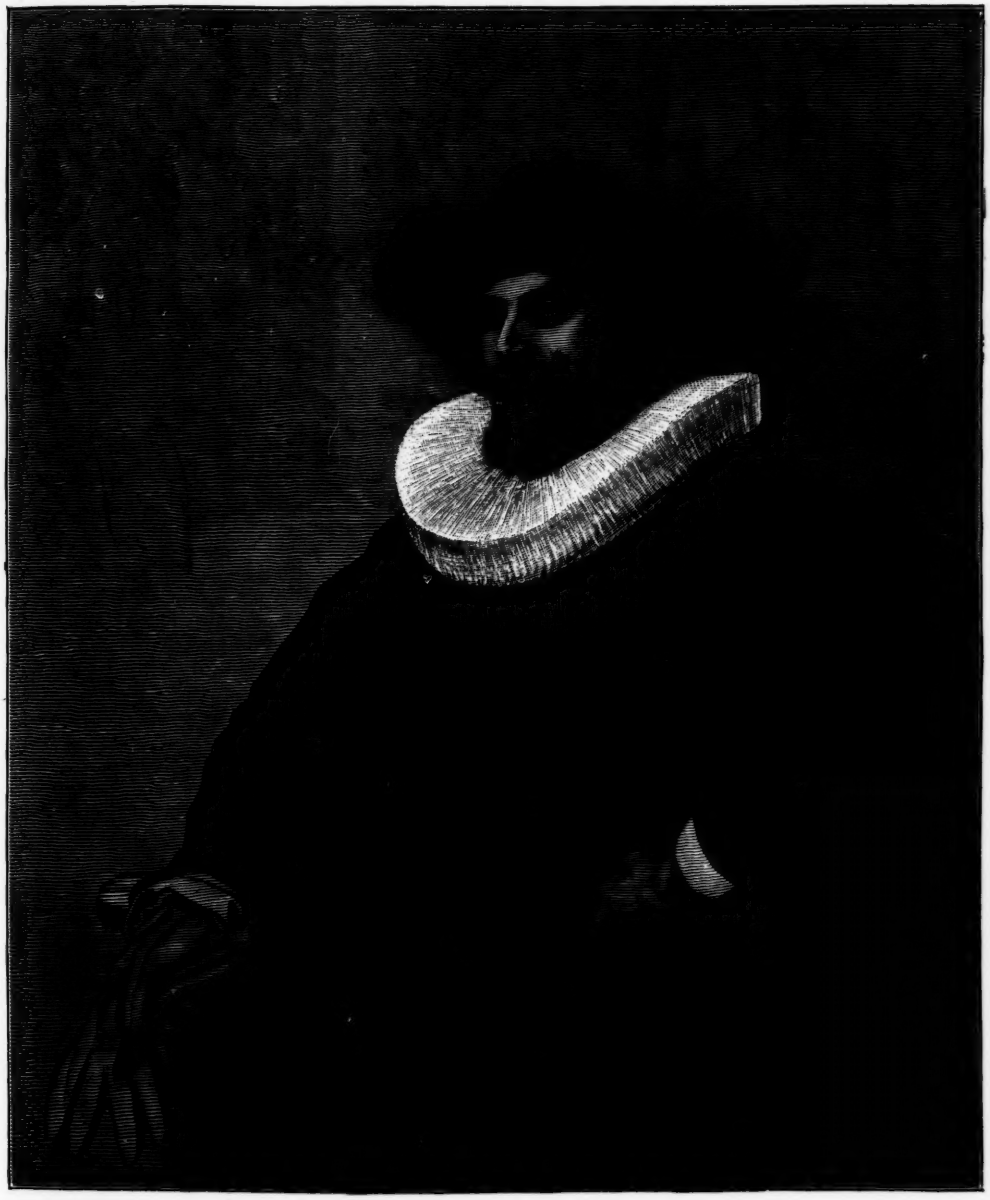
W. W. Fenn.

"PORTRAIT OF A DUTCH GENTLEMAN."

By Bartholomew Van der Helst.



IVING in the brightest period of Dutch art in the seventeenth century, and the contemporary of such men as Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Metzu, Wouvermans, Terburg, and Jan Steen, Bartholomew Van der Helst maintained a position in the foremost rank with those great masters. It is considered indeed, by some critics, that he is only excelled in his finest portraits by Rembrandt. But little is known of Van der Helst's career, although it appears probable he was born at Haarlem in 1613, was the son of one Severinus Van der Helst, and studied under Pinas and Francis Van Hals. Of his masterpiece in the Musée at Amsterdam—an immense canvas, upon which are twenty-four life-size figures of arquebusiers at a banquet given by them in commemoration of the peace of Westphalia—Sir Joshua Reynolds, himself a keenly observant critic and excellent judge of art, remarked that it was perhaps the first picture of portraits in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait than any other he had ever seen. It is truly an astonishing production, of which the President's unmeasured praise appears scarcely to have been misplaced. The example of the master we engrave is the fine work which elicited such universal admiration in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1878–79, "Portrait of a Dutch Gentleman." It is the property of Mr. S. H. De Zoete. The



PORTRAIT OF A DUTCH GENTLEMAN.

(*By Van der Helst.*)

figure is dignified in posture, and the execution of the picture throughout solid and masterly, the large white ruff, quaintly characteristic of the costume of the period, being so marvellously painted that the high finish of the rest of the work alone prevents this mere detail of the dress appearing unduly obtrusive. Van der Helst married Constantia Reijnst, a lady of good family in Amsterdam, and died in 1670.

M. P. J.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—VI.

CHATSWORTH (*continued*).

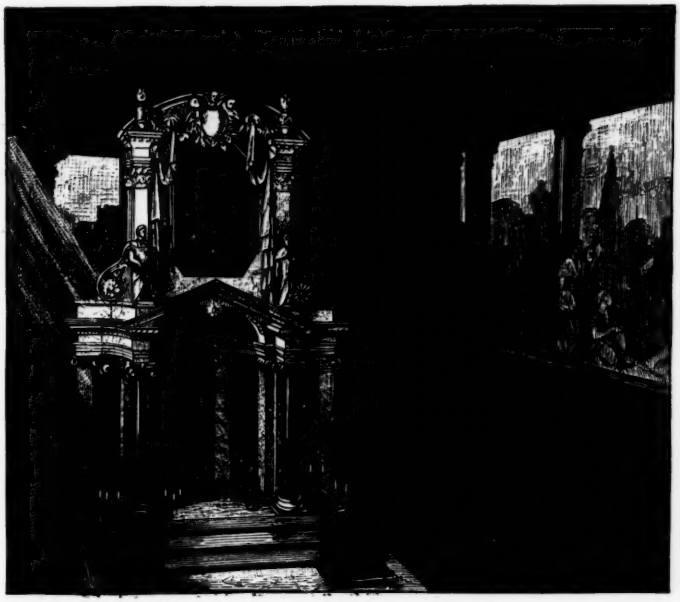


GATEWAY TO THE STABLES.

IN the old state bedroom at Chatsworth there are more sights for the curious. Aurora chases away night across the coved ceiling in great splendour of colour. Embossed leather of a striking arabesque pattern, heavily gilt, covers the walls. The wood-carving again calls for our admiration. There are cabinets, vases, and old beakers that would gladden the soul of a virtuoso; and there is a particularly interesting model of the tomb of Madame Langlan, at Hildebank, near Berne, in which the spirits of the mother and her child are seen bursting the barrier of their grave. This bedroom has no bed. It contains, however, a noble state chair with ancient embroidery, marvellously worked by a countess whose fingers are now dust; together with the coronation chairs and foot-stools of George III. and Queen Charlotte, of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and — shade of Sartor Resartus!—the wardrobe of Louis XVI. The state music-room: more wood-carving, more mythological gods in allegorical cloud-land on more coved ceiling, more embossed leather walls, this time relieved with blue. Here is the vigorously painted portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire, which was attributed to Vansomer. But the special object of interest in this room is a clever piece of painted delusion, executed on one of the double doors leading to the gallery. It is a fiddle painted with such minute *vraisemblance* on the inner door that, in the subdued light of the half-closed outer door, it has all the appearance of a violin hanging upon a peg. At first sight any one would conclude it to be a rare old fiddle, a priceless Stradivarius, one of the treasures of the place. Everybody is taken in by the happy forgery, just as everybody is duped by the deceptive paintings in the museum at Brussels by the morbid yet gifted brush of Wiertz. Some people must touch before they can be brought to believe. The tradition is that the fiddle was painted by Verrio to deceive Gibbons, who, in one of his carvings, had deceived Verrio. How anecdotes of art repeat themselves. Century endorses century. Did not Apelles induce a horse to neigh in recognition of the steed he had drawn? Did not Zeuxis imitate fruit so closely that the birds came and pecked at his painted grapes; and was he not himself deceived by thinking the painted curtain of Parrhasius real? Another exquisite carving is a feather by Watson. It is as light as swansdown. A gentle zephyr, you might almost think, would ruffle the hard wood.

We now enter the state drawing-room. The walls are hung with Gobelin's tapestry from the cartoons of Raffaelle, representing Jupiter and Antiope with the Muses on Parnassus. Phaeton is driving the horses of the sun across the ceiling with much spirit. The principal wood-carving is a military trophy. The sumptuousness of the appointments in this room gives one a sense of oppressive splendour. The furniture is richly carved and gilt. There is old china that would make an ordinary collector wild with delight. There are cabinets of ebony and ormolu of great beauty. Behold, in addition, this table of brilliant green; it is of pure malachite, once one of the rarest of minerals, and is the largest, in that material, in the world. Look, too, at this table of polished black marble inlaid with a mosaic of various coloured marbles, forming a wreath of flowers—lilies of the valley, convolvuses, wild roses, blue-bells. The effect on the black ground is charming. Here is a copy of the Venus de Medici in marble displayed in the centre of a round ottoman. In the state dining-room, which next awaits our inspection, the ceiling is by Verrio. It is a conception, in classic allegory, of the Fates cutting the thread of life, and is regarded by competent critics as one of the best paintings of the kind. There is in this room so much choice wood-carving that it almost palls upon one by its profusion. It is well worthy of the closest scrutiny. Look at the fragile delicacy of the festoons of flowers in the panelling of the wainscoted walls. Turn your attention to the doorways: over that doorway a group of leaves and corn; over the other two entrances groups of crabs, lobsters, fish, and shells. Framing that octagonal cabinet is the triumph of the wood-

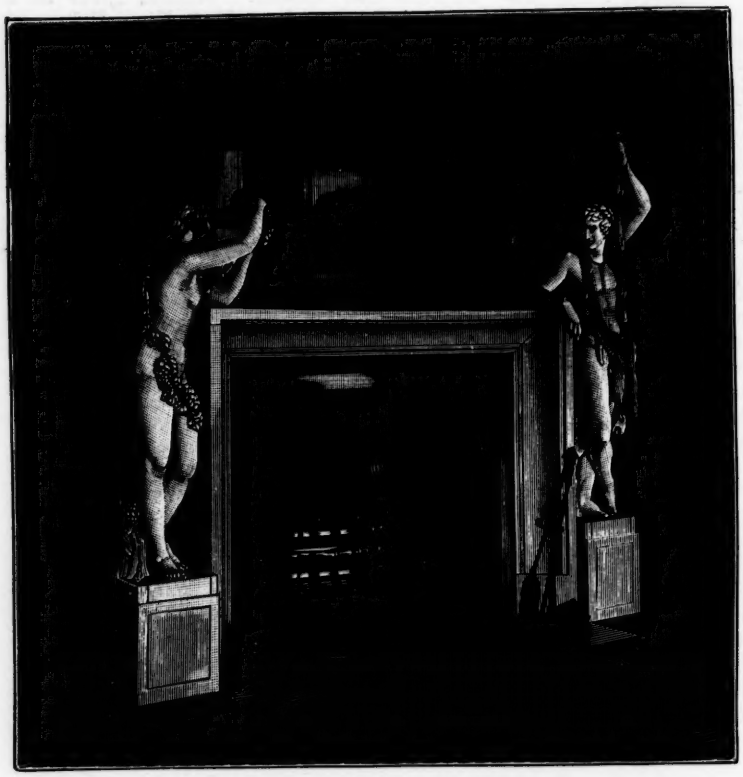
carver's art. It is a study of dead game. The summit is crowned with heron, pheasants, grouse, and other birds: over these the net of the snarer is dexterously thrown. This, hanging down the sides of the tablet, forms festoons from which are suspended snipe, quails, partridges, and pheasants. Each bird is a picture. Fluttering wing and soft plumage are produced with a fidelity to nature which bewilders the spectator by its absolute perfection. This work is no doubt wrought by the crafty hand of Grinling Gibbons, although the critic-casters, who would deprive Shakespeare of the authorship of "Hamlet," and would persuade we puzzled Philistines that the statues of Praxiteles were done by vicarious assistants, are of opinion that it was shared by the other carvers in wood to whom I lately referred. Did not Horace Walpole write: "There is no evidence of a man before Gibbons who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species"? The busts in this room, by Chantrey and Nollekens, are of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia and his Consort, Fox, Canning, the Duke of Bedford, and others. On the central table is the rosary of Henry VIII., together with ivory carvings, silver filigree, and antique bronzes. There is a clock in pure malachite, the gift of the late Emperor Nicholas, and a charming marble model of the Victoria Regia. Carved marble doorways give access to the grand staircase. Here is a room worthy of a visit from the fact that when the doors are closed the entire apartment is a picture, the whole surface from floor to ceiling, doors included, presenting one painting. The subject is "The Rape of the Sabines."



THE CHAPEL (FROM THE GALLERY).

Leaving the state apartments, we now proceed to the grand drawing-rooms. Here are several notable acquisitions of art. Among the pictures is Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of "The Beautiful Duchess" of Devonshire. There is a powerful head of a Jewish Rabbi by Rembrandt, and Titian gives a full-length portrait of Philip II. There are fine portraits, too, of the Archbishop of Spalatro, and of the Admiral Nicola Capello, in Tintoretto's best manner. Holbein gives us a striking full-length of bluff King Hal; and here is a life-size portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Zucchero, certainly one of the most pleasing of the presentments that have come down to us of the pathetic Scottish princess. There is, further, an expressive portrait of Charles I.—as a young man—by Cornelius Sansen; while Dobson gives us the Duke of Albemarle. There are several striking family portraits, one by Vandyck, another by Kneller. Observe, likewise, the unfinished picture, by Sir Joshua, of Georgina, Countess Spencer, and her daughter Georgina, afterwards the Duchess of Devonshire. The noble lady is almost a finished portrait, but the child's face is amusingly inchoate. At the end of the room is the "Hebe" of Canova (page 222). Byron said that the world possessed but one Canova; but at Chatsworth there are several undisputed masterpieces of that sculptor, as we shall presently find out. The "Hebe" before us is a poet's dream of beauty and grace. The spotless daughter of Jupiter and Juno is descending from the skies, and lightly touches with one foot the throne of

Jove. In her left hand she holds a cup; in the right is a pitcher, from which she is pouring out a libation of nectar for some festival of the gods. In purity of conception, and skill in execution, this is a masterpiece of chiselled loveliness. Chatsworth is rich in classic chimney-pieces, but the two in the dining-room are particularly notable. Both are of large dimensions, and executed in the purest Carrara marble. The one engraved above is the work of Westmacott the younger, and is embellished with life-size figures of a Bacchus and Bacchante. Sievier contributes the other, and in this, Bacchus is crowned with vine-leaves, and an attendant priestess is replenishing his wine-cup. A Hopton marble plinth, of beautiful colour and lustre, surrounds this apartment; the doorways are of African marble and Siberian jasper. Family portraits adorn the walls.



CHIMNEY-PIECE IN DINING-ROOM. (*By Westmacott.*)

In resuming our inspection we will first visit the gallery of paintings, the ceiling of which is painted boldly and well by Sir James Thornhill. The present apartment occupies two sides of the quadrangle, and the earnest art-student may devote many profitable hours to a careful consideration of its notable canvases. Here is the original of a picture with which engravings have made everybody familiar, and one approaches it as an old friend. It is Sir Edwin Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time." This elaborate composition is certainly one of the most ambitious and most successful of Landseer's efforts. Unfortunately this modern picture shows signs of great deterioration, which are painfully evident in another of Sir Edwin's masterpieces in the same collection—"Laying Down the Law." The colouring in this famous conclave of dogs, this canine *Vehmgericht*, painted within years so recent, is cracking and tesselating, leaving black disfigurements underneath. Close by this picture you will notice a "Jesus," by Murillo, the tints of which are as pure and fresh as if laid on but yesterday. The old masters painted for posterity, and their colours stand and defy time. Here you will notice the original of Collins' pleasing picture, "Rustic Civility," which a thousand and one engravings and wood-cuts have made familiar to us. Here is the "Spartan Isidas," by Eastlake, representing the youthful Grecian with sword and spear engaging the Theban warriors. It is a very spirited picture. Passing "The Temptation of St. Anthony," by Teniers, and a number of family likenesses by Reynolds, Lawrence, and other notable portrait-painters, we pause before what is, to my mind, one of the most striking and expressive pictures in the gallery. Its title is "Monks at Prayer." This surely is one of those examples of art which Mr. Ruskin would say teaches us "what is meant by painting, as distinguished from

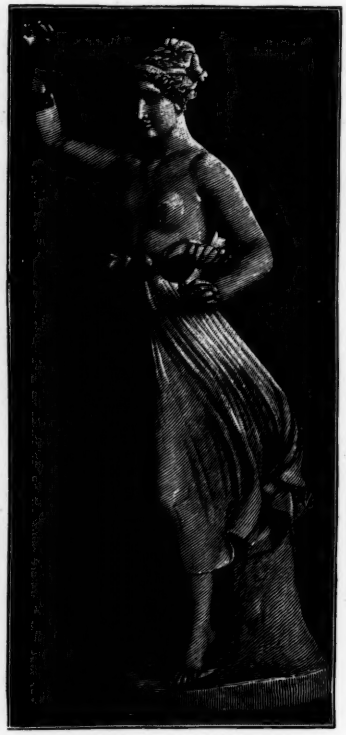
plastering, from rough-casting, from chromo-tinting, from tray-varnishing, from paper-staining, and from the sort of things that people in general do when you put a brush in their hands and a pot within reach of them." Observe the wonderful lighting of the chapel from the upper window at its extremity. The sombre monkish figures are executed in high relief. Every expression of reverence and attitude of devotion is presented. What humility is shown in that bowed head; what intensity of earnest aspiration in those clasped hands and that pleading fervour of face; what utter self-abnegation in that prostrate figure! The depth of the dark shadows, and the sharp light piercing the window, and the mellower reflection of the tapers, would suggest that the picture is the subtle inspiration of the joint geniuses of Rembrandt and Schalcken. But the painter was Tranet, and the painting formerly belonged to the collection of the Duchess de Berri. There are many other good pictures in this gallery, but space fails me, so we will enter the library, the pride of the Palace of the Peak.

The perfume of Russian binding, sweetest of odours to Charles Lamb, greets us. The room itself in its structural arrangements and decorations is unique. The circular paintings on the ceiling are the work of a Frenchman of genius, Louis Charon. This library enshrines, perhaps, the most perfect private collection in the country. Here are books and MSS. so rich and rare that it is impossible to reduce their value to money. These four large volumes are the catalogue of the library. They are the composition of Sir James Lacaita, and the work is one of the most sumptuous of modern contributions to bibliography. A fifth volume—in course of preparation—will be devoted to the Duke of Devonshire's dramatic rarities. The initial letter of each division of this *magnum opus* is embellished by a choice quartering from the Cavendish arms. The vignettes adorning the head of each section illustrate the scenery of Chatsworth. In addition to thus tabulating his literary treasures for the benefit of bibliographers, His Grace has cheerfully allowed MM. Braun and Co., of Paris and Dornach, to reproduce, in permanent



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

autotype, about two hundred of the drawings by the old masters which we saw in the sketch gallery; while Mr. Richard Keene, of the Art Repository at Derby, has photographed the pictures, the statuary, and rooms of Chatsworth. In a library of 25,000 volumes even the principal works are too many to enumerate or even to epitomise. Among the MSS. is the Anglo-Saxon MS. of Cædmon, a Benedictionale, executed for Æthelwold, Bishop of Winchester from 970 to 984. It is a small folio book of 118 leaves of vellum, and Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, the Derbyshire antiquarian, speaks of it as being the most important and finest MS. of the Anglo-Saxon period. The pictures, beautifully coloured, are numerous; the borders are illuminated; and gold and silver are introduced in the illuminations much in the Byzantine manner. There are other valuable relics of illuminated monastic caligraphy. There is the oldest Florentine edition of Homer, printed on vellum. There is the Mazarine Bible, the first book ever printed. There are the first quartos of Shakespeare's plays, and rare impressions of the first productions of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and other pioneers of printing. But to the artist the most interesting volume is the famous *Liber Veritatis* of Claude Lorraine, for which the sum of £20,000 was once bid. It contains drawings and sketches of all the pictures painted by that immortal master.

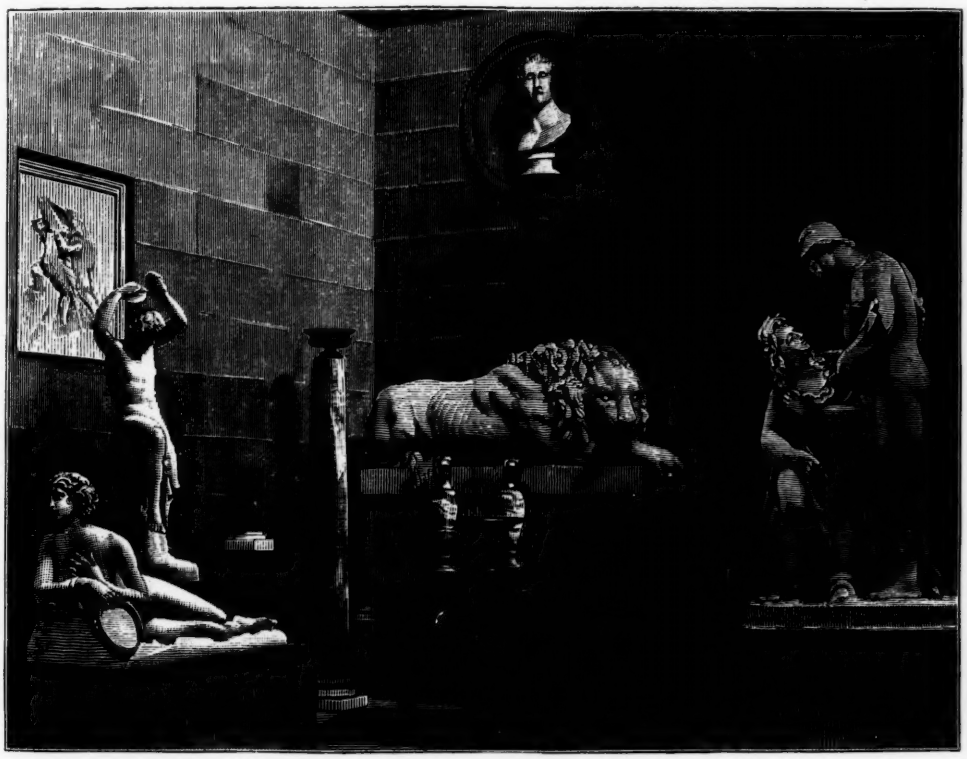


HEBE. (*By Canova.*)

The next room is the ante-library, the ceiling of which is enriched with the paintings of Hayter and Charles Landseer. This in turn gives access to the cabinet library, smaller than its companion apartments, but, perhaps, the more beautiful. It has an ornamented domed ceiling, divided into decorated compartments, and supported by columns of alabaster and marble, surmounted by Corinthian capitals heavy with gold. The doors are painted to resemble the adjoining book-cases. The sham-titles of the "dummy" volumes are the droll conceits of Thomas Hood the Elder; so that the comic spirit of Momus sports among philosophical tomes, grave histories, and scientific treatises; tickling theologians under the ribs, and behaving with positive levity before solemn jurists and sententious statesmen. Examine the titles of Hood's merry mock-library. How should you like to read "Lamb on the Death of Wolfe"? Are your tastes scientific? Here is "Boyle on Steam." Are you epicure or etymologist? Here is "Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue." What do you think of "Recollections of Bannister by Lord Stair"? Imagine the contents of "Cursory Remarks on Swearing;" and how entertaining must be "Barrow on the Common Weal," "Inigo on Secret Entrances," "Chronological Account of the Date Tree," and "John Knox on Death's Door." This library is in itself a picture; but, framed by the gilded windows of the palace, there are other pictures, which are irresistibly attractive. The entranced eye wanders over light terrace and graceful lawn, sculptured columns and sunlit fountains, to rest on the green undulations of the glorious park, and the dreamy reaches of river radiant among the trees, and the great burly heights, softened with wood, that rise close up all round like an investing line to jealously protect the enchanted place from the indignity of the besieger. Nearly every window at Chatsworth affords a picturesque prospect; and it is a relief sometimes to turn from the overwhelming profusion of splendour within to the repose of the fair landscape without.

The sculpture gallery (of which we give illustrations on pages 221 and 223) is a fine apartment more than one hundred feet in length and thirty feet in width, lit from the roof, and approached from either the dining-room or the orangery. Walls of finely-dressed sandstone; door-cases of marble; entablatures supported by Corinthian columns, and pilasters of marble with capitals of gold. We are greeted by the marble figures of two heathen deities which Lord Clare sent from Guzerat. There is a

statue of Buddha, not artistically noteworthy, but remarkable for the exceeding beauty of the material, which is in an almost white nephrite. At the other end of this gallery are two colossal lions in Carrara marble. One is the work of Rinaldi, the other is by Benaglia. Both are copied from Canova's monument to Clement XIV. in St. Peter's at Rome. It would be tedious to enumerate the sculptors, some of whose greatest works render the magnificent gallery of the "Palace of the Peak" so worthy of careful inspection and study. And especially in these days, when the significant decadence of a noble art is attracting so much attention and regret in art circles. The collection is, indeed, thoroughly representative of both the Continental and English schools, and is of almost priceless value. Of the works by Canova in this gallery, distinguished as they always are by such softness and delicacy of execution, and excellent handling of the marble, it is difficult to say which is more admirable, the Endymion sleeping, with his dog watching at his feet, or the statue of the mother of the first Napoleon. The classic shepherd is a very poetical conception, poetically executed, and on the marble face of the young sleeper is that magic beauty that drew Diana to the slopes of Mount Latmos to gaze on its loveliness. The *Mater Napoleonis*, on the other hand, is a masterpiece of pose and expression. The historic Corsican lady is represented in a position half sitting, half reclining, an attitude of meditative composure. One arm rests upon the back of an antique chair, and the figure is clothed with drapery that is a study in the natural grace of its lines. The face is beautiful, but intellectual strength and commanding dignity are the leading characteristic of the features. It is a sad, pensive face, that bears no resemblance whatever to that of her son, the warrior-emperor, which is close by, a colossal bust also by Canova. This characteristic likeness has also much of the ideal character of ancient Greek sculpture. We admired the easy



A CORNER OF THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

and animated attitude of Canova's fair goddess of Youth when we saw her in the drawing-room. There is here, also noteworthy, "The Filatrice, or Spinning Girl," by Schadow—a young girl diverting herself with a ball of thread and a spindle. Ideal beauty and natural ease are combined in the figure with great success. This "Venus" is Thorwaldsen's; that, Wyatt's. Passing on, we come to Gibson's "Mars and Cupid." Here is the "Cymbal Player" by Westmacott. The "Wounded Achilles" is by Albicini, and the "Cupid and Psyche" by Finelli. Full of artistic grace is the group by Tanerani—"Cupid Extracting a Thorn from the Foot of Venus;" and the bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen, representing "Night" and "Morning," should be carefully examined. We will now proceed to the orangery, where sculptured marble shines white among the dark and light greens of the plants.

Our tour of inspection is not completed. If Chatsworth is delightful in-doors, it is none the less charming out of doors, with its terraces and lawns, its French garden—a forest of tall columns crowned with busts and trellised with leaves—its fountains and cascades, and its great conservatory, from which the idea of the Crystal Palace was taken, and with which the honoured name of Sir Joseph Paxton will always be associated. A visit to Chatsworth would be woefully incomplete without a glance at these, and lo! here is the gardener in chief, who will take us from the bleak moors of the Peak into sun-fed palm lands, and we shall wander in a glass-closed world among flowers and fruits, and sweet smells and pleasing colours.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

"QUIET LIFE." By GABRIEL MAX.

THIS picture of what the Germans call *Still-leben*, but which our idiom requires to be translated "*Quiet* Life," is neither one of the most thoughtful nor one of the most brilliant of Gabriel Max's many compositions, but it is a very satisfying example of how rounded and complete he can make a subject in simple *genre*. There is no forcing here, no disagreeable suggestion of the posed model, so characteristic of the works of many French and Belgian artists, no affectation of manner, no pretensions to what the French call *chic*. The picture is no more than what it pretends to be—a modest illustration of "quiet life." Its leading characteristic is spontaneity with a careful eye to detail, especially as regards the treatment of the hands, which are wonderfully refined and natural.

The work, indeed, is remarkably suggestive of the quiet, unassuming manners of the man. He rarely leaves the sacred precincts of his own happy home, and lives only for his family, for music, and for nature. To few does the sentiment of home bring more hallowed associations; and in this respect he is peculiarly German. Whatever he does comes from the heart, and when he seeks traces of what is God-like he never fails to find it in humanity. Professor Frederick Pecht, the famous art-critic of Munich, regards him as one of the most individual painters in Germany. He shows a preference, he says, for cool rather than for glowing colour, and paints light and shade in flesh better than most of his contemporaries. We may add that his manner is sweet and smooth, and his drawing and modelling of unusual perfection. One rejoices with him in what he has actually accomplished without having to wish that he had done more or carried his work further.

Gabriel Max is still in the prime of life, was a pupil of Piloty, and is now a professor in the Royal Munich Academy, where he was bred. To the untravelled Englishman he is known by such works as have been exhibited from time to time in the French Gallery, London, and among these we may note his "Head of Our Saviour" as seen on the handkerchief of St. Veronica. It will be remembered that the eyes are open or closed, just as the spectator happens to catch them. Then there have been "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," in whose sweet face we behold the first dawning of returning life, as the great Master bends over her; and the no less touching picture of "The Wandering Jew" contemplating the dead child, and wishing that, like it, he too could be at rest. Gallery visitors will also remember "The Lion's Bride," who

has come with her affianced husband to gaze upon her feline pet, whom she had so often fed and patted. The story goes that the king of beasts, seeing her gaily attired and with a stranger, in a fit of leonine jealousy smote her to the earth. The moment chosen by the artist is when the keeper's daughter lies dead beside the cage, no man's bride, but the lion's. They will also remember the remarkably characteristic heads of "Judas" and of "Mary Magdalene." In Germany he is further known by his illustrations to Goethe's "Faust" and to Wagner's "Tannhäuser;" and if our readers will refer to our notice of last year's International Exhibition at Munich, they will find that we singled out his "Infanticide"—a young mother in a lonely place pressing to her lips in a paroxysm of remorse and despair the yielding and unconscious little round head of her slain innocent—as being, in our opinion, one of the supreme successes in the whole range of contemporaneous German art.

Indeed, for completeness of representation and individuality, M. Gabriel Max stands quite alone. His individuality, moreover, has nothing about it forced or self-asserting. He is as modest and unassuming on the canvas as he is in actual life, and in each case the higher merits come to light with the more intimate acquaintance. In short, Gabriel Max is one of those artists who seek our sympathy and love rather than our admiration. As we write he is working under the inspiration of Shakespeare, whom he holds, in common with all the rest of his intellectual countrymen, as the greatest expresser the world has ever seen. The subject is from "Richard III.," and represents his meeting with Anne in the second scene of the first act. It has already been purchased by the Messrs. Fleischmann, of Munich, through whose hands pass many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of contemporaneous German art. As an apt illustration of the way in which Continental powers treat those who are at all concerned in forwarding the art-interests of the country, it may be mentioned that for the services he rendered last year in preparing the catalogue of the International Art Exhibition, the King of Bavaria has decorated Mr. Riegner, a member of the firm just mentioned, with the Order of St. Michael.

J. F. R.



"QUIET LIFE." (*By Gabriel Max.*)

PIETRO TORRIGIANO.

THE artistic force of the Renaissance cannot be more clearly exemplified than by the fact that in the sixteenth century Italian artists were welcomed in foreign countries with a cordiality which has never been seen since this remarkable period. It became, in fact, the pride of a great monarch or powerful noble to seek out artists and honour them as superior even to the most successful soldiers. To this fashion of the time—for fashion it essentially was, since it was not caused by any genuine feeling for or admiration of the fine arts—we owe one monument and work of art which remains a constant witness to the extraordinary force of the Renaissance. This is the tomb of Henry VII. in his chapel in Westminster Abbey, which was largely wrought by the workmanship of Pietro Torrigiano, and was wholly executed under his skilful superintendence. Indeed, the Italian of to-day who seeks for specimens of the work of this capable contemporary of Michael Angelo must come to this inartistic island, since here are to be found the only three works which are usually ascribed to this Florentine sculptor.

It is unfortunate that so little is known of Torrigiano's career. Had he left us, like Benvenuto Cellini, an autobiography, there must have been many parts of his wandering life of artist and soldier full of various and curious incidents. As it is, from Vasari's meagre memoir and from a few lines in the life of Cellini we gain all the information we possess, except such as can be gathered from the three works which now remain to us in this country. In his youth Torrigiano was one of the students who learnt the rudiments of art in the celebrated garden of Lorenzo de' Medici. Here he worked with Michael Angelo, Lorenzo di Credi, and other artists of great if of inferior fame, and it was while in company at this period with Michael Angelo that he struck him the blow on the nose which disfigured the former for life, and caused Torrigiano to fly from Florence to escape the anger of his patron. Thus it may be that from this chance and boyish encounter, arising out of some youthful joke on the part of Michael Angelo, Florence lost Torrigiano, and he became a wanderer for most of his life. Not, however, that at any time he was a man of a peaceful and quiet temper, or one likely to have lived at home at ease, for in the masterly portrait of him in Cellini's amusing work he is drawn as an uncommonly handsome man, bragging and bold, with sonorous voice and gestures that overcame men smaller in mind and body. Indeed, in appearance he was much more the soldier of fortune than the artist in bronze or marble.

If we follow Torrigiano in his wandering, we see him first leaving Florence, whence he found his way to Rome, where he set to work to mould groups and bas-reliefs; but in no long time was fighting, evidently as a kind of free-lance, in the army of Paulo Vitelli against Pisa; and then, in 1503, he earns high praise for bravery in the battle of Garigliano under Piero de' Medici and his French allies.

More fortunate, however, than his leader, he escaped with his life from the victorious Spaniards; but leaving the army somewhat disappointed, he went off with a company of merchants to try his fortunes in England. Here he attained high fame as an artist, but among "the brutes of Englishmen," as he called them in his conversation with Benvenuto Cellini, he was not more liked than in his own land. It was, however, during his stay in this country that he executed the works which cause him to be ranked among English sculptors. These were the monument to Henry VII. and his queen in Westminster Abbey, the fine effigy of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls, in the Rolls Chapel, Chancery Lane, and the life-like relief portrait of Henry VIII. at Hampton Court, which is at present hung in the South Kensington Museum. That the first of these monuments is a genuine work of Torrigiano there can be no doubt, as there is abundant evidence to prove it, but in regard to that of Dr. Young, the fact that Torrigiano was its creator can really only be considered a sound conjecture. It was erected in 1516, when he certainly was in England, but though always ascribed to him by the authors of the most reliable guide-books, and by historians of London such as Pennant, yet Horace Walpole is the single authority of these persons, and he, again, rests his ascription solely on the opinion of Vertue. But both the date of its erection and the character of the work render

the ascription tolerably to be relied on. The monument to the founder of the Tudor dynasty was to be finished by the end of November, 1519, and apparently it was completed by that date; and it must have been when engaged on this work that Torrigiano re-visited Florence to find assistants to help him with this important undertaking. There can be no doubt that Torrigiano executed many more sculptures than the three we have mentioned, but Vandalism and time have deprived us of them, and the latter has begun to tell, too, on the edges of the Rolls Chapel monument. But this bold and restless artist did not remain long in England when this, his chief work here, was done; he went away to Spain, where, after executing many works, he was accused of heresy, and died, according to Vasari, in prison in 1522.

When we come to look at his actual work, there can be no question that the reputation which Torrigiano gained among his contemporaries was thoroughly well earned, and it is to be regretted that his two fine monumental works are so inaccessible. Surrounded as the royal monument at Westminster is by a high and closely-worked bronze screen, it is next to impossible to view it satisfactorily; and the judge's effigy is placed in such a dark corner of the little known Rolls Chapel (which is always kept locked, and is inaccessible to the public without a special application), that it can scarcely be properly appreciated by the few who visit it.

In character these works are thoroughly realistic, and fashioned much more after the life-like and unideal style of Donatello (allowing always for the advance in time since that master) than in the grand and imaginative spirit of his contemporary and the rival of his youth, Michael Angelo. Both are recumbent figures, and the clear-cut, severe, and handsome features of the king are in repose, with their bronze profile against the light, a singular contrast to his troubled and ambitious life. Of the body of the tomb much, no doubt, was done by Torrigiano's assistants, and it is probable that in the figure of the king we have most of Torrigiano's own handiwork. Both monuments are characterised by an obvious blending of the spirit of mediæval art with that of the Renaissance. The first is chiefly visible in the general form of the figures on these tombs, for recumbent statuary was essentially a characteristic of the monumental works of the artists of the Middle Ages. In the various chapels of Westminster Abbey we may see constant examples of this suggestive tendency; and he who moves from the Rolls Chapel to the Temple Church cannot fail to notice—and may profitably compare—the effigies of the earlier Templars with the figure of the judge in the chapel. Again, too, the pose of the figures—the crossed hands, and the desire to render clear to the observer the quietness and repose of the tomb in sharp contrast with the hurry and restlessness of life—are as noticeable in these two monuments as in any of those which we owe to the earlier Gothic sculptors. But when the features of the king and judge are noticed, when we see how naturalness and truth are plainly conspicuous in every part of the figures—in the exquisite workmanship of the features and in the minute truthfulness of the hands—there is no difficulty in perceiving that the artist is working under the influence of a wholly new and freer spirit, and that in place of an archaic simplicity and of an unnatural stiffness, the sculptor is animated by a desire to render with perfect truth and vigour the mental power and the spirit of inquiry which effected so much in the sixteenth century, and form, if not in its highest and almost divine aspect as it appeared to the sculptors of ancient Greece, yet in a natural and perfectly life-like manner; in these two instances in quiet repose, as though the long day's work was happily done. In some respects the terra-cotta or plaster figure of Dr. Young is at once less severe and more life-like than that of the king and queen; the technical execution is remarkably good, and we have in it very evidently a portrait-statue full of likeness, and executed with admirable simplicity and artistic feeling; and the reposeful effigy of the mediæval judge lying with closed eyes and quietly crossed hands close to the busy court, crowded by the practitioners of our day, is a suggestive commentary on the ceaseless contentions of the litigants and the quickly passing ambitions of the lawyers who throng the court.

In the portrait of Henry VIII., a bas-relief in a round frame, the most noticeable feature is the remarkable realism of the work; the folds and plaits of the dress, the ornaments which the king wears are worked out with minute care, but without loss to the striking bluff naturalness of the figure, and the bold though irresolute cast of countenance. But all three works in their naturalness are thoroughly characteristic of the Renaissance, and we see in them the spirit of the art, which Donatello and Michael Angelo carried to so much perfection in the depiction of sacred and ideal subjects, brought to bear on the carrying out of works, one at any rate of which possesses not only great artistic interest, but is an invaluable historical memorial.

E. S. Roscoe.



"PAINTING."
(From a Plaque by M. Deck, of Paris.)

MURAL DECORATION.

MUNICIPALITIES abroad are often exercised in their minds as to the beautifying and decorating the interior and exterior of buildings contained in their several towns. How refreshing it would be if some of ours did so occasionally! Bare and empty spaces are continually striking us as with a sense of something wanting, like the sightless eyes of a blind man. We are sometimes perforce constrained, by this paucity of eye-interest, to turn with relief to the hoardings that are filled, every square inch of them, with illustrations that are oftener gaudy than neat. In place of the eternal stucco pillars, the highest flight our insular fancy takes, we might amongst the monotonous drabs and greys pleasantly break out, now and then, into the warm red of terra-cotta, or the cool blue of glazed tiles. Allegorical designs in a large and grand manner, as well as of the merely decorative, might be advantageously introduced, so that the eye of the multitude may be insensibly educated. Art must be brought to the people here in England, they have no time to seek it out for themselves. Every one knows the appreciative admirers the itinerant artist on the pavement collects, with his rainbow-hued mackerel and nightmare-looking eye of staring blue. The people possesses the material faculty of observation and intelligence. It is our duty to mould it aright. As long as art is an unknown language to the majority of us, we must ever remain the shop-keeping nation our neighbours love to call us. M. Deck, of Paris, has executed plaques of an exceptionally large character, from the masterly designs of M. E. Ehrmann, well

adapted for the purposes of mural decoration. We engrave specimens of two of them. They are bold and simple in design, and the meaning of each figure is apparent, scarcely requiring the titles, which tell us that one represents "Painting," and the other the art of "Engraving." The draperies are well expressed, and the outlines lose nothing of their power, although expressed in lines of studied gracefulness. "Engraving" is particularly fine; and the implements of her craft are picturesquely grouped at the base of the figure, and serve to balance the composition. "Painting" is represented a little too much like a female Mercury, and although intense in her expression, gives one the idea, with her loose and flowing garments, that she has taken to the most difficult of arts, as an *agrément* rather than a profession. There are certain details in this figure which are open to criticism; it may be doubted, for example, whether the left knee should not have been bent to sustain the painting, the right leg supporting the weight of the figure. There is a sense of unfitness in the manner in which the designer has placed the canvas against a straightened limb. If the colour, and we have no reason to doubt it, be equal to the design, we have to congratulate M. Deck, whose reputation for admirable faïence is already world-wide, in his conception of figures especially adapted for exterior decoration. L. J.



"ENGRAVING."

(*From a Plaque by M. Deck, of Paris.*)

SOCIÉTÉ D'AQUARELLISTES FRANÇAIS.

IT is curious to note that in Paris, where the artists may be numbered by thousands, where art is so much encouraged by the government, and where the popular interest in art is more general and more developed than in any other capital of Europe, the number of exhibitions of paintings is so few, while in London there are, upon an average, some eight or ten galleries always open. Paris, the *salon* once closed, could, until quite lately, only boast of the one or two exhibitions which take place annually at the artistic clubs, an occasional display by the "impressionists," and in the event of the death of some celebrated artist, an exhibition of his works at the "Académie des Beaux Arts."

Last year, however, the "Société d'Aquarellistes Français" was formed, somewhat on the basis of one of our own water-colour societies, and met at once with the most deserved success. As it is the intention of the members to hold only one exhibition of water-colours yearly, they decided to fill up the time between such exhibitions by a display of pictures and sketches in oils by members of their association. It is the first exhibition of this description that we have just seen.

It may be interesting to know that the rooms in which these pictures are exhibited are most appropriate as regards lighting, decoration, and general fitness for the purpose for which they are used. The light is admitted solely from above. The red velvet of the lower part of the walls, against which the paintings are hung, and the neutral tone with slight Japanese decoration of the upper part, are admirably adapted to show off the pictures to the greatest advantage. The rooms are pleasingly furnished in thoroughly good taste, and here and there fine old Japanese bronzes, filled with plants, help to give an air of comfort and of luxury to the place. These rooms are situated in the Rue Lafitte, a few yards from the Boulevard des Italiens.

The most striking painting, and that which occupies the place of honour, is undoubtedly the decorative panel entitled "La Pêche" ("Fishing"), by Louis Leloir—a painter who, despite his youth, may be looked upon as the cleverest of that popular body of French artists, of which this exhibition is the expression, who appeal more to the *dilettanti* and amateurs of society than to the more serious lovers of art.

Two young people, it is almost needless to say, a man and a woman, dressed in sixteenth century costumes, are sitting in a punt fishing. The punt is moored right across the picture. The man, leaning over, is in eager expectation of a bite, while the lady by his side shares his excitement and is intently watching the sport. The whole effect of this charming picture is delightful; it is a masterpiece of delicacy, in which neither breadth nor effect has been sacrificed. The hot, misty morning atmosphere, the limpid water, and the costumes of both man and woman are of the most delicate greyish tones; while a note of contrast is given by the black bodice, striped with gold, of the fair lady, and the shadow and reflections of the boat in the slow-running stream—a very symphony in grey.

Near to the above, the same artist exhibits a fan, a little *chef-d'œuvre* of drawing, colour, and movement. It is a simple plain wooden Japanese fan, on which is painted a man, in red mediæval costume, singing as he dances to the sound of a lute which he is playing. This little figure combines all the qualities of this young master. The fan is worthily mounted in a gold frame under glass and decked with ribbons; for who is the fair who would not too much respect this gem to put it to its ordinary use?

Louis Leloir is also represented by two other pictures. In one, "Le Violiniste," a man in the costume of the period this artist so much affects, is practising a difficult piece of music; he is seated by a table in an old oak-panelled room, surrounded by instruments, music, and books. Although this picture displays many fine qualities, it is less freely painted, and has decided signs of labour which somewhat mar the general effect. "Les Marguerites" is the title of his other picture; it represents a pretty girl of some nineteen summers, clad in a white gala dress of the time of Queen Elizabeth, asking her fate of a daisy, "He loves me—he loves me not." Beside her, or rather at her feet, also richly dressed, sits a patient swain; there can be little doubt about his feelings! The effect of these essentially in-door costumes in a forest glade, evidently studied solely by an

ordinary studio light, is too anomalous to be entirely satisfactory.

Maurice Leloir is a brother of the preceding artist; although a pleasing painter, he must rank far below his brother. He affects somewhat the same style, but chooses more rustic subjects. His large picture, "The Rat-catcher," has some fine detail painting. A rat-catcher in eighteenth century costume, leaning against the window of a farm-house, is describing his skill to some maidens within, who listen attentively to his tales of death. The composition is poor, and the whole picture wanting in effect, although the principal figure and some of the accessories are well painted.

Jehan Georges Vibert, both in his "Monseigneur en visite" of Paris life and in his Spanish "Il ne vient pas," shows himself at his best. In the former picture, the subject of which is a church dignitary being entertained at afternoon tea by two fashionable young ladies, the ladies, their dresses, the self-contented nonchalance of Monseigneur, his robes, the furniture and the thousand nicknacks of an elegant Parisian drawing-room, the character of the personages, and the whole arrangement are alike admirable, and the execution clever to a degree.

In the other picture the subject is yet more simple. We see a young Spanish beauty, dressed in yellow silk and Spanish lace, sitting on the edge of a table just spread for three persons, in a fit of undisguised impatience and annoyance at the non-arrival of her lover. An old lady, who should be the mother of the fair expectant, pushes aside a screen that protects the *al-fresco* feast from the glare of the sun—for this all takes place on a little terrace—to look down into the street to catch the first glimpse of the tardy beau. Here, again, the rendering of character is well given, the story capitally told, and the painting of the figures, buildings, flowers, and other details not to be surpassed. Vibert sends some other paintings; one, the "Atelier du soir," is a very clever and very true study of a studio in the artist's house, the portraits of some of the students are admirable likenesses. Another picture is called "Ivresse Rose"—a lady dressed in rose-coloured muslin leans against a window hung with rose-coloured blinds; in the foreground is a huge heavy green curtain, and on the floor some champagne glasses and a bouquet. The whole is alike unpleasant in harmony of colour and in quality of conception. His young lady in a farm-yard feeding a calf is quite unworthy of his powers. On the other hand, the pleasant picture of a cardinal leaning over a fountain surrounded by flowers and bric-à-brac displays this artist's cleverness of execution.

Worms exhibits several little studies of his favourite Spanish subjects; clever in handling and harmonious in effect, though rather lacking in originality, his barber talking to a fair neighbour at a window is certainly the best.

Detaille, the well-known pupil of Meisonnier, and the rival, though friendly one, as a military painter, of De Neuville, sends an important picture, entitled "Souvenir des Grandes Manœuvres." A battery of artillery has just unlimbered and come into action on the brow of a hill; the lieutenant in command is talking to a colonel on the staff, who is in charge of the foreign officers deputed by their several governments to follow the manœuvres; these officers, all mounted, are intently watching the action. The pictorial arrangement of these officers is admirable, and their grouping a masterpiece of composition. The manner in which the different uniforms are treated and certain national mannerisms of each officer are shown, from the gorgeous Austrian hussar to the modest English rifleman, is much to be admired, and shows that the painter is the soldier as well as the artist. Behind the group is a huge windmill, which crowns the summit of the hill and forms an important object in the picture. In the left foreground is a group of peasants and other civilians watching the proceedings, equally remarkable as a study of character. The whole picture is a truthful transcript of such a scene on a fair summer's day.

Isabey, the father of French painters, is well represented by four pictures, of which two are church subjects—one of these represents a procession of bishops and dignitaries of the church in the eighteenth century descending the steps of an ancient cathedral; it is a *chef-d'œuvre* of this venerable master, and is remarkable alike for colour, composition, and movement. His "Alchemist's Laboratory" is also well worthy of notice.

Heilbuth's "Bas Meudon" is an exceedingly clever piece of delicate painting. River, sky, trees, and figures all harmoniously blend together in the softness of the warm daylight. Anything more charming and more true than the delicate tones of the sky and river it would be difficult to imagine. The simple subject which gives scope to all these fine qualities is a young mother, dressed in a fashionable costume of rose and white muslin, reclining languidly in a boat, with her arm

round her little girl, evidently awaiting the arrival of "monsieur son mari."

Jacquet exhibits studies of female heads. He is evidently inspired by Greuze and Fragonard, and some of the results are charming. His painting is of a soft vaporous quality, which might be considered a fault in more serious art, but in this kind of work cannot demand close criticism.

Gustave Doré is represented by some landscapes of the most unnatural description, evidently painted in the studio, and without the least apparent reference to or regard for nature, in which trees look like cabbages, and smudges of black and white do duty for grey rocks. It is sad to see such work produced by a man of great natural talents.

Madeleine Lemaire, well known for her charming water-colours of flowers, sends some figure pictures, which are not equal in interest to those studies of flowers on which her reputation is based.

Some beautiful studies of landscape by Français are well worthy of attention and study—one especially, of Vesuvius seen from the south, is remarkable for truth of atmospheric effect. Another, an avenue of trees on a sunny day, under which winds a hot, dusty road, is true to nature, and reminds one in many ways of some of the best Low Country painters, notably of Hobbema. His picture of reapers in a cornfield surrounded by trees at twilight is full of poetry and of truth. Lambert contributes two pictures: one the portrait of a close-shaven, *truffé* (*i.e.*, with black spots on the skin, a peculiarity much prized by the French fancy), white French poodle and a monkey; the other a group of a cat and kittens. Never was there such a painter of cats as Lambert; these are no exception to the clever and picturesque way in which he always makes one feel how intimately he is acquainted with the character of both cats and kittens. Baron and Jourdain complete the list of exhibitors; De Neuville, though one of the original members of this society, is conspicuous by his absence.

An exhibition of the works in water-colours by the same artists has just been opened.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

GEORGE DUNLOP LESLIE, R.A.

ART has many missions, one or other of which becomes important and urgent according to the times. Noble military painting is of the highest value in too commercial days; sincerely spiritual and ascetic art is a necessity in an era of Sybarite indulgence; and the more purely æsthetic revival, which most of us have smiled at and many of us have laughed at, is not altogether *mal àpropos* at an epoch when the world has by a gradual process, and by many operating causes, reached a pitch of outward ugliness never attained in any previous age of its history. It is good for a democracy to be reminded of chivalry, and for an ornamental monarchy to remember the austerer virtues of a republic; art steps in, in both cases, with its historical memories and its aspirations. As for our own age, its needs are various enough, but none of these, perhaps, is so pressing as the need for sweetness and cheerfulness of heart. The painter therefore who, towards the end of a melancholy century, gives us the images of free and serene happiness, has understood his art and his time, and his work is as welcome as are flowers from the March woods to the wintry streets of London. Mr. Leslie has not chosen the mission of his art without deliberation of purpose; he has appreciated the wants of his day. "My aim in art," he says, "has always been to paint pictures from the sunny side of English domestic life, and as much as possible to render them cheerful companions to their possessors. The times are so imbued with turmoil and misery, hard work and utilitarianism, that innocence, joy, and beauty seem to be the most fitting subjects to render such powers as I possess useful to my fellow-creatures." He has from childhood nourished his exquisite art upon what it would best assimilate—garden scenery, flowers, the gentle but not enervating sweetness and charm of nature in rural England where all is peaceful, pure, and honest, tender but not effeminate, dreamy yet eminently healthy. On the banks of the Thames, the head-quarters of the English loveliness, Mr. Leslie has spent the greater part of

his summers and autumns for nearly thirty years. Nor could any truer reflection of the genuine Thames spirit be found than in his pictures; for his work is not only beautiful and joyous, it is distinctively national, also by deliberate choice—as national as was that of the old masters, who never forsook the country and the time which were familiar to them, and of which simulate the past by an antiquarian erudition which would have little interest for a succeeding generation. For instance, his "Nausicaa and her Maids," which our readers may remember as the loveliest picture of its year, was undisguisedly a group of English girls; if we remember right, some critics took exception to the absence of local colour in the types and



(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

their representations had the value of sincerity and sympathy; the pre-Raphaelite masters giving the spirit of their Umbrian hills to the Scriptural scenes they painted, and the Venetians filling their glowing classical allegories with the genius of their contemporary Venice. In the same way Mr. Leslie, even when his subjects are not English—and this is seldom enough — prefers to give them a distinctively English character, rather than to accessories, but in truth the artist had intended to reproduce only the local colour of his own time and country. We can name no painter a glance at the list of whose works is a pleasanter task; we look back through the vistas of a garden of girls than whom the flowers with which they play are not more fresh and lovely. At the same time it is impossible to accuse Mr. Leslie of sentimentality or prettiness; he never lacks that touch of quaintness

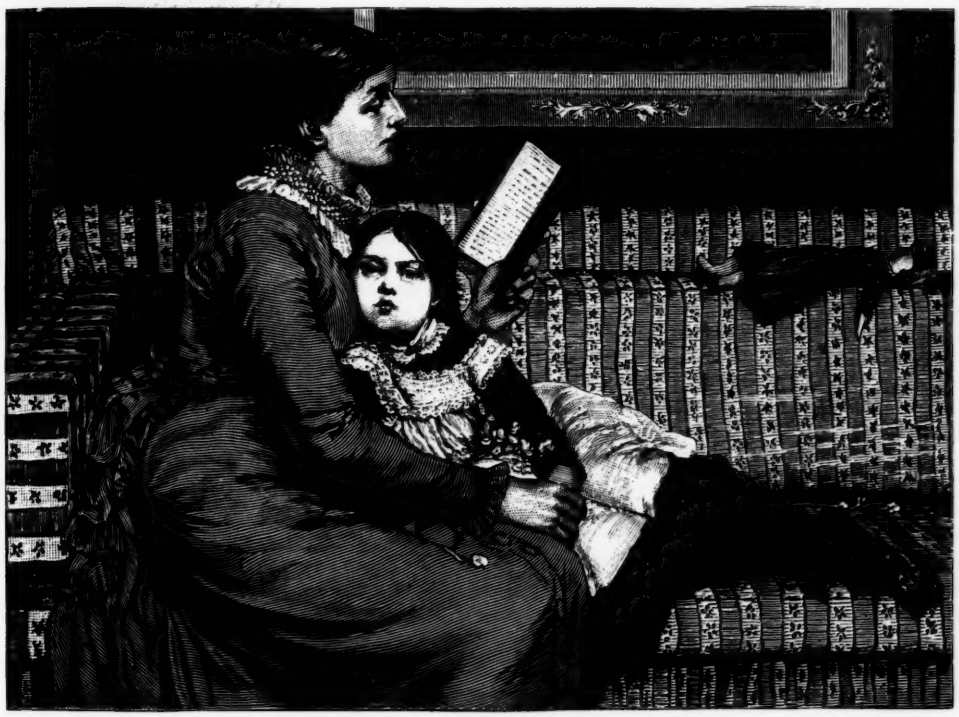
—that salt, that flavour—which is an animating preservative against the faintness of "too much sweet." Besides, the beauty he paints is true artistic beauty, which prettiness can never be.

George Dunlop Leslie was born in London in July, 1835. He inherited an illustrious name, and with it that birthright of genius which is often so curiously altered, even when fully preserved, in transmission. The artistic faculty itself in passing from father to son is sometimes changed beyond recognition; it might be said to have been so with the two Leslies had they not one quality in common—a supreme refinement. Technically, the work of no two men could well differ more widely, whether we consider their colour, or their manner of execution, or their arrangements of light. The younger artist has wisely encouraged his art to take its own course, for he has felt the double need, in the son of a great man, of originality. Though he inherited much from the true and charming artist whose name he bears, nothing of that inheritance has marred his own individual character; and we may find some sign of his own determination that it should be so in the fact that he painted his first picture in secret. More than one young literary aspirant, from the days of Miss Burney onwards, have kept their tentative authorship from the knowledge of parents and friends until the fame of the first venture has extorted a confession; but we do not remember any instance of the same thing in artistic life besides that of Mr. George Leslie.

At that time (1857) he was a student in the Life School at the Royal Academy, whither he had passed after a course of study at Mr. Cary's School of Art in Bloomsbury, and he exhibited his first picture, "Hope," in the rooms of the British Institution, now an extinct gallery, but in those days an important feature of the London artistic year. On the day of the private view the young artist was at his place in the "Life," and it chanced that his father, who was visitor in that class, overheard Mr. Charles Landseer congratulating his son on the purchase of "Hope" by Lord Houghton. The pleasure of the father may be imagined, nor surely could any surprise be more delightful. A visit was paid to the private view of the British Institution, where Mr. C. R. Leslie had his first opportunity of giving criticism and encouragement to his son's finished work. He took some objection to the dryness of the style of work, but pronounced an augury which experience of modern art fully confirms when he said to the young artist, "Well, at any rate you need never starve, for you can paint a pretty face." Mr. George Leslie has followed up that first pretty face with a whole gallery of faces which have been something more than pretty. In the same year two pictures appeared from his hand at the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Unfortunately the painter so dear to our fathers did not live to see any further success of his son's, for he died in 1859; on his death-bed he had the young artist's work of that year brought to him, and the colour of one little picture delighted him. He had thus lived only long enough to enjoy the prospect of his son's possible future. Every expectation on that subject, however, with which he died has been more than fulfilled. For now, when Mr. George Leslie, by his great loss of that year, was thrown upon his own resources, he applied himself to his work with a real determination and industry that had been strangers to him before, and he started upon his career at this serious crisis of his life strengthened by the unstinted praises of one whose good word—a law to the world of art—hall-marked, as it were, the work of any young artist happy enough to merit it. Mr. Ruskin had for several years produced that little pamphlet of "Notes on the Royal Academy" which were so precious to students, so momentous—and at times, it must be owned, so fatal—to artists, and so eagerly read by the whole of the art-loving public; and in that particular year, 1859—the last of the continuous publication of those notes—Mr. George Leslie had the good fortune to experience the cheering and bracing effects of high praise from a high source. It is worthy of remark that when, after the lapse of sixteen years, Mr. Ruskin resumed for a single season his criticisms on the Academy, the same artist's work won these most pleasant sentences of commendation from the great master-teacher of the time. It may be scarcely necessary first to remind the reader of the subject and composition of "School Revisited," the group of girls in a garden receiving the call of a lately married companion who has bloomed into an elegant and exquisite lady, and the details of whose picturesque costume the affectionately envious school-girls are conning with delight. "I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms," says Mr. Ruskin, "and was so delighted with it that it made me like everything else I saw that morning. It is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English

girlhood; and, on the whole, the most easy and graceful composition in the rooms." Of the figure of the youngest child he says: "The little thing on the extreme left, with the hoop, is as pleasant a shadow of nature as can be conceived in this kind; and I have no words to say how pretty she is." In another passage he declares this to have been one of the four pictures which induced him to reappear once more as a pamphleteer upon the "Fast-Day at the Convent" in 1861; "A Summer Song" in 1862; "The Lost Carcanet" and "The War Summons" in 1863; "The Flower and the Leaf" and "Say Ta!" in 1864; "The Defence of Lathom House" in 1865; "Clarissa" in 1866—this picture represented the artist at the Paris International of the following year; "Willow, willow," "The Country Cousins," "Ten Minutes to Decide," and "The Rose Harvest" were



ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

(From the Picture by G. D. Leslie, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879.)

Academy, and he also gives his approval to Mr. Leslie's principle of nationalism: "English girls by an English painter. Whether you call them Madonnas, or saints — or what not—it is the law of art-life; your own people, as they live, are the only ones you can understand."

From 1859 to the present date Mr. Leslie has worked well and systematically. The Royal Academy catalogues show no break in the sequence of his labours; and the pictures we mention here are not all, but only the most important, which he has produced. "Matilda" and "Bethlehem" were exhibited in 1860; painted in 1867; the last-named appeared at the Dudley Gallery, and represented an exquisite English garden scene, a red-brick wall, a group of lovely women in last century attire, and the profuse harvest of roses, magnificently painted, red, yellow, and cream-white, gathered into blue and white china bowls, while over all glowed that delicious light and tone, and that altogether distinctive and most lovely colour, which form so great a part of the charm of Mr. Leslie's pictures. "The Rose Harvest" is one of the pleasant memories of the London picture-lover. In 1868 followed "Home News" and "The Empty Sleeve;" in 1869 "Celia's

Arbour" and "Cupid's Curse;" in 1870 "Fortunes" and "Carry;" in 1871 "Nausicaa and her Maids," which we have already referred to, and in which the princess's face was of most memorable beauty; in 1872 "Lavinia," a lovely illustration of Thomson's most quaintly sentimental autumn idyll; "An Elopement, A.D. 1790," in which the fine landscape—no mere accessory to the figures, but a complete picture—would have done honour to any landscape-painter, and "Lucy and Puck;" in 1873 "The Fountain;" in 1874 "Pot-Pourri"—an interior, with two graceful ladies busy in the manufacture of that fragrant composition of roses and spices—"The Nut-Brown Maid," and "Five o'Clock;" in 1875 "School Revisited," "The Path by the River," and "On the Banks of the Thames;" in 1876 "Roses," "My Duty towards my Neighbour," "Violet," the subject of one of our illustrations, and "Lavender;" in 1877 "Cowslips," and "The Lass of Richmond Hill," the artist's diploma picture; in 1878 "Home, sweet Home;" and in 1879 "Alice in Wonderland," which we also engrave, and which contains portraits of the artist's wife and little daughter.

Mr. Leslie's special studies have been in the schools of the great masters of beauty of all times—Raphael, Gainsborough, Romney; while the chaste line of Flaxman, the innocent grace of Stothard, and the pleasant artificiality of Watteau—showing such different phases of loveliness—have all had their share in influencing his taste. Nor can less power be attributed to the father's pure and noble affectionateness of disposition, under the example and inspiration of which could alone be formed that abiding love of gentleness and innocence which has been the motive of the son's whole art. We know much of Charles Robert Leslie's domestic interior through his happy biography—the happiest artist's life that has ever been given to the world—and in reading that serene record we do not care to separate art and love. The wife to whom all the confidences of his professional life are made, and "the babes" who are never forgotten in his letters, group themselves as naturally round the memory of the elder Leslie as do the pictures we all know so well. It is pleasant to learn that this lady is living, her abode being at Henley, the summer resort of her son, in the very heart of the beauty of the upper Thames.

Studying the great schools of the world, and keeping the traditions of such parentage as his, Mr. George Leslie has been reared and developed in a purely artistic atmosphere. His associates have also been artistic, Sir Edwin Landseer having in his late years given the young painter, whom he frequently admitted into his studio, and one of whose pictures he bought, the assistance of his friendship and guidance; while George Mason and Frederick Walker, whom the English world of painting has not ceased to regret, were his companions. Nor has the Royal Academy been slow to give recognition to a life so devoted to one interest, for he was elected an Associate in 1868, and an Academician in 1876.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

INDIAN METAL-WORK.—I.

BY J. R. ROYLE.



ROM the earliest ages India has been famous for its wealth in natural products, and at a very early date it became known that not only was the land rich in gems, spices, and valuable timbers, but that it also possessed among its inhabitants cunning artificers whose work was coveted by all other nations.

Perhaps the Indian armourers and workers in metal have a reputation not inferior in point of age to that of any other handicraftsmen, for golden armour, coats of mail, and various arms and tools are frequently mentioned in the Rig Veda—a collection of hymns forming part of the Hindu Scriptures, which were written 1,200 or 1,300 years before the Christian era—while swords of Indian steel have had their praises sung by poets and writers of all ages. To descend to comparatively recent times, Edrisi, an eminent Arabian geographer who flourished in the twelfth century, says that "it is impossible to find anything to surpass the edge that you get from Indian steel;" and Colonel Yule considers that the Ondanique mentioned by the great Venetian traveller Marco Polo as having been used in his days so largely in Persia for

mirrors and swords, which were highly valued, was in all probability Indian steel. He adds that steel seems to have been regarded in those days as the product of a perfectly different ore from that which produced iron, and Indian steel seems to have been considered a distinct natural species from ordinary steel (Yule, "Marco Polo," second edition, i. 96).



Fig. 1.—LOTA OF HAMMERED COPPER, FROM TANJOR.
(*Lent by Dr. Birdwood, C.S.I.*)

A still-existing proof of the early skill of the Indian workmen in forging iron is the "lâth," or wrought-iron pillar, bearing an inscription in honour of Vishnu, at the Kutub in Dehli; it is more than 23 feet in height, with a diameter of about 16 inches at the base, its weight has been calculated to be not less than six tons, and Mr. Fergusson supposes it to have been made between the years 363 to 400 A.D.

The mineral wealth of India is enormous, and in many parts of the country there exist traditions of mining operations having been carried on at a very early date. Thus Buchanan (in his "Travels in Mysore," vol. ii. p. 41), in describing the iron mines of Doray Guda, a hill in Mysore, says: "No tradition remains concerning the time when this mine began to be wrought, for the natives think that ore has been taken from it ever since the creation of the world, or, as they express themselves, since the hill was born." The miners also have a tradition that formerly there had been dug into the hill an immense cavern, from whence the whole neighbourhood was supplied with ore; the roof of this cavern is said to have given way and to have buried the miners of seven villages, with all their cattle. The appearance of the hill somewhat confirms the truth of this tradition, there being evident proofs of a part of it having fallen in at some very remote period, and the mouth of a cavern may be seen—probably part of the old mine.

But although there is plenty of evidence that the Hindus have from early ages been skilful workers in metals, yet in modern times their skill seems to have been somewhat lost sight of—perhaps mainly because of the few specimens of artistic workmanship which were brought to Europe.

In the early days of England's commercial dealings with the East, merchants naturally contented themselves for the most part with bringing over such produce as could be obtained in large quantities at cheap rates, and could be sold readily in Europe at a considerable profit; and the importation of Indian manufactures, other than textile fabrics, was mainly left to travellers and others who would bring home with them as presents for their friends some few specimens of curious workmanship, which, though frequently intrinsically valuable, were looked on for the most part simply as curiosities brought from a semi-barbarous country.

But the Great Exhibition of 1851, which gave a fresh impetus to the arts and manufactures of all countries, brought prominently before the eyes of the public the fact that the natives of India had not only not lost their ancient skill as handicraftsmen, but were even in some respects—notably in harmony of design and colouring, and in the beauty of form of some of the objects exhibited—superior to the workmen of the countries nearer home.



Fig. 2.—LOTA OF SCULPTURED BRASS, FROM TANJOR.
(*Lent by Dr. Birdwood, C.S.I.*)

The many subsequent International Exhibitions which have been held in the different European capitals have gradually brought Indian art manufactures more into notice, and, encouraged by the fact that specimens of the best

workmanship sold readily at these exhibitions, dealers have been induced to import some of the most admired goods, while European manufacturers have gladly availed themselves of the valuable hints as to design and form which are to be obtained by a study of Indian wares. In metal-work, as much as in any other class of manufactures, the skill of the native workmen is seen; and this is the more marvellous when we take into consideration the small variety and the extreme simplicity and even roughness of the tools they use—tools which would in most cases be thrown on one side in disgust by any European artisan, though the natives will with them turn out works which are unsurpassed in beauty of form and in the patience with which the elaborate details of the surface ornamentation are worked out. It must, however, be confessed that where any merely mechanical work has to be performed, such as the accurate fitting of a lid, or the neat formation of a hinge, the native workmanship leaves very much to be desired. European influence is now, in some districts, to a great extent overcoming this tendency to slur over important mechanical details; *e.g.*, some of the guns and locks made at Monghyr (a town which has been called the Birmingham of India on account of the quantity of this work performed there) are perfect copies of good European workmanship, and the same may be said of the cutlery from Salem. In other districts, however, the same influence—misdirected, and applied to details of art—has, in place of improving the work, had the worst possible effect. Thus, instead of having the merely mechanical portions of European work copied, those who have set patterns before the workmen have induced them to copy also forms and designs which are in execrable taste, as witness the specimens which may now be seen in many London shop windows. Further than this, the contamination of bad example has taught them to work in spurious metals, with the result that the expression "Indian" gold or silver, which used formerly to be considered as a synonym for almost pure gold or silver, is now held to be descriptive of metal which must be carefully examined and tested before any reliance can be placed on its being what it professes to be. The writer has himself seen work professing to be of silver, but in reality of copper plated, in which deception had been carried so far that small holes had been drilled for some depth into the metal before plating it, in order that purchasers, seeing these holes covered with silver, might be persuaded that the metal was good throughout.

It need not, however, be feared that these remarks apply indiscriminately to all Indian work in the precious metals; many classes of gold and silver work contain no more than the requisite proportion of alloy, and it is hoped that some of the specimens illustrated in this series of papers will afford evidence that many beautiful forms are still to be obtained.

With the exception of articles of jewellery, the Indian metal wares are not, as a rule, suited for European use except as objects for ornament; for this purpose they are, however, eminently suitable, and it is the object of these papers to show how many beautiful varieties of such work are available for purposes of decoration.

Nearly all the domestic utensils which are in common use among the natives of India are made either of unglazed pottery or of metal; it is only with the latter that we have at present to deal, but it is interesting to note that most of the elegant forms for which Indian metal-work is so noted owe their graceful curves to the fact that they are copied or adapted from models made in a more pliant material, which has been carefully fashioned by means of the potter's wheel. Thus it will be seen that nearly all the forms of metal vases illustrated here have been derived from some one or other of the well-known forms used in Indian pottery.

The metal vessels used for domestic purposes by the lower and middle classes are generally made either of brass, bell-metal, or copper; sometimes of zinc, pewter, or sheet-iron; the wealthier classes frequently use vessels of silver. The more solid of the brass or bell-metal vessels are cast in clay moulds as follows: a solid core is made of a mixture of clay and midden-waste of the size and shape of the inside of the desired vessel; this core is then dried and covered with a layer of wax of the same form and thickness as the vessel is intended to be, the wax is covered with more clay, and the whole is placed in a fire until the clay hardens; the heat of the fire melts the wax, which runs off through a hole left on purpose, thus leaving a space between the two clay moulds, which is afterwards filled with molten metal. When cold, the external mould is broken off, and the core broken up and removed; the rough casting is finally cleaned, and fixed in a rude lathe and turned. Vessels of this description—as used by the poorer classes—are usually perfectly plain, or at most are ornamented with one or two bright-turned rings.

Lighter and less substantial vessels are made of sheet-copper or brass hammered into the requisite forms on properly-shaped moulds or stakes.

From the plain vessels just described to those of a more ornamental character is but a step; the turned castings or hammered shapes are handed over to the engraver or embosser. In the case of the castings the pattern desired is traced on the surface, and then worked out with engraving tools (if desired to be in relief, the general outline of the design has been previously formed in the wax before casting, and the engraver has only to fill in the details and accentuate the outlines); in the case of the thin hammered work the vessel is filled with a melted composition of lac, which soon solidifies, and yet retains a considerable amount of elasticity; the pattern is then traced out as before, and is brought out in relief (*repoussé*) by means of hammering with properly-shaped punches.

It is in these stages that there is most scope for the exercise of the artist's talent, for although the forms employed have been handed down from generation to generation with but little variation, as can be proved by a comparison of the modern forms with those represented on the Amravati and other ancient sculptures, and although the designs used as ornaments are also to a great extent traditional, and are either taken from well-known mythological subjects, or are conventionalised representations of certain natural objects—mainly from the vegetable kingdom—yet there is infinite variety in the graceful arrangement of different patterns—and, as we shall see when we come to the inlaid, encrusted, and niello work—in the combinations of two or more metals, and the effects produced by a proper balancing of design and groundwork. For the Indian workman does not, as is generally the case with his European *confrère*, merely copy or transfer a stereotyped design, but, starting with a general scheme of ornamentation for the particular piece of work on which he is engaged, he carries out the details according to his own fancy. In this he is much assisted by the fact that some of his earliest lessons as a child were in freehand drawing, for it is the custom of native mothers to teach their children drawing at a very early age by means of the simple appliances of a pointed stick for pencil, and the sanded floor of the house for paper.

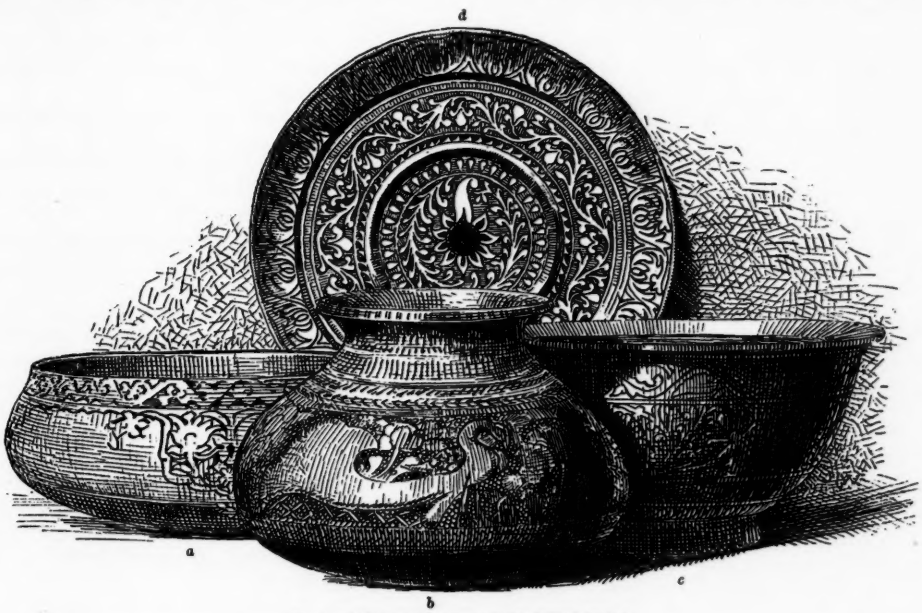


Fig. 3.—GROUP OF INDIAN INCISED METAL WARE.

a, Bell-metal Bowl, from Sháhpur; *b*, Brass Lota, from Benares; *c*, *d*, Bowl and Plate of Brass, plated and incised, from Moradábád.

The word "manufacture," as pointed out by Dr. Birdwood in his "Handbook to the Indian Section at the Paris Exhibition, 1878," "has come at last in Europe to lose well-nigh all trace of its true etymological meaning, and is now generally used for the process of the conversion of raw materials into articles suitable

for the use of man by machinery;" but, through the causes above mentioned, it turns out that the wares made by Indian workmen are in the strictest sense art manufactures, *i.e.*, the handiwork of a race of artists.

Figs. 1 and 3 show examples of different modes of ornamenting the plainer vessels above referred to; and Fig. 2 shows a rather higher class of ornamentation, the subject being a very favourite one in Hindu decoration, viz., the ten Avatāras, or incarnations, of the god Vishnu.

The best metal manufactures are not, of course, turned out indiscriminately in all Indian towns, though there are few towns of any importance where some work of the kind is not carried on, but, as in Europe, each town has its speciality: thus, good engraved brass-work comes from Benares and Moradábád, in the Bengal Presidency; while both engraved and embossed brass and copper work are well done at Tanjor and Trichinopoli, in the Madras Presidency, and at Násik and Ahmadnagar, in the Bombay Presidency. Plain or very slightly-ornamented brass vessels for domestic use, but of forms as elegant as those which are more highly ornamented, are made in many towns, such as Amritsar, Ambálá, Ludhiana, and Jalandhar, in the Panjáb, from which towns they are exported to Kashmír, Kábul, etc.; also at Kelsi and Puná, in the Bombay Presidency; while Mandlá, in the central provinces, is celebrated for the excellence of its manufactures in bell-metal, and from Kashmír come vessels and trays both of zinc and copper richly engraved; some of these are now electro-plated, so that they can only with difficulty be distinguished from the silver vessels of the same forms which will be mentioned further on.

From Karnāl (a town about seventy miles north-west of Dehli) comes a peculiar class of metal-work which it is believed is not produced in any other part of India. It is of the nature of an open trellis-work of cast brass, and panels of it are generally used for the sides and top of caskets, etc., the open-work panels are usually backed with coloured velvet or foil, and of late years the brass is frequently silver-plated.

In addition to the engraved brass above mentioned, Moradábád is famous for work of a rather more ornamental character, two examples of which are shown in Fig. 3, *c* and *d*; the material of which these specimens are made is brass, and they are plated with an amalgam of tin and quicksilver. The intended pattern is then traced on the surface with a pointed instrument, and the requisite parts of the plating are cut away with engraving-tools, leaving a slightly sunken device in brass, with a bright silvery groundwork. Sometimes the pattern is filled in with a black composition of lac, and thus a kind of cheap but effective niello-work is produced.

In his report on the manufactures of Bombay for the year 1872–3, Mr. Terry says that the town of Ahmadábád, in the Bombay Presidency, turns out a great many copper vessels, which are largely used throughout Western India. The copper for this purpose is all imported from Europe in sheets, and hammered into the requisite shapes by the native workmen.

In the same town iron-work is also hammered with great skill, and formerly some very fine workers in metal dwelt there. The beautiful gates of the tomb of Sháh Alam are fine examples of perforated brass-work.

Some of the metal vessels used in Bhután are of exceedingly elegant forms, and are decorated in a most tasteful manner, but they are probably procured from Tibet, and are not of Indian manufacture, as the ornamentation partakes far more of a Chinese than an Indian character. These vessels are generally of copper, or in some cases partly of copper and partly of brass; they are ornamented with plaques and bands of open tracery in silver, almost resembling filigree, and these plaques and bands are frequently further decorated with a few dots of rough turquoise, the effect of the *tout-ensemble* being most pleasing.

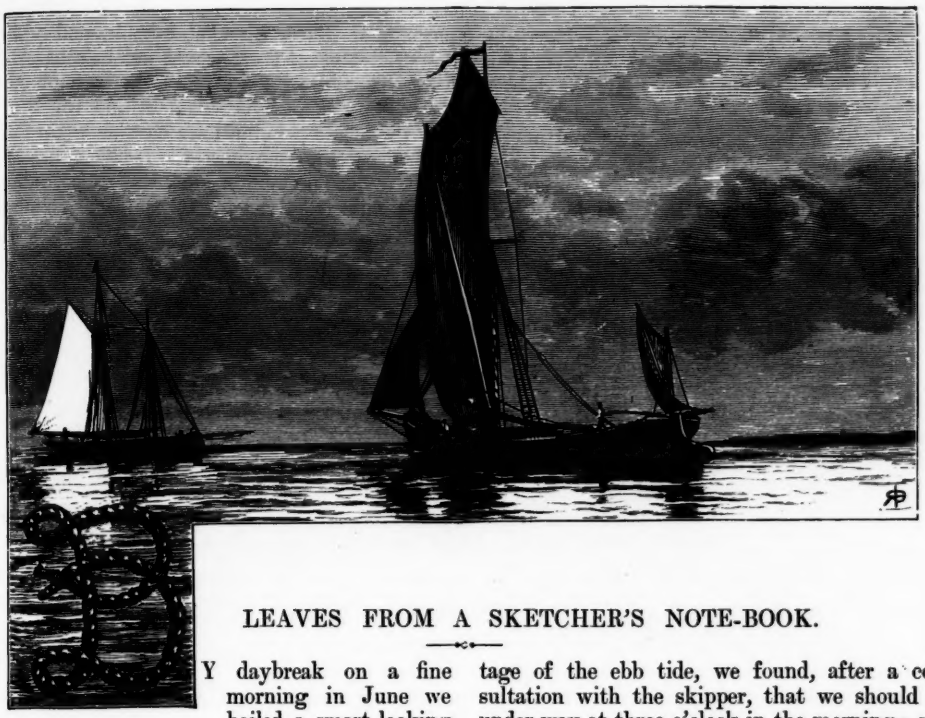
Although they are not usually very remarkable for the beauty of their form, and are only occasionally conspicuously ornamented, yet a word must be said concerning the gongs and bells of India, which are celebrated for the depth and purity of their tones. English people newly arrived at an up-country station in India are frequently surprised, on waking at night, to hear what they take for the deep tones of the bell of a church clock, and they find in the morning that the sounds were only those of the gong suspended outside the guard-room, and used for striking the hours.

The bells suspended over temples in Burmah have clappers which terminate in a broad leaf-shaped pendant, which is caused to sway to and fro by every passing breeze, thus constantly reminding worshippers of their duty.



"LIFE, LIGHT, AND MELODY."

(By H. Herkomer, A.R.A. By permission of Mr. A. W. Mansel Lewis.)



LEAVES FROM A SKETCHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY daybreak on a fine morning in June we hailed a smart-looking schooner-yacht lying at anchor in the Medway, off Sheerness.

The sky, blue and bright above us, had a few white clouds scudding across its pure surface in the direction of the seas we hoped to be soon traversing. The snowy sails of our yacht vied with the whiteness of the clouds. The light breeze stirred the surface of the broad river into a thousand tiny waves, which lapped against the shining sides of our vessel with a music enchanting to our ears. The surface of the water was alive with craft of various descriptions, from the stately man-of-war with pennants rippling in the breeze, to the humble fishing-boat with its rich tanned sails standing away towards the distant town of Southend, which lay sparkling in the sun to the northward.

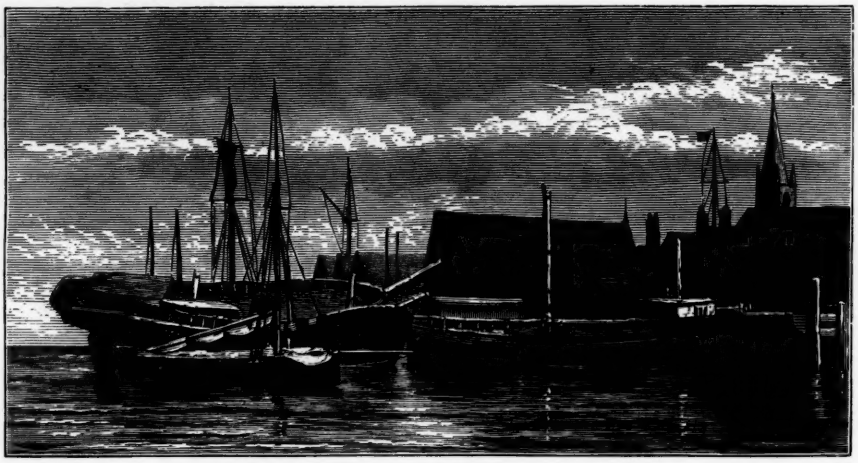
We have hired our schooner-yacht for a three months' cruise, and are starting with no particular object in view, beyond enjoying ourselves, studying the beauties of Nature on sea and land, and recruiting our health, weakened by the turmoil and strain of London life.

We propose to sail direct for Harwich, the attraction to that port being the annual regatta, which is about to take place, and may be a sight worth seeing. To take advantage of the ebb tide, we found, after a consultation with the skipper, that we should be under way at three o'clock in the morning; and accordingly we all turned in betimes, in anticipation of an early start, the two seniors retiring to the luxury of the after-cabin, while the others made up their own beds on the sofas in the saloon. A last look-out on deck showed the yellow moon in a cloudless sky reflected on the smooth stream, while a hundred lamps and anchor lights completed a "Nocturne" after Mr. Whistler's own heart.

Next morning, at least an hour before sunrise, we were roused from our slumbers by a tremendous clatter overhead, and hurrying on our clothes, we went on deck, and found the crew busy getting the sails set and the anchor weighed. It was very cold, and we shivered in our bare feet on the wet deck while we assisted, or fancied we assisted, the men in their work. There was not a breath of air to ruffle the glassy surface of the water, a thick bank of purple clouds lay on the horizon, and the sun, like a ball of fire rising up behind it, gilded the spars and hulls of the various craft lying at anchor around us. The effect was very placid and beautiful, but just then we had not much sympathy with pictorial matter, and would rather have had a little breeze to waft us out into the Thames, as the strong tide had caught us, and we were being swept down like a cork

on to one of Her Majesty's steamers lying right across our course. A collision would have been a serious affair; but the skipper saw the danger in time, and ordering the gig to be lowered, by the help of four stalwart arms and a pair of oars we just cleared the vessel.

Presently a fresh south-east breeze sprang up, which our yacht soon began to feel. The music about her bows told us we were beginning to go through the water. Sails were trimmed, the chart consulted, and we lay our course for Harwich, with the pleasant prospect of making our port fairly and well.



JETTIES AT HARWICH.

We were much pleased with the performance of our ship: she slipped smoothly and quickly along, and carried her canvas well; the skipper, also, seemed quite up to the mark, and knew his way through the tortuous channels and dangerous sandbanks that make the mouth of the Thames so difficult of navigation. This fact was ominously brought home to us by the sight of a wreck on the Gunfleet Sand, some hapless merchantman that had perished, perhaps in a wild winter's night at the end of its voyage, and almost within sight of port.

The coast of Essex cannot be called picturesque. Stale and unprofitable it may not be, but flat it undoubtedly is, and as we passed the endless stretches of mud and marsh we marvelled at the ugliness of the landscape, and welcomed, as oases in the desert, the glistening terraces of Clacton-on-Sea and Walton-on-the-Naze.

Walton-on-the-Naze is not perhaps a locality that an artist would voluntarily seek for the purpose of filling his sketch-book, and yet a day or two spent there would not be altogether lost. There are some wonderful effects of sunset to be seen over the flats behind the town, and there is a windmill which stands up dark and picturesque against the golden evening glow. The promontory of the Naze, about half a mile from the town, has some elements of the picturesque about it. The outline is bold and striking, and the mingling of gravel and London clay at this spot gives a pleasing variety of tints, ranging from deep orange to cool soft greys. In the irregularities of the cliffs, caused by a succession of landslips, there are some pretty hollows where wild flowers grow in the greatest profusion, and where one might spend many pleasant hours gazing over the blue expanse of the German Ocean.

After leaving Walton there was still plenty to delight the eye; for, besides the sea, sky, and sunshine, there were the picturesque Thames barges all around us, deeply laden and lying over to the breeze, with their tall spars and richly-coloured sails of every shade of orange, and their yellow freights of hay and straw for the omnivorous London market.

The Beach End buoy, at the entrance to Harwich Harbour, was passed at 11.40, and at 12.30 we dropped anchor opposite the hotel, in the middle of a fleet of yachts, all come down for the regatta.

Harwich did not look a promising hunting-ground for the artist, but a sketchable subject was soon found in a group of old wrecks which had been utilised as a series of jetties

in connection with a shipbuilder's yard (page 244). Resplendent in colour, deep green of sea-weed, bright emerald of old copper, red of rusty iron, and blue-black of old tar, their weather-beaten sides and broken masts telling of many a stormy battle with wind and wave, they reminded one of a human counterpart of bygone times, a group of pensioners ending their days peacefully in the placid haven of Greenwich Hospital.

Soon after breakfast the next morning we were under way, with a nice little off-shore breeze, and made sail seawards, to watch the starting of the yachts in the various races.

A pretty sight it was to see them manœuvring to get into good positions on the right side of the imaginary line, which they were not to cross till the gun fired, each one trying to steal to windward of his neighbour; and when the signal to go was given, how gracefully they slipped away, with every stitch of canvas set that they could carry! If the breeze had held there would have been fine racing, but, alas! as the sun rose higher the wind dropped, and before long it was almost a dead calm.

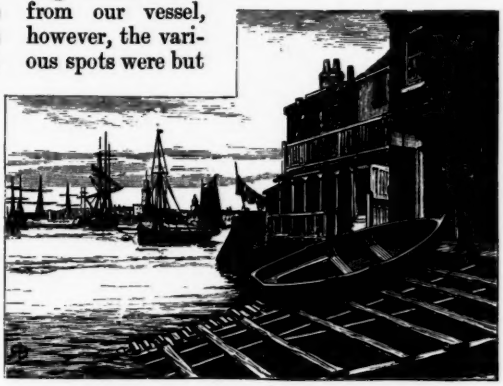
With the dread of a night in the streets, as the skipper expressed it, we did not follow the large yachts in their lengthy course, but contented ourselves with tacking about among the smaller class, and watching the varied fortunes of the race. Towards evening, the wind having entirely dropped, we drifted up the harbour to our moorings, and let go our anchor at seven o'clock in our old berth. As we swung round to the tide the winners in the smaller classes crept past us towards the flag-boat higher up the harbour, which they had to round before concluding the race, their crews all looking very ill-tempered, as yachtsmen generally do after a calm day. The larger vessels, less fortunate, and having a longer distance to go, did not complete their weary course till three o'clock in the morning.

Shortly after sunrise next day the inexorable skipper called us up to impart the welcome news that there was a fair breeze, and advised an immediate start. To this suggestion we cordially assented, some of the party showing the intensity of their nautical enthusiasm by coming on deck in airy garb, to help to set the canvas.

Our destination was Portsmouth. With variable winds we threaded the intricate channels which lay in our path. There is not much to interest one before rounding the South Foreland, but as Dover Castle and Shakespeare's Cliff hove in sight, a lurid cloud hung over the coast of France, which betokened a coming storm. We had only time to get the yacht under snug canvas, when the storm broke—

> "Then came a flash from out the cloud,
> And a stunning thunder-roll."

The sea, the sky, and the white chalk cliffs were lit by the vivid lightning almost to the brightness of noonday, while the thunder seemed to shake our little craft from stem to stern. There was hardly a breath of wind, but as the storm passed, a fresh breeze came from off the shore, and a brilliant moonlight night succeeded the stormy twilight. Slowly we drifted on past the fine range of cliffs lying between Dover and Folkestone, while on our left the vivid moonlight spread a broad path of glory out to the dim horizon. There are some picturesque nooks among the cliffs lying to the east of Folkestone, and a mile or two at the back of the town some glorious sweeps of upland, where the artist may obtain profitable employment for his pencil. Lower down the channel the fine chalk mass of Beachy Head presents many an aspect of beauty for the lover of coast scenes, and even after the coast falls flat beyond Brighton, the explorer may find some pretty nooks if he chooses to make his way steadily along from Worthing to Hayling Island. Seen from our vessel, however, the various spots were but a series of dissolving views. I shall not easily forget our run, with its varied incidents and rapidly changing sights. Many a stately ship we saw, beating up channel, and when night came on, red and green lights began to twinkle around us, showing that other craft besides our own were under way. The friendly moon gave us many a vision of rare effect, among others



PORTSMOUTH POINT.

one that will not easily be effaced. A barque crossing our course, with all sail set, the canvas telling light against the sky, the red port lamp shining like a ruby from the rigging, and reflected in the gently heaving swell. On the evening of the second day from Harwich we glided placidly into Portsmouth Harbour, and dropped anchor, as the sun was setting over Haslar Hospital, near the celebrated "Hard" at Portsea, a place which may be called classic ground in the annals of the British Navy.

On our way in a picturesque old tavern, with a quaint verandah and balcony over it, on the "Point" at the Portsmouth side, attracted our special attention (see page 245), and subsequent visits confirmed the first favourable impression. The Customs Watch House adjoins the tavern, and from the bow-window over the boat-house the coastguard hails each in-coming vessel, and notes her name and port of departure.



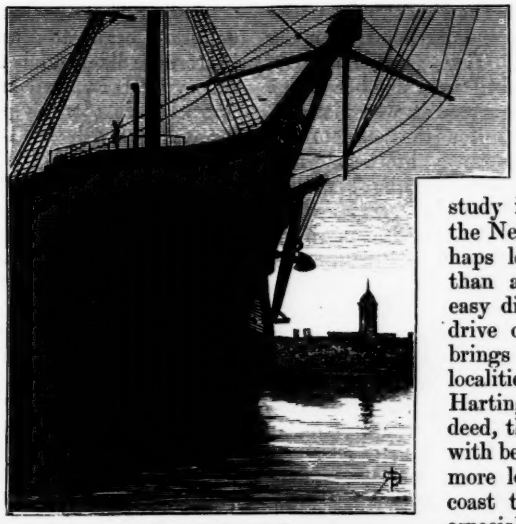
OLD MILL ON "FAREHAM LAKE."

An expedition next day by rail to Fareham, a pretty town situated at the top of Portsmouth Harbour, amply repaid me for the trouble of dragging my paint-box, sketching-stool, and other impedimenta in the broiling sun. The old mill, both in form and colour, was a subject to which the above sketch can do but scanty justice. Built on the margin of the water, called here Fareham Lake, which is, in fact, an estuary of the sea, and therefore tidal, the effects of the reflections are constantly changing with the ebb and flood. The red-tiled roofs, lichen and moss covered, the tarred planked walls and the brick foundations, green with sea-weed, require the brightest colours to approach the truth of nature. The inevitable visit to Portsmouth Dockyard had to be made, and being fortunate enough to own a friend in the navy residing in the neighbouring groves of Southsea, we pressed him, not resisting, into our service, and did our duty to our country by traversing miles of sheds, forges, dry docks, basins, and other adjuncts to the head-quarters of Her Majesty's fleet.

A careful examination of the latest iron-clad the *Dreadnought* filled us with wonder and admiration at the many ingenious contrivances for utilising the power of steam. By means of it, everything necessary to be done on board ship, from raising the anchor to loading the enormous guns with which the turrets are armed, can be accomplished, and we were astonished at the strangely successful devices to get light and ventilation into depths and recesses far remote from sun or air.

What a contrast between this monster of the deep and another of Her Majesty's ships to which our friend next conducted us—the old *Victory*—a glorious relic of the past, inseparably linked with the memory of Nelson and that great war, when Britain for ever made good her title to rule the waves. We

were shown the spot where Nelson fell, and the gloomy cockpit where he breathed his last, cheered by the news that the day was won, and conscious that, from the admiral to the humblest seaman, every man that day had done his duty. The interior of the ship is much changed from what it was in her early days, and her spars are greatly reduced in dimensions, but the hull remains the same; and woe to the economy-bitten First Lord who proposes to break up the old *Victory*, and save the few pounds annually which her maintenance now costs the country.



H.M.S. "VICTORY."

At Portsmouth we are within an easy journey of many spots dear to the soul of the artist. We can run over to the Isle of Wight in half an hour, and spend a day in exploring the beauties of the Undercliff, through Bonchurch and Ventnor to Blackgang; or we can extend our excursion to Freshwater and Alum Bay, with their grand slopes of downs and white chalk cliffs dropping abruptly to the channel waves. Netley Abbey, too, is within easy reach, and also on the other side of Southampton Water, as we all know, there is an endless field of study in the lone recesses of the New Forest, which is perhaps less overrun by artists than any other spot within easy distance of London. A drive of a few miles inland brings you to the charming localities of Petersfield and Harting and Midhurst. Indeed, the whole district teems with beauty. There is nothing more lovely on all the south coast than Harting Coombe, especially when the heather is in bloom. But this is wandering too far from our vessel, which is still lying peaceably in Portsmouth Harbour, and whose further progress must be reserved for another paper.

J. E. R.

A BUNDLE OF RUE:

BEING MEMORIALS OF ARTISTS RECENTLY DECEASED.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK (*concluded*).

BUT of the enormous mass of matter produced by Hone and Cruikshank, let it suffice to quote two. One was a complete re-issue of the writings of the pamphleteer, illustrated by a hundred and twenty designs from the latter's hand, a most interesting work, deriving added value in the eyes of all Cruikshank collectors by the frontispiece, which shows the artist and author in close consultation over a table. The dual origin of most of the works in which he had a share is here well expressed, as it was later by drawings of Cruikshank and Dickens, and Cruikshank and Ainsworth, similarly engaged. Hone also published the famous "Bank Restriction Note," got up in imitation of a Bank of England note, and containing an elaborate design, by Cruikshank, in satire on the barbarous practice, then in vogue, of hanging wholesale for petty forgeries. In 1818—within the lifetime of many now amongst us—he saw eleven persons at once, of whom two were women, hanging outside Newgate for this crime. The design strikes the eye now as more ingenious than impressive, but it made at the time a prodigious sensation; and Cruikshank was proud of announcing the conclusion of the matter—that no man or woman was hanged from that day forward for passing false one-pound notes. When his connection with Hone ceased, his political caricatures ceased also. Book-illustration and

the production of separate and original designs comprised the really important work of Cruikshank's life. In the first instance he was associated, now with the weakness of Harrison Ainsworth, now with the power of Dickens; in the second he laboured under one master—Hogarth. That great father of English caricature worked in a manner which was to the full as literary as it was pictorial. Artists who are artists for the sake of art can hardly claim him as a brother. And not only in this respect does he stand in the attitude of a genius in revolt against acknowledged laws, and strong enough to make his own, but also in his manner of telling his story—all insistence, all explanation, all emphasis—he is at variance with the masters of the art of impressions and suggestions. In one thing only could the method of Hogarth find its triumphant justification—and that one thing is his strength. This constant emphasis, this insistence would result in childish obviousness if the artist's strength relaxed even for a moment. Of all methods, then, it is clear that his was the most properly personal to himself, the most dangerous for a following of disciples. Cruikshank was his disciple — his greatest. But that his power is so unrelaxed in all his work that his violent story-telling is never offensively obvious, no one who has carefully considered his whole series of social caricatures would be willing to assert. That he did so often succeed in the practice of his great predecessor's dangerous principles is, however, sufficient evidence of his extraordinary talents. Now and then, indeed, as in his illustrations to "Oliver Twist," his work is entirely strong and satisfactory; the weakness is chiefly apparent when he is enforcing a moral, as in his famous "Bottle" series. One great deficiency in Cruikshank (his utter incapacity for the representation of any kind of beauty, grace, or high breeding) makes much of his work for Ainsworth not only meaningless but unintentionally grotesque. Cruikshank's burglars are generally admirable — but Cruikshank's ladies!

The first important illustrations produced by our artist, who in this and in many other instances in his earlier career worked in combination with his brother, appeared in 1821, in a book called "Life in London," famous in its day, but as imbecile in humour as it was vulgarly vicious in its morals. The Cruikshanks adorned this volume with thirty-six scenes "from life." It is hard to understand how the tendency of such a work should have been mistaken by any one engaged in its production; but however this may be, we are told that George Cruikshank was dismayed at finding that the inane pages which he had doubtless begun to illustrate in mere gaiety of heart were likely to become a handbook of all the evils of London, and he withdrew his co-operation as soon as possible. His pencil was better employed in 1824 on the "Tales of Irish Life," and in 1827 on "Mornings in Bow Street," one of his best works. The ten succeeding years were filled with drawings from his pencil—some of them famous, some remembered only by the curious in such matters—the mere enumeration of which would occupy more space than we can spare.

With a word of record to the "Comic Almanack," illustrated by Cruikshank, and published with inveterate drollery year by year from 1835 to 1853, we hurry on through a mass of minor events to the artist's first collaboration with one of the typical geniuses of his time, Charles Dickens. Not collaboration only but a warm friendship was established between the two men; and if, in after-years, the partnership in art was dissolved and even the friendship cooled—such alterations were not uncommon in the novelist's singularly emotional life. To be Dickens' friend was to be also the friend of almost all that was eminent, or prominent, in English art and literature. A prospectus of one of the great author's beloved theatrical enterprises — the performance for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, already alluded to—lies before us, and contains Cruikshank's name in an interesting connection. "The company," it states, "will comprise Mr. Dudley Costello, Mr. George Cruikshank, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Augustus Egg, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. John Leech, Mr. G. H. Lewes, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Frank Stone, and Mr. T. J. Thompson." Most of these names are known to fame, though those of Dudley Costello, a busy author and journalist, Augustus Egg, a graceful artist, and Frank Stone, A.R.A., are not very familiar to the present generation. The last name (that of the father of the painter of "The Roll-Call") represents the only *dilettante* on the list, and is also that of the only survivor of the whole *troupe*. Dickens' "Sketches by Boz," his first book, was illustrated by Cruikshank, so was the "Life of Grimaldi," and so was, more memorably, "Oliver Twist." The artist afterwards claimed to have been the originator of

this work, insomuch as his sketches had suggested its situations, and had in effect been "written up" to by the author. There is, no doubt, a certain indignity implied to literature by this reversal of the common order of things. Illustrative art takes its right place as the servant of letters, legitimately and indisputably, though we would relegate no other form of art to a secondary rank; nor can we consider the arts at their best when they are mere collaborators. Dickens disputed Cruikshank's claim, and his biographer Forster replied to it with a contemptuous denial which caused the artist no little pain. His work of about the year 1848 was at its surest and best, and now more than ever he was engaged upon independent and original designs. In the same year these began to be illustrative of that war against drunkenness which he carried on with characteristic energy until his death. It is, and surely ought to be, no secret that George Cruikshank in his earlier manhood was far from being an abstainer. His sudden and complete resolution to adopt, henceforth, habits of rigid temperance, which followed the death (from one of the most terrible of maladies) of a friend he loved, gives the value of intimate sincerity to much in his after-work which not seldom seems foolishly melodramatic, and the touch of tragedy and truth to puerile moralities which otherwise we should be slow to accept seriously. Vulgar also we could not but consider his "temperance" designs (not, of course, because they deal with vulgar people, but because they are coarsely and insistently trite in conception) did not the knowledge of this fact of his life prove to us with what straightness and simplicity they are intended; and not much vulgarity can exist with straightness and simplicity of intention. It is only necessary justice to the man as an artist, therefore, that this fact should be put on record. The most famous of these total abstinence productions was undoubtedly the "Bottle," a series of designs originally accompanied by verses, but best known as unaided by letterpress, and telling their own story, indeed, with an inveteracy of over-emphasis which leaves any possible verbal explanations, even enforced by numberless notes of admiration, far behind. A curious comparison, of keen interest for the inquirers both into the ethics and the æsthetics of art, may be made between the sham realism of the didactic draughtsman Cruikshank, and the true, non-didactic, but indeed awful realism of a contemporary French writer who has recently described through literature what the English artist has described through art—the decadence, by means of drink, of a labouring family. The fall of these people is not less sure or less entire in the book than in the drawings, nor less inevitably to be ascribed to one only and sufficient cause; but in the former case real life has been painted, with its own unforced and inimitable completeness; in the latter a form of reality has been given to an arbitrary set of facts. It



OLIVER TWIST RECOVERING FROM THE FEVER.
(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

may be said that Cruikshank's designs were professedly intended to appeal to a class ill able to appreciate the value of the reserves and reticences of fine art; but we are by no means sure that the labourers and "roughs" whom Cruikshank desired to impress would *not* value reserve and reticence as strongly and as instinctively as children certainly value them, or that they will accept without a large pinch of salt the moral lesson conveyed in "The Fiend's Frying-Pan," "The Gin-Shop" (a parody on the "House that Jack Built"), or "How Sam Adams's Pipe became a Pig." Cruikshank, by the way, had become, from an enthusiastic smoker, as rigid a total abstainer from tobacco as from intoxicating drinks, and devoted the labours of his pencil almost as energetically to the one cause as to the other.

Our artist's drawings for the romances of Harrison Ainsworth formed an important part of his illustrative work. Seven of these novels were decorated with designs from his hand, among them the celebrated "Jack Sheppard." A glance at Cruikshank's other works in his capacity as illustrator shows us a bewildering number and variety of books, from the comic ephemera of the day to the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost," at which he tried his hand in more serious moments. In 1827 he illustrated Grimm's "Fairy Tales;" his best comic work, or at least the work which is the most comic to the feeling of our time, is to be found in these drawings. His impish inventiveness is here in quite delightful antithesis to the thorough humanity and realisation with which he treats the magical, supernatural, and diabolical. It is easy to laugh candidly over these designs. In 1830 he etched twelve plates for Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," also admirable. But it is difficult to make selections for mere mention amongst so much and such varied work.

As an oil-painter Cruikshank probably will be forgotten, in spite of the ambitious humility with which, at sixty-four, he became a student in the schools. At seventy he painted his picture—which is in no sense a picture—of "The Worship of Bacchus," now at the National Gallery. Sensationalism is the routine charge brought against this curious production, but its real absurdity lies in the poor, feeble little puerilities of the stories it tells. He took his design on a lecturing tour, to his great pecuniary loss. Indeed, in the matter of money this famous artist was not a prosperous man. Mr. Sala expresses his opinion that at no time did that busy pencil and needle, which are estimated by Professor Bates to have produced some 15,000 to 20,000 pieces, earn for George Cruikshank more than £600 a year. In 1866 Mr. Ruskin came, in company with others, to the pecuniary assistance of the man he prized so greatly. A testimonial was set on foot, but with little success. In his last years, however, Cruikshank received a pension of £100 from the civil list, and £50 from the "Turner" annuities at the Royal Academy.

In 1878 George Cruikshank died—after his time. There was no room in the crypt of St. Paul's where it was proposed to bury him—with perhaps a little excusable exaggeration of the claims of an energetic caricaturist. But his funeral had its own distinction, for by Lord Houghton, Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, Mr. Charles Landseer, Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Ellis, and General McMurdo, was his body borne to its last resting-place at Kensal Green.

That his contemporaries held Cruikshank in the highest esteem, we have the evidence of an enthusiastic popularity which no humorist in art of our time has ever attained—although our time boasts of one exquisitely witty caricaturist in George Du Maurier, as pure in line as Flaxman, broad in humour and subtle in satire; and of a comic artist in Charles Keene, who is no caricaturist, but who has mastered the extreme humour of commonplace expression, in a manner too purely true for caricature. Neither of these, nor John Leech who closely followed Cruikshank as to the time of his fame, has ever approached the place held by him in popular esteem—nay, in the popular heart. To be master of this heart is no slight conquest; that it has been gained by many, in literature, in art, and in music, whose victory is hard to understand, scarcely makes it less coveted by those who may command the applause of the fit and few but not of the many. It might even be worth while to forego a little fastidious praise for the sake of swaying those emotions which, if inconsiderable in the unit, are surely noble in the aggregate. But George Cruikshank gained both; every one admired him; every author chose or would have chosen him as an illustrator; he seems to have caused genuine laughter, and also to have raised respect for his serious powers, for publishers secured his pencil for works so various as "Paradise Lost" and "John Gilpin." If Dickens applied to younger talent for collaboration with his own more matured, more finished, and less uproarious books, it can

never be forgotten that it was Cruikshank he chose in his early freshness. Thackeray was no art-critic; we cite him therefore in praise, not of the art but of the spirit of Cruikshank. "He has told us," says the author of "Vanity Fair," "a thousand new truths in as many strange and fascinating ways; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people; he has never used his wit dishonestly; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome nature, caused a single painful or guilty blush. How little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him!" Ernest Chesnau, who more than any other writer has seized and defined national character in art in his admirable "Nations Rivales," speaks of the works of Cruikshank as "full of imagination, impulse, fire, energy, ardour, phantasy, character, caprice." Mr. Hamerton, Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Wedmore are among the critics who have, on technical grounds, continued his praises; and in the crowd of lesser testimonies we pause over that of the master Ruskin, mingling as it does a characteristic eulogy with more characteristic regret. To him—the most serious of all living thinkers, who, though humour and wit shine both in his bitter and in his gentle moments, has taken life and art too intimately to heart to be very patient of farce—it is deplorable that a fine artistic power should be devoted to the grotesque, and still more deplorable is it to his high and liberal mind that art should need to do battle with filthy vice. "The genius of Cruikshank has been cast away in an utterly ghastly and lamentable manner: his superb line-work, worthy of any class of subject, and his powers of conception and composition, of which I cannot venture to estimate the range in their degraded application, having been condemned by his fate to be spent either in rude jesting or in vain war with conditions of vice too low alike for record or rebuke, among the dregs of the British populace. Yet perhaps I am wrong in regretting even this; it may be an appointed lesson for futurity that the art of the best English etcher of the nineteenth century, spent on the illustration of the lives of burglars and drunkards, should one day be seen in museums beneath Greek vases fretted with drawings of the wars of Troy, or side by side with Dürer's 'Knight and Death.'" The great, significant, and exquisite pathos of this lamentation yet leaves us free to hold that though Cruikshank's war against vice may have been vain, it *might* not have been so, and that one reform, or even one effort at reform, in the moral order, is worth much art in the æsthetic order. Also, that no man who has in his day promoted, however evanescently, the sane and human gift of laughter among men, has cast away his art. We can scarcely smile—we frequently shudder indeed—at Cruikshank now; our minds have changed with regard to farce, and will change again, but we will not withhold our gratitude from any true humorist, for every such man has given a bracing stimulus to all that is masculine, wholesome, and upright in his time.

ALICE THOMPSON.

ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.—IV.

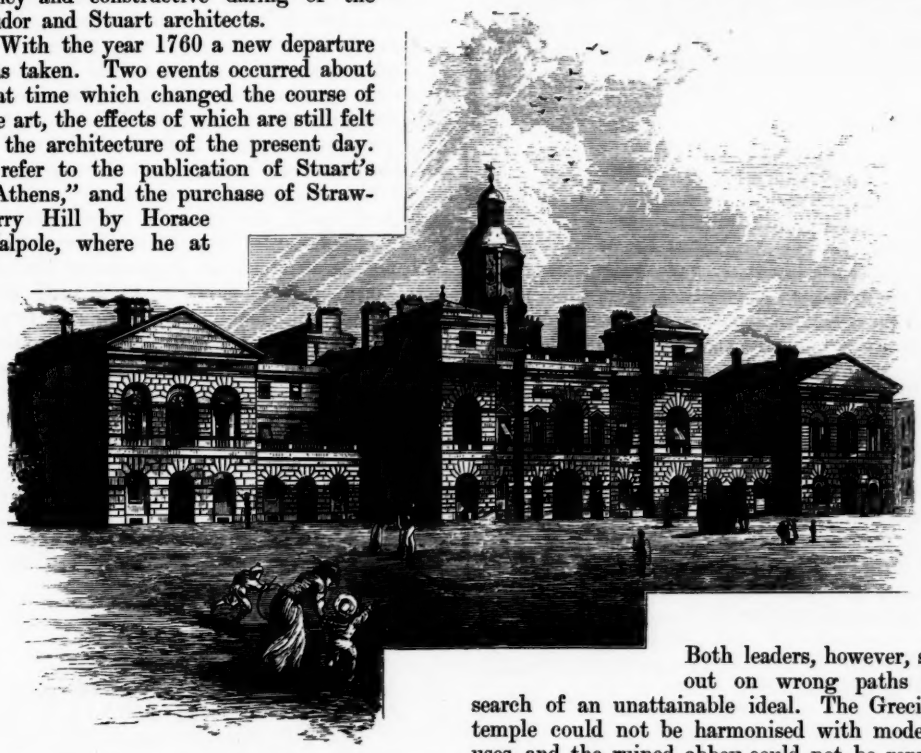
THE eighteenth century may be not untruly called the dark ages of domestic architecture as an *art*. At no previous period of our history had all feeling for the picturesque been so conspicuous by its absence, and in nothing was its absence more marked than in its domestic buildings. Their interior arrangements were always comfortable, and the effect of their large and lofty rooms was often charming, sometimes even grand, but their exteriors were altogether cold and joyless. The fashionable mode which Inigo Jones introduced was taken up by less able men, and in their hands it became more and more expressionless and feeble. The ponderous works of Vanbrugh had a certain savage magnificence, due to their exaggerated bulk, which distinguished them from the works of his contemporaries; but, in spite of the encomium of Reynolds, his works can lay but little claim to be considered picturesque.

With the other architects of that time the only ambition was to be correct, and to follow carefully the prescriptions of the Italian architects of the preceding age. They were nothing if not classical. Unfortunately, however, the freedom and *abandon* of the Italian examples found no counterpart in the colder English works. Their authors built circumspectly, hesitatingly, as men speak when using a foreign tongue—missing its idiomatic force and

flexibility. It was of the first importance with them to avoid everything which would impugn the purity of their taste, or their fidelity to the examples of antiquity. In the end they only succeeded in being tame. Of individuality their work showed no trace. The art ("if art that may be called which art had none") no longer afforded, as in the Middle Ages, or even in the Tudor times, a field for the expression of feeling or the play of fancy. It became a mere passionless exercise of the intellect. Like poetry, architecture was, for the first time in its history, hampered by the imposition of inflexible rules, and the weight of the rule crushed all the vitality out of the art. It has been more than once pointed out that as civilisation advances poetry declines—the form becomes more polished and perfect, but the feeling evaporates, and the smoother the cadence the emptier the thought—and so it is with architecture. The "five orders" were reduced by degrees to accepted proportions, and their application regulated by rigid formulæ, until architecture seemed fitter to take rank with the exact sciences than to find a place in the company of the fine arts. Every superfluous piece of ornament was pared away, lest it should disturb the classic grace and simplicity of the design, and the burden of the proprieties became so onerous that even so mild a piece of architectural dissipation as a "broken pediment" was written down by the critical Dogberrys as a thing "most tolerable and not to be endured." It is true that the works of this period were not actively offensive; they were simply insipid. Their fault lay in an over-refinement of details and a kind of simpering grace. The *dilettanti* of the day applauded them as miracles of art. They fitted to each portion of the structure some learned name, and discoursed about the merits of their favourite style with complacent volubility. It became at last as easy to compose façades by the aid of Gibbs or Vignola as to write heroic couplets on the model of Pope, and both were turned out with the same copious facility. But the buildings bore that relation to the vigorous work of the Elizabethan architects which the smooth and mechanical versification of the followers of Pope bore to the rugged but passionate numbers of the Elizabethan poets. The imaginative faculty was dead in each. The form was "faultily faultless," but the spirit had fled. Mr. Matthew Arnold has, in a recent essay, pointed out that while the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the age of English poetry, the eighteenth was especially the age of English prose. In it our modern prose style arose and was formed, and acquired the precision, force, symmetry, and balance which distinguish it. This note of the age was faithfully responded to by its architecture. Of the architects of that time, perhaps, the only one who possessed any feeling for the pictorial side of architecture was the one most mercilessly lampooned by the wits of his day. I refer to Kent, who was, after all, more of a painter than an architect. He composed some of his designs upon lines quite foreign to the fashion of the day, and he was in some cases, I think, remarkably successful. The Horse Guards is an example with which every one is familiar. Seen from St. James's Park, it must strike every one by the picturesqueness of its composition. The detail is as severe and unobtrusive as one could desire. There is not an ounce of ornament about the whole structure. It is free from the absurdity of superimposed "orders," which was a prevailing weakness with Kent's contemporaries, but there is something about it which, looked at from a painter's point of view, is eminently satisfactory as contrasted with the buildings of his day. There is a pleasing relation and due subordination of parts, an artistic grouping around a central feature, which we may look for in vain in the works of the same date. The clue to this superiority in point of picturesqueness which this building may undoubtedly claim over the majority of those of its time may be found in the fact that Kent's design reproduced almost exactly the leading lines and distinguishing features of the original "Barracks for His Majesty's Horse and Foot Guards," erected by Charles II. The pavilions, the central cupola, and the main elements in the composition which differentiate it from Georgian work are due to the Stuart architect, and were all repeated by Kent with only such modifications and simplifications as the translation from wooden construction to stone and the necessary concessions to the severer taste of the age demanded. The older building was, as a matter of course, the more picturesque of the two, and is shown by Canaletti's drawings and prints to have had a plentiful share of the high roofs and quaint wooden balconies and balustrades current in its day. Its successor nevertheless preserves, fairly well, the traditions of the older composition, and is in so far distinctly superior in the matter of picturesque outline and pictorial effectiveness to other works of the same date, and even by the same hand—as the old Treasury close by

demonstrates. Compare it with, say, the river-front of Somerset House, and think what a similar treatment might have given us, with such an opportunity and on such a site, in place of that long monotonous façade crowned by its twopenny cupola. The Strand front and the new flank have no doubt considerable merits, but no traveller along our "silent highway" would think of taking that dreary pile as a subject for his pencil. It is in such cases as this that we feel the absence of the exuberant fancy and constructive daring of the Tudor and Stuart architects.

With the year 1760 a new departure was taken. Two events occurred about that time which changed the course of the art, the effects of which are still felt in the architecture of the present day. I refer to the publication of Stuart's "Athens," and the purchase of Strawberry Hill by Horace Walpole, where he at once attempted to revive in his villa the obsolete beauties of the mediæval buildings. Stuart's book and Walpole's building were each hailed with acclamations by separate sets of enthusiasts. In each was seen a panacea for all the architectural ills which afflicted the world. The fashionable mode was at last dying of inanition, and we were bidden to go back severally to the source and fountain of all pure and noble art—Greece—and to the study of the neglected works of the Middle Ages. The disciples of Stuart set themselves to reproduce with mathematical precision the ancient glories of the Acropolis. The followers of Walpole longed only to resuscitate the picturesque charms of the decaying abbeys of our native land. The Athenians had the advantage of a more accurate knowledge of their originals, and were supported by the classical culture and temper of the time. But Walpole lent to the movement which he inaugurated the countenance of a man of the first fashion and the prestige of a brilliant name.



THE HORSE GUARDS, FROM THE PARADE GROUND.

Both leaders, however, set out on wrong paths in search of an unattainable ideal. The Grecian temple could not be harmonised with modern uses, and the ruined abbey could not be reproduced without the spirit which created it. The effort to adapt to modern requirements, and in a different climate, the refined yet sombre grace of a Greek temple, led to such monstrous failures as Grange House, of which a rough sketch is given on page 254.

The attempts at a revived Gothic were scarcely more sensible or more immediately satisfactory, but the pictorial quality was wholly on this side of the controversy, and the example of Walpole was destined to bear fruit hereafter. He was eminently fitted by nature to give an impulse to this new phase of art. "Every school-boy will remember"

Macaulay's brilliant description of his character and his work:—"He had a strange *ingenuity* peculiarly his own—an ingenuity



GRANGE HOUSE.
(*Misapplication of a Classic Model.*)

which appeared in all that he did, in his building, in his gardening, in his upholstery. To chat with blue-stockings, to superintend a private press, to decorate a grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney-boards, to match odd gauntlets, to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground—these were the grave employments of a long life. After having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits — to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel. In his villa at Strawberry Hill every apartment was a museum, every piece of furniture a curiosity—there was something strange in the shape of the shovel, there was a long story belonging to the bell-rope. With the sublime and the beautiful Walpole had nothing to do, but the *odd* was his peculiar domain." No man of the time, probably, combined so many qualifications for giving an equal impetus to the Gothic Renaissance. For the revival of an art in which *ingenuity* of any kind had ceased to find a place, "he was, *point device*, the very man."

The doctrines he taught and the example he offered soon found followers, with the very best intentions and the very worst results. The author of "Vathek" sought to give magnificent expression to the new manner in an ambitious edifice at Fonthill, designed as a lordly pleasure-house for himself, and to represent at the same time "a convent in ruins." The latter part of the description was alone realised. The structure had not the remotest resemblance to any convent that ever existed, but it speedily became a "ruin." The poor lath and plaster subterfuge tumbled down in building, and again on its re-construction, nearly burying its unfortunate owner in its fall.

I give a rough outline of this strange caprice (as it was left by its builder in 1822) as a companion picture to Grange House, and am lost in wonder how any sane beings could have built two such monsters, so utterly unlike, so outrageously preposterous, with the belief that they were providing in the "highest style of art" a suitable residence for an English country gentleman. It seemed "as though some planet had outwitted men," for common sense found no place in the minds of those who could perpetrate such puerile absurdities. Nevertheless the pictorial element was entirely, as I have said, with the Gothic buildings, foolish and faulty though they were in conception and execution. The antiquarian spirit which Walpole popularised and Beckford followed was destined to re-appear in a healthier and more robust form in the romantic poetry of Scott, whose building at Abbotsford, by the way, was not so *very* far in advance of the vagaries of Fonthill. It was indeed long before the "true principles" of Gothic art found a suitable exponent. When



FONTHILL.
(*Designed to represent also "a Convent in Ruins."*)

the Gothic villa became in turn "the mode," the later Perpendicular or Tudor works were generally taken for the model, and the most conspicuous features in the new buildings were the battlemented parapets, and a plentiful and symmetrical arrangement of perfectly useless turrets, duly loopholed for the archer or the musketeer. By some misfortune the word castellated got applied to these queer structures, and thenceforth they wore indeed "the *front* of Mars." Frowning machicolations, impracticable porteullises, parodies more or less close or comical of all the obsolete defensive machinery of an Edwardian fortress, were simulated in stucco. Sometimes even such audacious absurdities were actually perpetrated as those satirised by Pugin, where, with all manner of sham outworks and defensive appliances to the gateway, "an easy entrance night and day" into the drawing-room is provided round the corner, through a conservatory and a French casement. These absurd delusions were kept alive by the writers of the day, and even in the preface to the work of the elder Pugin we find the same radical error, the desire to reproduce literally an earlier building "with the propriety and consistence *it assumed as an ancient work*, in this case [*i.e.*, the one then under description] a small monastery partly modernised and adapted to the habitation of a gentleman's family." It must be owned that the classical revival did not land us in such absurdities as these. But their sway was only temporary. The lying spirit was at last exorcised. It was reserved for the wider and more exact knowledge of Welby Pugin to dispel this architectural nightmare, and to enforce, with all the fire of his genius, the axiom that the one thing we should learn from our ancestors was not to copy line by line their work, copy we never so faithfully, but to discover and adopt the principle upon which they worked and embodied the actual needs of their day in buildings of enduring beauty.

While the learned of both factions were spending fortunes on the kind of buildings above adverted to, there were being erected, by men who had no theories to govern them, simple structures of small pretensions indeed, but of sterling excellence. No one has thought it worth his while to sketch for us those temples over the correct beauties of which the Georgian wits were so complacent. They have no pictorial value whatever, and never gave a human being a moment's healthy pleasure. But no one can have travelled through an English county without being touched by the quaint picturesqueness of the quiet homestead, the village school, or even the peasant's cottage—types with which the drawings of Birket Foster and his followers have made us familiar. The lingering traditions of the Tudor builders are felt in these simple buildings, in which every artist finds delight. They seem to belong to the scenery in which they are set; growing naturally out of the soil and melting into the foliage which embosoms them; their tints are "carried through the picture" and form an harmonious whole. They satisfy, moreover, our sense of the fitness of things, and are eloquent of the homely comforts of English life. The great chimney-backs jutting boldly out from the enclosing walls speak plainly of cosy hearths and warm "settle" nooks. The hospitable porch gives at once that shelter which the "vast melancholy portico" in the neighbouring park does *not* afford, and offers inviting benches for gossip as the sun goes down. The tiled roof is itself a picture, perfect in its natural blending of lovely colour ranging from the brilliant yellow of the lichen through broken tints of orange and purplish browns to patches of the deepest crimson. I must, however, here draw to a close these desultory and imperfect remarks upon an inexhaustible subject. Its proper treatment would fill volumes, and, as Hallam pointed out long ago, would repay, in many ways, the earnest inquirer. Of these quiet homesteads, far away from the stir and fret and fever of life, and of the domestic architecture of the present day, I hope to speak hereafter. To my mind that architecture is full of hopefulness. In spite of some extravagances and occasional lapses into ultra "Queen Anne"-isms (wrongly so named, but more aptly designated "Queen An(ne)tics"), there is a common-sense element in it which goes hand in hand with a recognition of the equal claims of art. In many instances the attempt to combine the perfection of convenience with the satisfaction of the æsthetic sense is conspicuously happy, and will occur, I doubt not, to every reader of this magazine. I break off now in the hope that I may find an opportunity of returning to the subject, and to complete these fragmentary essays on one aspect of an art I love, by an inquiry into its present position and future prospects, with a view of seeing wherein lies the true hope of English Domestic Architecture. E. Ingress Bell.

SCULPTURE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ONE of the chief features of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 was the magnificent waterfall beneath the Trocadéro Palace and the grand basin at the foot of the cascade. At the four angles of this basin were gigantic groups of animals, the bull, the horse, the elephant, and the rhinoceros, typical of the various quarters of the globe, while around it spouted streams of water from an infinity of grotesque heads, or masks. These masks, modelled by M. Legrain, were among the most amusing examples of the sculptor's art in the exhibition, and the one we have selected for our present illustration was perhaps the best of the series.



COLOSSAL BULL.

(By M. Cain. Grand Basin of the Trocadéro Palace.)

The idea of a jet of water issuing from the human mouth has, even when treated by the most refined artists, something of a repugnant character, and in the case of drinking water it is difficult to escape this feeling. In his numerous adaptations of masks for this purpose, some others of which we hope in time to illustrate, M. Legrain has, however, succeeded remarkably well in avoiding suggestions other than those of the most comic and ludicrous nature. There is something intensely laughable in the head which forms the subject of our present observations. The eager earnestness with which our friend is engaged in contributing his quotum to fill the grand basin, the inflated cheeks, the puckered lips, and the staring eyes are full of character, and there is a passionate energy in the way he is performing his allotted task which cannot fail to impress even the most casual observer.

Our other illustration represents the famous bull which was modelled by M. Cain. It was colossal in size, and was executed in cast-iron, richly gilt. The bases on which the groups were placed were square in plan, and this form was evidently one which gave the sculptors some considerable difficulty in the arrangement of the animals. M. Cain, by the bold manner in which he disposed the rockwork on which the bull stands, entirely avoided the awkwardness of the square pedestal. Beneath the animal, thus chosen to typify Europe, we have

a plough and some wheatsheaves to remind us of her agricultural pursuits.

The water-supply for the cascade which filled the grand basin was pumped up from the Seine, and the stream of water which flowed from the main reservoir required no less a volume than 2,800 tons of water per hour. One of the most singular facts concerning these magnificent artificial basins and cascades, and one which was generally unknown to the great mass of visitors to the Paris Exhibition, was that the entire site of the Trocadéro Garden and Palace had been for ages the stone quarry of Paris, and the subsoil was pierced in every direction and honeycombed out into vast caves, the arched roofs of these subterranean vaults being supported by stone pillars, left for the purpose. In order to receive the water-works a layer of solid concrete of enormous thickness had to be spread over the old workings, and so thoroughly was this done that the whole structure remained as sound and free from leakages as if it had been placed upon a bed of rock.



GROTESQUE HEAD.
(*By M. Legrain. From the Cascade Basin.*)

"TONE HARMONIES," AND THE MODERN SCHEME OF COLOUR.

WHOSE who watch with attention the caprices of fashion must have been latterly very much puzzled to reconcile their preconceived notions of the laws of beauty and harmony in colour, with the present predominance of dull and sober tints — the juxtaposition of broken colours which by rights ought not to harmonise at all; in short, the violation of nearly every accepted canon of taste in colour which is rife in dress, in decoration, pottery, and furniture.

Unfortunately not even the simplest elements of the science of colour are commonly taught in schools, so that it is not usual to find, ex-

cepting amongst experts, more than a knowledge of the three primary colours, and their relation to each other in the formation of the secondaries; with a floating idea that certain colours are ugly in combination, and certain others are beautiful. But even to those who have gone much farther in the science, who have studied the works of the best writers and exponents on the subject, the immense acceptation which has been achieved by the "tone harmonies" of Mr. Whistler in painting, Mr. Morris in decoration, and the daring and subtle colouring of the Japanese, must have been bewildering.

Now, without pretending to decide upon the relative merits of the older as compared with the present school of colour for which the time is scarcely ripe, or attempting a criticism of the latter, it may nevertheless be useful to try to define the root of the distinction between them. In order to do this intelligibly it will be necessary to come to an understanding upon the technical meaning of two of the principal terms of the science of colour and the *art* of colouring. These are different things, quite as distinct, in fact, as the science of music and the art of musical composition. As in the case of music, too, the power of appreciation differs much in degree in different individuals, some persons being extremely sensitive to shades and tones of colour, whilst others are almost callous to anything short of the most violent contrasts. Just as it is of no use to attempt to make a musician of one who has "no ear," it is equally futile to try to make a colourist of one who has "no eye."

The parallelism between the two sciences does not stop here, and it would be easy to instance many singularly striking coincidences between them.

The earlier writers upon colour, beginning with Field and David Ramsay Hay, accordingly adopted many of the terms of music, and applied them to parallel phenomena in colour, as the readiest means of conveying distinct ideas to the minds of students. Whether this is an unmixed advantage may well be doubted, as we are hereby presented with a series of words which have different significations according to the science to which they are applied. It is, however, too late now to alter the terminology of the science, and we must be content to use the words in the sense which custom has sanctioned.

The two terms which, for the present purpose, need consideration are *harmony* and *melody*.

In colour, when we speak of *harmony*, we intend such a scheme of contrasting colours as shall contain all the three primaries, red, yellow, and blue, in their correct proportion for the particular tone aimed at, which tone is determined by the predominance of one or two of the three primaries.

By the term *melody* we mean two or more colours in such juxtaposition that they form a part or the whole of the prismatic spectrum, whether in their natural direct order or inverted.

These two terms being understood, we shall be prepared to realise what is meant when we say that the older colourists founded their scheme upon harmony. This is stated in Hay's book, on "The Laws of Harmonious Colouring," almost in the same terms that we have used in the definition of harmony. Hay also treats upon the subject of melody, pointing out, in his remarks upon each colour, its natural melodising hues, which are, of course, those next in order on either side of the given colour in the prismatic spectrum. Harmony, or the combination of the three primaries, is, however, the dominant idea in the minds of the older colourists.

Examining the works of the more advanced colourists of the present day by the light of the same test, we shall find that it no longer applies. In these works, for example, we shall have, in a whole room, nothing but a series of dull and undecided greenish-blues and bluish-greens, or of yellowish-browns and brownish-yellows, relieved, it may be, by a bright spot or two of relatively decided colour. And yet, strange to say, the effect of these combinations, in skilful hands, is not only harmonious in the sense of not presenting any discords, but it is often deliciously sweet and tender. Neither is this work monotonous, nor gloomy, nor dingy, notwithstanding that it is certainly not in accordance with the fundamental principles of colour according to the old school. In it we see the use that may be made of two only of the primaries, nor is the absence felt of the third, the neutralising effect of which is so much insisted on as a necessity by the older writers. It is, of course, true that in a sense the third primary is in all cases actually present, inasmuch as none of the tertiaries can possibly be ever approached without the admission of the complementary colour, and some may therefore prefer to say that the modern scheme is only a natural extension of the old one, but characterised by a predominance of low toned colours. Whether this is so or not, it will be more convenient for our present purpose, admitting that there is a strongly-marked distinction in aim and effect between the two schools, to adopt a theory for the later one,

which, while it gives the key to its divergence from the other, is also an index of its peculiar characteristics.

Such a theory may be found in supposing that *melody*, as previously defined, and not *harmony*, is the principal object of the artist. For this purpose the elements are the colours of a portion only of the prismatic spectrum, and not the whole of them as in harmony. On examination of the works of the modern school, we shall find melodising colours constantly used in juxtaposition, harmoniously contrasting or complementary ones seldom. Thus, while the old school would never use blue without its neutralising colour orange, and so forth, the modern one commingles blues and greens or reds and purples. The colourist of the old school would also, for example, use purple as a melodising colour between blue and red, but he would also want a mass of yellow to complete the harmony. Our modern colourist will take his red and his blue, and ring the changes upon low tones of the two combined, without feeling the want of the complementary colour. In any russet hues that might be introduced, the third primary is of course present, but not in any sense in sufficient quantity to harmoniously neutralise the other two.

If, without insisting upon scientific exactness, it is admitted that this theory affords a sufficiently convenient distinction between the two schools, we might shortly characterise them respectively as—first, the school of harmonious contrasts; second, the school of melodious intervals.

We must not, however, be understood to imply that the old colourists ignored or even unduly depreciated the value of melody, for that would be incorrect, melody being, in fact, an essential part of their theory. It was not, however, the dominant characteristic of the style.

Of course it also does not follow that one scheme is right and the other wrong. I would rather say that the modern one is a natural development of the old (the latter being a necessary preparation for the other), owing its birth to a more refined appreciation of the laws which govern decorative art. Whether the style now in vogue be permanent or fleeting is not now the point, but after excluding much that is only *bizarre*, and of purpose wild and eccentric, there yet remains a sufficiently palpable residuum of sterling work which seems to be part and parcel of the great advance in artistic insight characteristic of the present time, and although fashion will, of course, remain inconstant to the end of the chapter, we may, I think, conclude that we shall no more return to the comparatively obvious and crude scheme of contrasting colours for decorative purposes, than we are likely to take up again with the Gothic craze which was the accompaniment of the beginning of the art-revival of the age.

CHARLES W. DEMPSEY.

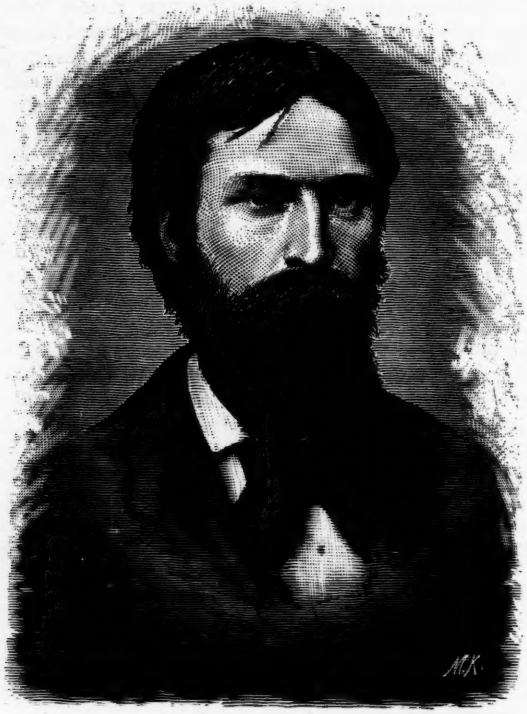
OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.



NGLAND has always shown a facility—nay, an alacrity—in assimilating the elements of the foreign genius. Insular we must needs be, but our insularity is modified by a genuine receptiveness. Our language is distinctively our own, yet it is combined from the tongues of alien races with more richness of various mixtures than is to be found in the speech of nations "unwalled by seas;" our blood is mingled, and the more mingled the better for intellectual strength and physical beauty; and now our art, which has of late been much less general than the other phases of our life and culture, has begun again to profit by the example and experience of those countries which have more of the pictorial, as we have more of the literary, genius. And it is not merely example and experience for which we owe thanks to France, Italy, Holland, Hungary, Spain, and Bavaria; for they have lent us the more vital elements of contemporary work. The name of Mr. Herkomer is immediately called to mind as that of an illustrious stranger within our gates, who has given English art this most effectual help, and from whom it has derived an individual kind of vigour. Nor, indeed, is there any work in our galleries which, in matter as in manner, has stronger purpose and more living power than his. He has apparently so little sympathy with any but

the austerer phases of life and character that he hardly ever deals with the youth and beauty and affluence of this world. Two things are to him superlatively attractive—old age and poverty; and these he treats, not with sentimental softness, not with an over-insistence upon that pathos of labour of which we have had so much most prosaic of all prose in the art which deals with "low life." Mr. Herkomer has taken the line of truth, sincerer than that of the sentimentalist, and nobler than that of the "humorist." It is his love of truth, indeed, which has made the peasant dear to him; only by singleness and sincerity can such a subject be



(*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliot and Fry.*)

in recent art; he does not seek to make the decay of life pretty by investing it with what we may call a kind of vulgar poetry; but on the other hand nothing which he touches is left prosaic. No one who rates at its true value the facile picture of peasant life with which we are all familiar can fail to understand what we mean by vulgar poetry; and no one who knows the Dutch school of Jan Steen and the English school of George Cruikshank is ignorant of the understood and loved. And with regard to this love he has adopted a quasi-paradox of Mr. Ruskin's, whose heart is altogether with every true painter of the grave and innocent life of shepherds and villagers: "The painter must love the peasant more than his picture, but the picture must be something better than the peasant." Moreover, Mr. Herkomer paints his subject with a sympathy which can only come of intimate knowledge. For though English



"EVENTIDE."

(By H. Herkomer, A.R.A. From the Picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1878.)

in his studies and by choice, he seems to be also a Bavarian, and a Bavarian of the mountains, at heart. It was Mr. Ruskin, if we remember right, who first drew attention to the fact of the keen, tender, and abiding patriotism of the denizens of hill-countries in comparison with the feeling of dwellers in plains. It is true that the Dutch are, and have been always, politically patriotic, but their heroic love of country has clung rather to their own people and their own principles than to the actual soil; whereas the mountaineer passionately loves the rocks and rivers, the sheep-tracks, the lonely dwellings, the outlines of the hills upon the sky—forms to which his eyes have grown familiar as to the constellations of the skies themselves. It is the evidence of such a love of the soil which gives to much of our artist's work its most serious charm and its truest value.

Hubert Herkomer was born in Waal, Bavaria, in 1849, so that the fame which he has acquired has been gained within the unusually early age of thirty years; and his great picture so far, *par excellence*, and the one which obtained for him a memorable distinction at Paris, was painted at twenty-five or twenty-six. The child's cosmopolitan experiences began early. In 1851 his father, a wood-carver of ability, settled for six years in the United States, after which England was chosen as a place of abode, the father of the family being in search of a fairer field for his labour and talents. Hubert was so delicate a child that his education lagged for a time; in one respect, nevertheless, he was not behindhand, for he began his studies at thirteen in the Art-School of Southampton, and gained a medal in his first year. In 1865 came a spell of Bavarian life, the artist's father having received a commission for wood-carving in the city of Munich, and then followed a short five months in South Kensington—a school which, whatever its defects may be (and we have Mr. Ruskin's word that they are many), has certainly the credit of having either trained, or assisted in training, some of the foremost of the younger artists of the day. Hubert Herkomer's studies there were interrupted for a time, as he found it necessary to return to Southampton. His artistic activity, however, was unabated, for at the place of his first efforts he not only assisted in setting on foot a life-school, but organised an exhibition of the works of the young local artists, and himself enjoyed that important event of an aspirant's early years—the first sale of a picture. His intermitted studies at South Kensington were resumed in 1867, but again only for a few months, for in the following year we find him working, under grave difficulties, in the village of Hythe. In 1869 he exhibited for the first time in London, and from this date begins his London career—for he established himself in town at the same time—a career which shows an unchecked course of progress and success. The Dudley Gallery, which has provided so many with a friendly entrance into the public world of art, was the scene of Hubert Herkomer's first triumph—the distinction of the "place of honour," which, by the way, not even the open Dudley Gallery accords often to an unknown name. This was in the spring of 1870, and the work thus favoured was a water-colour entitled "Hoeing." It was in water-colours, indeed, that the young artist first attracted decided attention. Having joined by invitation at about this time the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, he exhibited in its galleries a number of drawings of exceptional originality and force. They were executed in a manner peculiar to himself, with strong outlines and audacious impressionary effects of out-door light, having for subject little garden-scenes, fishing-scenes, and any of the more accidental passages of nature and of climate. With these were more important and more national figure-subjects, "Abendbrod," "At the Well," and "Rest," among others. He was working meanwhile in black and white, having joined the staff of the *Graphic*. In 1870 he painted in Normandy a scene of the Franco-German War, "Reading War News," and in 1873 occurred that first appearance at the Royal Academy which is one of the landmarks of every artist's life. The leap was sudden, indeed, from these more or less tentative works to "The Last Muster" of only two years later. One water-colour, indeed, had appeared in the intervening season at the Institute—"Im Walde"—which was in a manner the herald of his great triumph; nevertheless "The Last Muster" was a surprise. The youth of the painter and the solemnity of his subject, the simplicity of materials and the nobility of feeling, the unimportance, as pictures, of his previous suggestive water-colour drawings, and the impressiveness, completeness, and greatness of this sudden *chef-d'œuvre*, all combined to form a series of antitheses of startling interest. We are told that the Selecting Committee at the Royal Academy, though weary with a long day's work, were fresh enough at the appearance of the Pensioners to welcome the picture with a round of applause; and Sir Frederick Leighton

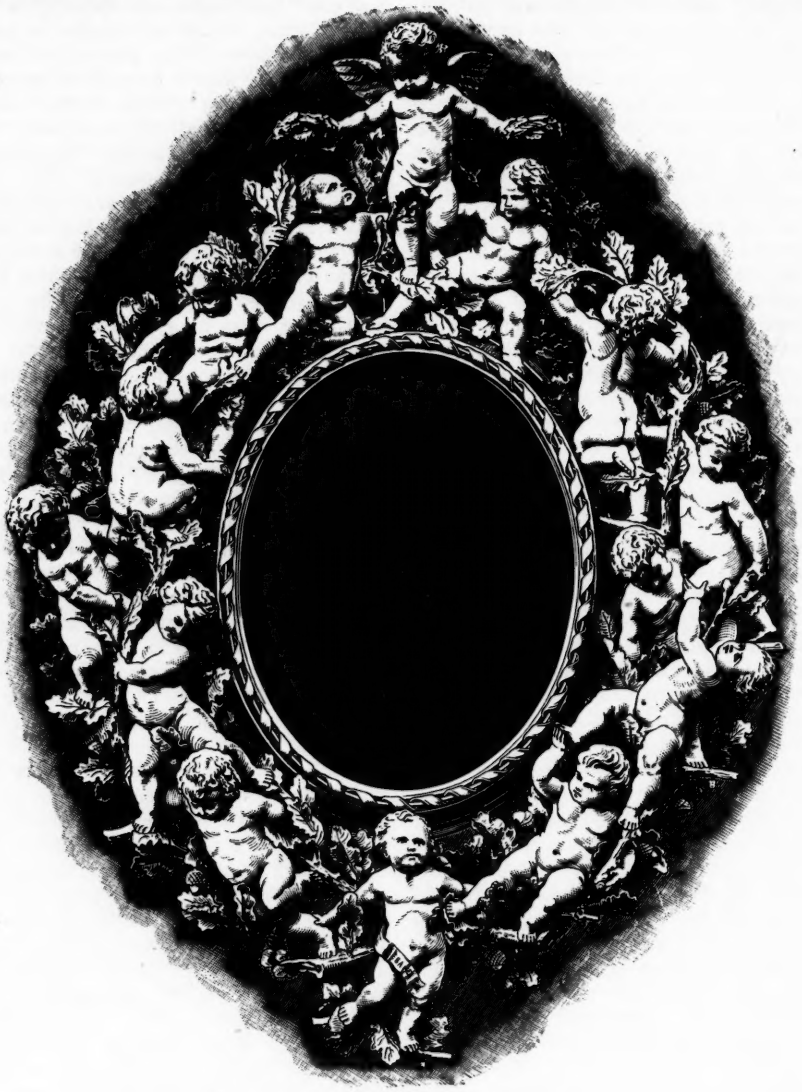
and Mr. Richmond, among others, wrote their congratulations to the artist. It was hung on the line, and, as every one remembers, proved to be emphatically one of the pictures of its year. Its great popularity, indeed, makes it hardly necessary to remind our readers of its most touching and most significant subject. Heroic old age, conquered by time in spite of heroism, the veteran in whom the ashes of an old fire still smoulder, the flickering life, and the extinct face which droops in the centre of the composition—these are elements into which either easy or overstrained sentiment might easily have intruded. Mr. Herkomer's conception of his subject has been neither facile nor unreal, but nobly simple and true. As is almost invariably the case with work of really fine quality when it has a readily intelligible motive and intention, "The Last Muster" took the popular heart, Mr. Herkomer being one of the happy few who have touched the public emotion by obeying and not by violating the highest laws of their own art. Three years later the seal of an international verdict was set on this picture at Paris, where the jury, most truly representative of the modern taste of many races, awarded it the highest honour in their gift.

In 1876 Mr. Herkomer's academy picture was an equally serious one—in the best sense of the term. The subject of "At Death's Door" is rather solemn than sad if looked at in the grave and sincere spirit in which the scene of actual life is acted, and in which it has also been painted. To a rude Bavarian dwelling on the cold hill-side towards twilight the priest has brought the sacraments from the village church; a peasant is dying within, and the tapers of the little procession are seen burning through the windows; on the stones of the mountain-path outside kneel a group of peasants, men and women, also with lights in their hands, undemonstrative in action, reserved yet purely unconscious in expression, as pathetic as Nature herself, yet with as little effort after pathos. A gayer incident of religion in the Bavarian highlands followed in the succeeding year, when Mr. Herkomer exhibited "Der Bittgang," the "Prayer-walk" of peasants through the fields in supplication for a blessing on their harvest; and in 1878 appeared "Eventide," the original of one of our engravings. Here the courageous artist deals not with heroic old age, but with old age in its most abject phase, and not with the noble poverty of peasants among their mountains, but with the unhappy pauperism of London; and yet he has not failed to impart to the types of these old workhouse women a certain dignity which the eye of the thoughtful and worthy artist sees in all human things, and which his hand is able to liberate. To the Grosvenor Gallery, as well as to the Academy, Mr. Herkomer industriously contributes, and among his works there exhibited was the "Life, Light, and Melody," a Bavarian village scene, which we engrave; a portrait of Richard Wagner, the compatriot and friend of the artist, who is himself an accomplished musical amateur; "Who Comes Here?" a strikingly vivid study of expression; the well-known portrait of Alfred Tennyson; "A Descendant of the Romans;" the portrait of Mr. Ruskin, exhibited this year in Bond Street, which ranks among the noblest of his works, and many more. Mr. Herkomer was represented at the Paris International Exhibition by water-colours and etchings, as well as by paintings. To the art of etching, indeed, he has devoted time, thought, and labour during the last two years, with great results. While avoiding the perhaps too stenographic note-taking of the modern French school, he has preserved that principle which is the genius of the art—the principle of interpretation as opposed to imitation; his needle expresses his subject and his own feeling with the fine sympathy which no other instrument probably can so sensitively secure. And he has learned to express himself not only by the needle, but also by the burin; a picture from his hand, and the artist's own engraving of it, are in this year's Academy. Moreover, he intends to study landscape-painting with redoubled assiduity this summer, having himself perfected an invention of huts and tents by which he will be enabled to wait on Nature in her own shy moments, and watch her with the sincerity and patience which tell so unmistakably in a picture. His faithful life of strenuous effort in difficulties, and of sensitive feeling in keen sorrows and joys, cannot fail to give its own true stamp to his art.

Mr. Herkomer was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in the spring of 1879. He is also a member of the Vienna Imperial Academy of Art, of the Brussels Institute of Water-Colours, of the Liverpool Institute, and of the Royal Society of Water-Colour Painters at the Hague. Thus the different and rival schools of several nations have already adopted him, but England claims him as her permanent guest; his greatest work has been a picture of our soldiers; and the ties of friendship and of marriage have, we trust, bound him for life to the country which becomes yearly more proud of him. WILFRID MEYNELL.

MIRROR-FRAME.

FROM the days of Grinling Gibbons to our own, we have had only one wood-carver up to the highest mark of excellence, viz., the late Mr. Rogers, father of H.M. former Consul at Cairo. Although this dearth of talent has lasted more than a century and a half, with the emphatic exception we have named, we are glad to see that public interest in this beautiful art is being once more revived, and that active steps have lately been taken to ensure its being properly taught. With the view of keeping alive this interest, we have transferred to our pages a mirror-frame by a Venetian wood-carver named Panciera Besarel, whose work exhibits more



MIRROR-FRAME.
(A Wood Carving by Panciera Besarel, of Venice.)

character and plasticity than perhaps any other Italian that could be named. The works of half a score wood-carvers were exhibited at the Naples Exhibition, but none of them came up to our artist. As in the case before us, nearly all Besarel's subjects are composed from the figures of nude children. The late Mr. Rogers was remarkably happy in the same field, and gave wonderful form and flesh texture to his cherubs; but we do not remember him ever forming a whole wreath of little ones as we have here. The variety and naïveté of attitude, the perfection of the modelling and the simplicity and completeness of the grouping of the children, and the elegance of the general contour into which that grouping is thrown, all speak loudly in favour of the art-genius of Signor Panciera Besarel. J. F. R.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE spring water-colours in this attractive little general exhibition show as steady an improvement as the winter oil-paintings in the same place; and the Societies, in spite of their distinctive standing and character, have every year a more and more attractive rival at the Egyptian Hall. Fresh ideas, styles in vogue, the ephemeral but taking phases of the fashion, the touch of Continental influence, are felt here in all their pleasant freshness more quickly than elsewhere. The spring show of 1880 contains something more than good level work; here and there a drawing of quite unusual power makes its own memorable mark. Such, for instance, are Signor Cabianca's three grand Venetian studies, Mr. Alfred Parson's "Drowsy Land," Mr. John White's "Sweets," and M. Jules Lessore's "Notre Dame." In these there are qualities of vigour, freshness, and masculine originality which will never be common on the walls of any gallery. Signor Cabianca, indeed, is one of the masters of his art; his water-colour work is among the grandest, richest, and truest of its time. "Sisters of Charity" is one of those studies which, in spite of their low tone, or perhaps because of it, managed as it is by him, shine with a light which no brightness of colour could compass, and which no neighbouring brightness can overcome; nay, the "killing" effect of the simple white bonnets of these "Sisters of Charity" on the bright passages of any drawings near it is, unfortunately for the latter, only too complete. Signor Cabianca's materials are as simple as his subjects, and his colour has a richness which he has the rare power of combining with a general coolness—indeed, with the avoidance of anything approaching to a hot tone. As regards execution, his easy and somewhat rough mastery of surface, texture, and atmospheric effect is united with a certain tenderness of touch which makes a grey space of wall in his drawings more poetical than a sunset light or a touch of moonlight would be in other hands. "An Asylum for Old Women, Venice," has more glow of varied colour, but the grandest of his three drawings is undoubtedly "Snow at Venice." We have seen the Adriatic city wearing in art every aspect except this of snow, in which Signor Cabianca is perhaps the first to exhibit her; he has caught the chill, the misery, the contradiction of his subject with subtle feeling, and the expression of the figure—that of an old woman shrinking down some steps towards a gondola which lies in the foreground water—is as finely expressive as are the inanimate components of the desolate little scene. There is no expanse of snow, no white surface, but only the down and fringe of chilly powder which has alighted on wall and ledge, accentuating the desolate blackness and bleakness of water, wall, and chimney; the distant glimpse of sky is also finely touched with frost, and yet there is not a cold colour in the picture—indeed, a technically cold tint is as impossible to a fine colourist as is a hot tint. In composition these drawings are as complete as in their other qualities.

"The Drowsy Land" is the not altogether happy title of the best of Mr. Parson's excellent landscapes, in which the freshness and freedom of effect, the cool greys and greens, admirably studied cloudy sky, and the audacity of an ugly black and white wooden bridge which spans the picture, give anything but an idea of drowsiness either in the artist or in his subject. "Sweets," by Mr. John White, is a portrait of a baby, flaxen-haired and dressed in rich browns, with the light falling on the top of the little head; we do not remember to have ever before seen infantine character in pose and expression so intelligently caught, the action of the hands alone being a study of entire truth. Nor is any figure-subject in the room superior to this in force of manner. In "Notre Dame," a small grey

sketch on one of the screens, M. Jules Lessore cleverly gives a ceaseless movement and the vital coming and going of a city, by the merest suggestions.

Our short survey of the Dudley must perforce be confined to the best drawings exhibited, and among these are to be placed Mr. Pownoll Williams' "Golden Sunshine, Venice," and "Near the Ponte Lungo," the first being quite extraordinarily luminous and bold. Mr. Percy Macquoid sends a clever studio interior which he calls—and some will protest against the extra-pictorial wit of the title—"A Disarrangement in Blue." Two dogs, very well drawn and good in action, have pulled down a lay figure with all its carefully disposed draperies, and are playing with the ruins; turquoise blue is repeated with varieties throughout the drawing. "Leaning Spire of Lehore Church, Brittany," by Mr. W. Forbes Macbean, and "Holding On," by Mr. Yeend King, are both excellent for their freshness and truth, as is also Mr. Hugh Wilkinson's "Study from Nature." Mr. Waterlow contributes as usual a number of mellow and finished if rather literal works, each one of which is full of pleasing qualities, while strength and originality are to be found in the small and modest drawing of gipsy's carts, "Beside the Course," by Mr. C. Lambert. Mr. Leslie Thomson, intending to grapple with the facts of the world, exhibits a tender little landscape with the title of "The Iron Age," in which he has set some dozen tall chimneys smoking into a clear sky. But as this sky would in real truth have been defiled from the horizon to the zenith in such a centre of industry, we are led to ask whether it is possible for the arts to deal quite frankly with these features of the modern world. Mr. Coventry Patmore has written an ode on the autumn fields, in which he sings of the buzzing steam-engines, manned by stokers, which do the work of the reapers in the modern harvest, but we doubt whether he has succeeded better than Mr. Leslie Thomson with his chimneys. We must not conclude without a word of praise to Mr. Schmalz's "Cologne from Deutz," to Mr. H. Tuke's "Wood near Torquay," and to the drawings by Mr. Arthur Severn, Mr. Mark Fisher, and Mr. W. Magrath.

MICHAEL ANGELO: A SKETCH.



FOR more than two hundred years Italy had been giving forth her great men—marvellous geniuses in literature, and art, and architecture. Her greatest poet had come and gone, and left his undying impress upon the world. Great painters there had been, from Cimabue and Giotto, to Perugino and Giovanni Bellini, while architecture had found a noble representative in Brunelleschi. But in that rich Renaissance period, whose stores of intellectual and artistic culture are inexhaustible, sculpture had not yet found a master worthy of its early perfection, though the great names of Pisano, Donatello, and Ghiberti recalled the grace and beauty of early art. Its glory still dwelt in the exquisite Greek works which had found their way to Italy in imperial times, or owed their existence to Greek artists who had settled under the wings of the new mistress of the world.

It remained for a Michael Angelo to prove to his countrymen that an Italian lived, so great a master in his art, that he rivalled the Greeks themselves, and founded a school of sculpture which, in genius, and majesty, and power, nothing has ever surpassed. Touches there are, too, of deep tenderness and pathos in his great works which awaken in our hearts love as well as reverence, but in dexterity and grace one cannot but feel that he is not near his great masters and models, the early Greeks. The criticism of Gibson the sculptor is somewhat harsh as to this—"Michael Angelo was a wonderful mortal, but celestial beauty and grace he never arrived at. If Phidias could have seen his great works in Florence he would have exclaimed, 'Here is indeed a most clever and wonderful sculptor, but a barbarian.'"

The Greeks entrance us with the loveliness, and playful fancy, and winning grace of their sculptures, and even in some great works, like "The Dying Gladiator" and "The Laocoon," touch our most sympathetic feelings. Their religion taught them nothing more. It is the Christian sculptor who awakens in us depths of reverence and awe; we bow the head in humility as in the presence of a great soul—a mighty Titan in loftiness of conception and grandeur of execution; and we feel that he carries us to something beyond and above. Such associa-

tions must his "Moses" and "David" awaken —associations to which there is nothing parallel in the finest works of the Greeks. It is something like the difference between the exquisite imagery and graceful diction of Tennyson's beautiful poetry—the flowers that delight our eyes and refine our minds—and the majestic numbers and mighty thoughts of Milton's great epic, which bring us face to face with the eternal truths for which our immortal souls cry out.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born in 1475 at Caprese, in Tuscany, of which town his father was *podestà*, or chief magistrate. His family was noble, descended from the Counts of Canossa; but he, according to the custom of his age, was put out to nurse. His foster-mother was a stonemason's wife in the village of Settignano, near to Florence, where his family returned soon after his birth. He used playfully to remark in after-life that he drank in his love of handling the chisel with his mother's milk. His boyhood was passed in Florence amidst the rare beauties of nature which surround that city, amidst the studios of the celebrated painters of the day—under the shadow of Brunelleschi's majestic dome, whose beauty and strength were ever an enchantment to him, and of Giotto's exquisite campanile, which Professor Ruskin calls "that headstone of beauty." Beside these he could study the great principles of architecture, from which he afterwards constructed and perfected one of the greatest architectural marvels of the world.

Lorenzo de Medici ruled in Florence at that time. The cultivation of letters was the prevailing taste, and young Buonarroti's father desired that his son should be a scholar, and take his place amongst the accomplished men of his time. Great was his mortification at the determined bent of the youth's mind, but after much opposition he had to give way, and at last consented to his son being apprenticed in the studio of Ghirlandajo, one of the eminent painters of Florence. While there he painted some of the figures in his master's frescoes, which are still to be seen in the Church of Sta. Maria Novella in that city.

Michael Angelo must have been of a somewhat turbulent disposition—uncompromising we know he was—for before his term of apprenticeship expired he had quarrelled with Ghirlandajo, and quitted his studio, or was dismissed by his master's jealousy, while to his dying day he bore the disfigurement of a broken nose inflicted by Torrigiano the sculptor.

Accident introduced the young artist to Lorenzo the Great, who speedily discovered his talent. He had been much struck with an antique faun which Michael Angelo had sculptured, and forthwith invited him to his table, and even got the young sculptor's father, unwillingly, to consent to his dwelling in the Medici Palace. It must have been no small privilege for the young Buonarroti to be admitted to the society of the wits, and poets, and scholars who daily met in the wonderful *réunions* of the Medici Garden, who discussed and adored Plato, and revelled in the "golden poetry" of Greece. Doubtless this cultivated his taste and informed his mind, and yet it did not destroy the simplicity of soul and grandeur of character, the loving nature (sensitive to beauty) and craving affection, which shone forth from beneath the rugged exterior of the man. He has been likened to Beethoven, who was another massive genius and rough exterior with a tender soul and refined nature; and the parallel still holds good as to their being the "somewhat scornful students of masters, great in their own line, but inferior in fire and originality of genius," for Beethoven also quarrelled with his master Haydn, and left him.

But there were other influences at work on the mind of Michael Angelo as well as the scholarly society of his age. There was the study of the works of Orcagna, replete with imagination and power, as we can see them in the frescoes of the Strozzi Chapel at Florence; there was the kindred poetry of Dante, in which the deeply religious spirit of the young sculptor delighted; and there was the preaching of Savonarola, that noble soldier and martyr of the cross, who bore the standard of truth and righteousness aloft, and swayed the minds of men to such an extent that even sceptical, luxurious, licentious, scoffing Florence yielded to his powerful influence, and for a time turned from her sins. Lorenzo himself was moved to repentance, and sent on his death-bed for the great preacher of the Duomo, who thundered out, with such power, the terrors of the law; but Lorenzo died unshriven by Savonarola, for his ambition, his darling sin, was the one thing he could not give up.

One can well imagine how a great aspiring nature like Michael Angelo's would be filled with admiration and reverence for such a being as Savonarola, and how the deep piety and truth of the one man would find a full response in the heart of the other. When, on the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, the young Buonarroti went to Bologna, he carried in

his heart more of the deep religious teaching of Savonarola, and the spiritual meaning of Dante, than the vain philosophies and classical conceits of the Medici gatherings. Dante and his Bible he studied there most intently, and their influence is to be traced in all his works. In later life he, along with many of his fellow-citizens, petitioned the Medici to claim the precious dust of their great poet, and bring him back to Florence, offering to execute a monument to him; but the prayer of Michael Angelo met with no response.

At Bologna he contributed to the figures of S. Dominic's tomb, the fine work of Niccola Pisano, and produced that lovely kneeling angel, holding a candelabrum, which is pre-eminent amongst his sculptures for grace and beauty, executed, as it was, before his intense study of the Belvedere Torso at Rome had, as Gibson tells us, led him somewhat to exaggerate the anatomy of his figures. Here also he studied, with great admiration, the bas-reliefs of Jacopo della Quercia on the façade of S. Petronio—fine works on the subject of the Creation, some of which Michael Angelo reproduced years afterwards in his great frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Forced to leave Bologna by the jealousy of his brother artists, he was invited to Rome by Cardinal San Giorgio in 1496, and his first work there was a *Pietà*, which now stands in one of the chapels of St. Peter's. He was but twenty-one or twenty-two when that group was executed, and time had not yet developed the full result of his anatomical studies. The whole fabric of society at Rome was frightfully corrupt at this time, from the infamous Alexander VI., who held the Papal chair, to the lowest grades of the populace; and we can picture how the proud, reserved soul of the young sculptor held itself aloof from the glittering hollow-hearted throng, and worked at his *Pietà* with all the reverence of his strong nature. On this sculpture he inscribed his name—a solitary instance—which looks as if he specially loved it. He left Rome in 1501 to return to his own city, to which he clung with the love of a true patriot.

Then he began his great work of "David," which took him two years of incessant toil to accomplish, occasionally varying it by painting the only easel picture which we feel certain of being his, namely, "The Holy Family" in the Tribune of the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence. It is a fine picture and a beautiful group, but the colouring strikes one as cold and grey, surrounded as it is by rich Titians and Raffaelles. Undoubtedly sculpture was Michael Angelo's forte, though his great genius made him a master in the three sister arts, and found vent also in the kindred spirit of poetry. Many of his sonnets breathe forth the highest expression of poetry. It was the great soul pent up within that somewhat harsh exterior, embittered, while still young, by want of sympathy, angered by the vices of his countrymen and his inability to set wrong right, which sought an outcome for his deepest feelings in stone, and marble, and frescoes which are the wonder of the world.

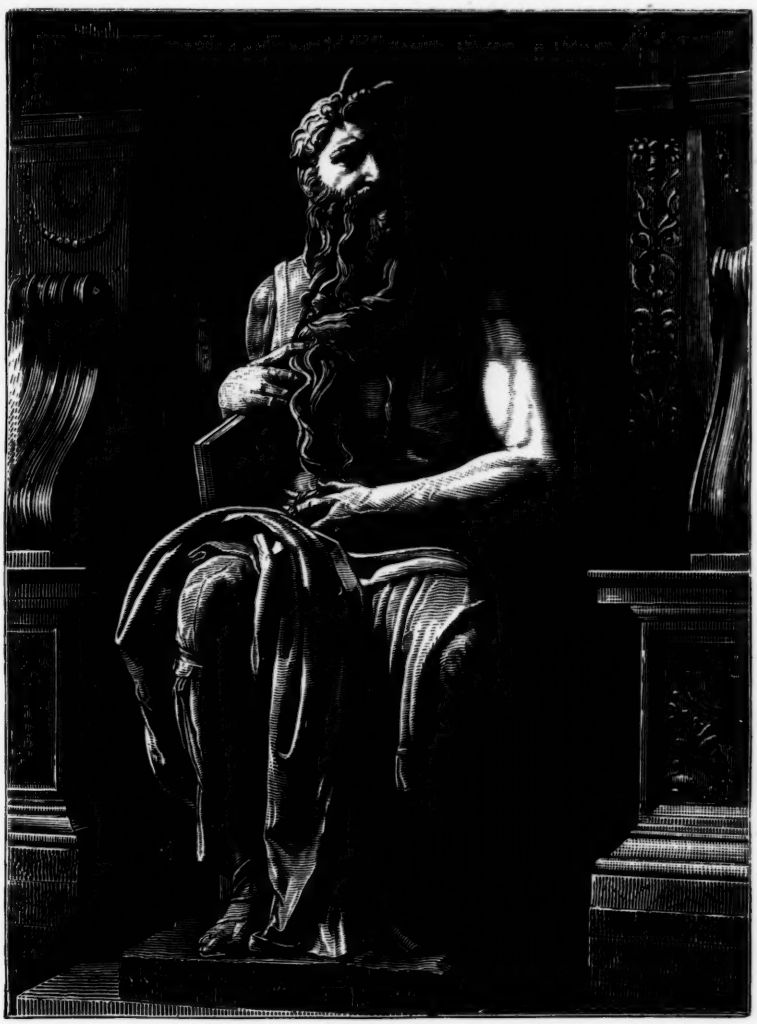
We see his deep passionate nature in all his works, ennobled by the constraint he put upon himself, but with a sense of latent power within them that fills one with awe as to what his "Davids" and "Moses," his "Isaiahs" and "Elijahs" might be roused to do. How every stroke of the chisel was fraught with the man's heart! And the sculptor had no slight work in those days, for he did not merely mould his model as the modern sculptor does, and leave the design to be worked out in marble by dint of his workmen's tools, and measuring line, and compasses—only putting the finishing touches himself—but with his own hands he worked out of the block of marble the conception of his heart and brain; he dug therein until he found, according to ancient theory, the beautiful form which was imprisoned in the mass of stone.

For the mighty "David," eighteen feet high, Michael Angelo had no other guide than a little wax figure of as many inches, which he had designed. As he says himself—

> "When divine Art conceives a form and face,
> She bids the craftsman for his first essay
> To shape a simple model in mere clay:
> This is the earliest birth of Art's embrace.
> From the live marble in the second place
> His mallet brings into the light of day
> A thing so beautiful that who can say
> When time shall conquer that immortal grace?"

The "David" of Florence and the "Moses" of Rome seem to us the most noble of all his sculptured works. The former represents the young shepherd just after he had slung the stone which slew Goliath; and we have to remember that he was a youth of sixteen or seventeen, to account for the size of the head compared with the breadth of the shoulders. But Michael Angelo strove to be true to nature in every particular, and the tall, overgrown figure, the splendid limbs somewhat loosely set, and the undeveloped chest are just what you would expect in a youth of that age. The head is grand, and the expression full of strength and sweetness, showing promise of the great war-

rior-king who was already the "sweet Psalmist of Israel." This statue was a commission from the city, and Michael Angelo was permitted to choose its site, which he did at the entrance of the Palazzo Pubblico. And there it was placed with public pomp, and stood for two hundred years, the pride of Florence; but when last we were there it had been removed to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, as a crack in one of the feet had alarmed the authorities lest their great statue should become more injured by exposure. The Florentines mourn deeply the departure of their beloved "David," and some of them say it would have been better to let him moulder in the course of the next two hundred years in the sight and with the love of succeeding generations, than to shut him up where no one can see him. They have erected a bronze model of the "David" in a commanding position on one of the hills overlooking Florence.



"MOSES."
(By Michael Angelo.)

Michael Angelo was engaged on various works during this two or three years' residence

at Florence, amongst which was his famous cartoon of "The Bathers," which was the groundwork of the exaggerated style that distinguished his imitators. It was never completed, and has since perished.

By this time, 1505, Julius II. had ascended the papal throne, and cherished the idea of perpetuating his memory by a mausoleum which was to surpass everything of the kind in the world. For this he called Italy's greatest genius to his aid; and now commenced the weary struggle of Michael Angelo's life, "the tragedy of the sepulchre," as it has been called, which took forty years to bring to a close. His grand "Moses," perhaps the most impressive work which ever left his hands, was intended for this monument. When finished it was temporarily placed in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, in Rome, and remains there still. The adjoining figures of "Rachel" and "Leah"—the work of his pupils after his own design—and the unfinished "Bound Captives," in the Boboli Gardens at Florence, were destined for the same monument.

The position of the "Moses" is not to its advantage. It was originally intended to surmount the memorial pile which Julius had designed for his posthumous glory, but which death, and wars, and tumults, and many vicissitudes prevented being ever completed. But though, as Forsyth says, "cribbed like a prebendary in his stall," the majestic lawgiver is too glorious a figure for the monument of any man, pope though he be. There he sits, as our illustration shows, decorated with the mystic horns, emblematical possibly of the Spirit of God with which Moses was filled—more probably the result of a curious mistranslation in the Vulgate—looking as he might have looked when delivering to the people the Law he had received direct from the hand of the Almighty. *(To be continued.)*

C. Duncan.

DECORATIVE ART.—III.

DOMESTIC DECORATION—OUR HOUSES AS THEY ARE—THE COSTLINESS OF COMMONPLACE—THE COST OF ART—SHAMS—THE SLIGHT EXCUSE FOR THEM, AND USE OF THEM—THE SHALLOWNESS OF THE IMITATIVE IDEA.



If ornament is everywhere to be found, it is in the house that it is most at home, and it is in reference to domestic decoration that I propose to discuss it now. The preceding chapters will to some extent have cleared the ground for what I have to say, and further philosophising will perhaps prove more acceptable and more digestible if administered incidentally and in small doses. A long draught of theory is anything but refreshing.

And first in reference to our dwellings themselves, I am inclined to complain that we do not care for them enough. We are too much accustomed, in these days of locomotion, to look upon our houses as mere halting and resting places between the stages of our journey through life, and to treat them with as little respect as if they were inns or railway stations. Surely there should be some sanctity about our homes! The place where we were born, or where we began the new married life, where our children were born—and died perhaps—and where we hope at last to die, should have some claim on our reverence. Formerly I think it was more so; men were more accustomed to build themselves houses, with the idea that there they cast anchor, there they would live their lives, and after them their son, perhaps, and their son's son after him; and so they cared for their homes with an affection that men of this generation do not feel, if even they understand. Home-loving people as we are supposed to be, do our homes *look* as if we loved them? It is not to be supposed that buildings "run up" to let will ever bear comparison with the house built to live in. The dwelling that a man takes for a term of seven years, in the hope that at the end of that time he will be in the position to remove to a

more imposing residence in some more fashionable neighbourhood, cannot excite an interest which it does not so much as pretend to deserve. There is no need to lament the days that are gone; there is little room for doubt that this nineteenth century is, all in all, better than the eighteenth, and that the twentieth will be better still. Nor is it proposed that every one who has once taken a house should, then and there, make up his mind to live and die in it. Too often it is the case that the sooner he gets out of it the better. Certain it is, however, that the present conditions of house-tenure are no more in favour of the development of art in the house, than is the restless ambition which characterises the age we live in. There is no denying the demoralising effect, so far as art is concerned, of that foregone determination not to stay in a place longer than one is obliged, that eager intention of taking another house so soon as one can afford it. The wished-for time may never come; but the hope of it holds back the householder from undertaking a multitude of improvements, both in its comfort and in its appearance, which were within his means. It is scarcely worth while to do this or that when he may so soon be leaving! He does not see the advantage of decorating his rooms for the benefit of the next tenant, or purchasing furniture that may not fit the future mansion. So it happens that what ought to be done, and under more settled circumstances would be done, is left undone, and that which is done is done without either thought or thoroughness. There is no heart in it. It has been left to the "decorator." Taste, feeling, intention, harmony of effect, you shall seek in vain, but everywhere is evidence of the guiding spirit of commerce.



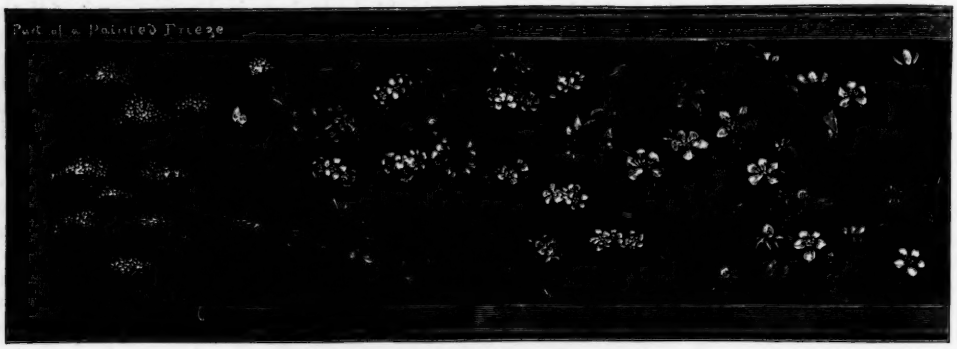
DECORATIVE PANEL OF MEDLARS.

The cant of art is just now in fashion, and passes current everywhere. The business man appreciates its commercial value, and adopts it accordingly. No need, however, for him to provide art for his customers, when a gloss of pretence answers all his purpose. It is cheaper, too, than even the most modest art, and therefore sells more readily. According to the morality of modern commerce, he is not to be blamed if, seeing that what his customers want is novelty, he provides it; nor if, being shrewd enough to see that they prefer to buy their novelty under the name of art, he tickets it to their liking

Supposing a decorator to be an artist (and there are such cases), he is tradesman as well, and the interests of art and of trade are not always identical. Which way, think you, will he be likely to lean in his dealings? Of the few decorators, then, who are artists, only those whose love of art is stronger than their love, or perhaps their need, of profit, could be trusted to give altogether unbiassed judgment in matters of taste. The furnishing upholsterer is, it may be assumed without injustice, neither better nor worse than other men, and does not pretend (except to his customers) to have any other motive in carrying on business than profit. The curious thing is that the public should suppose that he has any appreciation of art, apart from its marketable value. He is just as willing to line our halls with paper that is meant to look like marble, to make our dining-room dingy, as well as dirty, by the contrivance called flock-paper, and to bedizen the walls of our drawing-rooms with bunches of flaunting flowers that have the impudence to pretend to be natural, as he is to supply the most admired Gothic, Jacobean, or Queen Anne decoration in vogue. What matters it to the manufacturing cabinet-maker, or to the retail dealer, whether the side-board he sells is constructed on the principles of sound workmanship, or whether the jambs of the door open with it?—it is not his business to have any theories of right or wrong taste. Veneer does duty for solid wood-work, and if the public like it, it does that duty substantially enough for him. His prejudice is in favour of the saleable; his preference is for what sells best. So long as the proportion of outlay to income remains about the same, it makes little

difference to him what the popular fancy to be flattered is. But it stands to reason that the risk and trouble involved in art are infinitely greater than in following any one of the cut-and-dried ideas of decoration; and, most persons being anxious to keep down their expenditure, real art-work usually implies a considerable amount of added thought and toil and risk, without anything like adequate increase of remuneration.

One simple illustration of this very evident truth will suffice. A room is to be decorated and furnished, and the decorator is called in. He knows very well that paterfamilias has probably settled in his own mind a sum which he proposes to expend, or at all events that there is a limit to which he will confine his outlay; and his natural business instinct is to secure such a liberal percentage of that sum in the form of profit as his conscience may permit. So far as in him lies, therefore, he recommends such things only as are safe and bear a distinct and assured profit; he studiously abstains from suggesting anything that may turn out a failure, or that may be successful only at his pecuniary loss. It might occur to him that such and such a prominent feature in the room deserved special treatment. There is only one door, and that in a most conspicuous position, and for a very few pounds sterling he might decorate it with delicate brush-work, such as is shown in our illustration on page 273; but the design of such ornament would not be peculiarly remunerative. Or a painted frieze of foliage and flowers, after the manner of that illustrated above, might suggest itself; but it would have to be painted by an artist (as would the fruit panel on page 271), and he is not quite certain whether his painter is equal to it, or how long it would take him, or whether his patron would like it when it was done. He falls back discreetly upon something that is safe and simple. The manufacturers supply him with patterns of costly papers and stuffs; he shows them to paterfamilias, who is gratified by the "large selection" offered; and if in the end he is dissatisfied with the effect, no one but himself is to blame, for the choice was his own. In any case, the decorator cannot fare amiss. The material bears a definite profit; the price of hanging, and the like, he can estimate to a fraction; the work is all such as he can depend upon his ordinary workmen to carry out and his foreman to superintend; it gives him neither trouble nor anxiety; and the net result is what he calculated.



FRIEZE OF FOLIAGE AND FLOWERS.

It is no fault in the tradesman that he seeks safety; but the effect of his caution is that we have had to live in white-and-gold drawing-rooms, and maroon flock dining-rooms, to confront ourselves at every turn in huge looking-glasses, to contemplate the "picking out" of over-elaborate cornices with gaudy tints in lieu of decoration, and to pay for yards of vulgar gilding because that was his one idea of richness. The fault is in ourselves. There is no scapegoat that can be made to bear the weight of the universal sins against taste. If small details, which it does not answer the purpose of any but the householder to see after, are neglected, is it not his fault? If we purchase big polished-plate glasses that we do not want, and ungainly cornice-poles which do not support any curtains, have we not ourselves to thank? Whose fault is it that the word "drawing-room" is almost a synonym for "flimsy"? Some share of the responsibility for the things we encourage must be ours. The "occasional" furniture that is so dangerously light, the settees and sofas padded out of all shape, the scrolly deformity of the console

tables, the chairs not to be sat upon by a grown man without danger, were not inevitable. The ribbon-bedizened carpets on which we learn to walk without picking our way are of our own choosing. Perhaps we are more responsible for the curtains with their fussy fringe, than for the tawdry cornices that crown them; but the pretence of the fire-irons not to be used with impunity is our own; and surely the incongruousness of the chintz pinafores that cover the covers of cushions apparently far too grand for their place is very indirectly due to any one but the householders.



I have said that the interests of the decorator are not exactly those of his patron. The former is able, however, to advance his interests at the latter's expense, and at the expense of art, because, little as he knows of art, he probably knows more of the two, and because, in the end, he does know something of practical work, which knowledge enables him to throw all manner of difficulties in the way of what does not answer his purpose. The amateur naturally, and wisely,

shrinks from the responsibility of that which is discouraged by the practical man, who ought to know best, and so the practical man has it all his own way.

One great difficulty of the public is in knowing what is the relative value of this and that. Art is worthy of its hire, and decorative art is certainly not too well paid. But neither is it to be had gratis. Artists must live like others, and most men's idea of living, in these days, is something more than bread and cheese. None the less the fact remains that what is paid for in so-called decoration is usually not art. Let us say that £500 have been spent on the decoration of a house—it is probable that not £50 of it have been paid for art. Yet all the plain, substantial, necessary work *might* have been done for £250, and an equal amount would have been available for art.

When the estimate for decoration is sent in it invariably amounts to more than was anticipated. Then comes the question as to how it can be reduced to reasonable proportions. One by one the instances of art are eliminated, and the plain, straightforward contract work remains to be carried out. Much of this was altogether unnecessary, but paterfamilias could not well know this; he accepted what is "always done" for what *must* be done. He simply did not see where expense could be saved except in the obvious instance of art-work; that could certainly be omitted, and so, reluctantly, he let it go.

Art does indeed cost something, but it is not the costly thing some would have us believe. It is as great a mistake to look upon it as ruinous extravagance, as to think it can be had for the asking. The real costliness of decoration and furnishing is in doing what need not be done. Excess, elaboration, superfluity are what cost most, whether in gilding, painting, or furnishing. Let me not be misunderstood. Thoroughly good workmanship is always the best investment, and not only costs more, but is worth more than the showy manufacture made only to sell; what passes for ornament is very often introduced for the very purpose of concealing the evidence of scamping. In a perfectly plain piece of work a child can tell whether the joints are accurate, the lines true, the surface finished. There are no flourishes to hide the faults. It is as if a clumsy penman should attempt to work in plain Roman character; the crookedness of his lines stares us in the face, naked; but dressed up in flourishes a very shaky letter will pass muster. So it happens that the simple, plain, honest work costs rather more than that which is pretentiously florid. Good work minus art is, even commercially, worth more than poor work plus the cheap ornament that covers it; and, intrinsically, one piece of good craftsmanship is worth all the cheap ornament that was ever stuck on to something which was unsaleable without it. The cheapest furniture in the shops is that which is dear at any price. Next to that, for cheapness, comes the plain work which is good of its kind and without any kind of pretence. Then there is more elaborate work, more or less worth what is asked for it; but the increased value as art is not at all in proportion to the increase in price, or even in proportion to the labour bestowed upon it. Every exhibition produces numbers of examples that illustrate at once what *can* be done, and what *ought* never to have been attempted in the way of ornament. As a rule, one may say that the simpler work will be better value than the more elaborate. Another word of caution — bad workmanship in the construction is almost certain proof of tawdriness in the ornament superadded; on the other hand, excellent construction does not so surely guarantee good art; but you seldom find good ornament in connection with flimsy construction.

Some allusion has already been made to marble-paper and veneer: it will be as well before going further to discuss the right and wrong of shams. The late Owen Jones maintained that marbling and graining were "only objectionable when the wood or marble would itself be out of place." I should say rather that, if there were a circumstance that would render them unobjectionable, it would be the fact that the thing itself could not possibly have been employed, and that therefore there could not have been any thought of deception. It is idle to say that trickery is not intended. We have become so accustomed to certain of these simulations that to some people there seems to be a sort of homeliness about them which they really like. Again, no one imagines that the speculating builders who run-up eight-roomed houses at £35 per annum, or the persons who inhabit them, flatter themselves that the paper in the hall will pass for marble, or the folding-doors for bird's-eye maple. But it is different with important public or private buildings, where the columns might well be marble, and would then only be in accordance with their surroundings. How mean the mock granite seems on the staircase of the British Museum. I think I never realised all the shabbiness of sham marble till I saw it in the entrance hall of the

mansion of one of the richest noblemen in England. Happily it was being effaced. The more appropriate the real thing would be, the more offensive becomes its imitation, for the more obvious it is that it was meant to deceive. We can excuse the quasi-malachite columns employed for facing a butcher's shop—at least there is no fear of our mistaking them for anything but what they are. Where deception was intended, neither the transparency nor the success of the cheat will justify it. This, too, must be remembered that, whatever its use now, its origin was pretence, and that if we adopt the habit of pretenders we must not complain that we are mistaken for them. We accuse ourselves.

Judged on its own merits, apart from its insincerity, what is there to be said for such imitation? Once in a way, as a kind of practical joke, such a thing might be amusing, but no joke was ever so little able to bear repetition. Considered as invention, what is there in it? It simply betrays the lack of inventive faculty in the men who could fall back contentedly on such an expedient. As colour it is sometimes not amiss, but the colour might just as well have been obtained without the imitation. From the practical point of view it is contended, and fairly, that it *wears* better than plain paint and simple paper, and that the varnish on it is a protection; but plain paint and simple paper are not the only alternatives to pretence, and there is no law against the use of varnish wherever it may be necessary. An easy, cheap, and durable alternative for graining would be to *mottle* the colour of the wood-work something after the manner of certain Japanese lacquer. This method would lend itself to very rich and varied effects of colour, and, without imitating anything, would wear as well, and be as easily touched up, as graining. The plea that effect is everything, and, so long as you arrive at that, no matter how you reach it, seems to me none the less unscrupulous that the unscrupulousness is exercised in the matter of art. That true artists have used it proves, not that it is good, but that they were fallible. And the argument that it pays better to supply the demand for graining, than to endeavour to make a demand for something worthier, is only an argument of the pocket, and does not touch the truth of the matter. There may be no great harm in this prevaricative kind of ornamentation, but is it not essentially dull, stupid, and commonplace? It is totally devoid of invention, interest, or character; and whatever beauty there may be in it (and it is, as has been admitted, sometimes satisfactory enough as to colour) is more than counterbalanced by its pretentiousness. A curious fact in connection with graining is that really good work of the sort is almost as expensive as the wood itself would be. But then the polished wood-work would have to be of the best, every crack and every clumsy joint would be exposed to view, whereas painting hides a multitude of sins, and men live in happy ignorance of the yawning gaps in the joinery that have been stopped with putty and covered over with paint. Pattern work as elaborate as that shown in my illustration (page 273) would scarcely be more costly than the best graining. It is a consolation to know that the craft does not enjoy the favour that it did, and that the first-class grainer has often "got no work to do." Nor need we waste our pity on his want of employment; his extremity is our opportunity, and now is the time for us to persuade him to turn his hand to painting of a really ornamental kind.

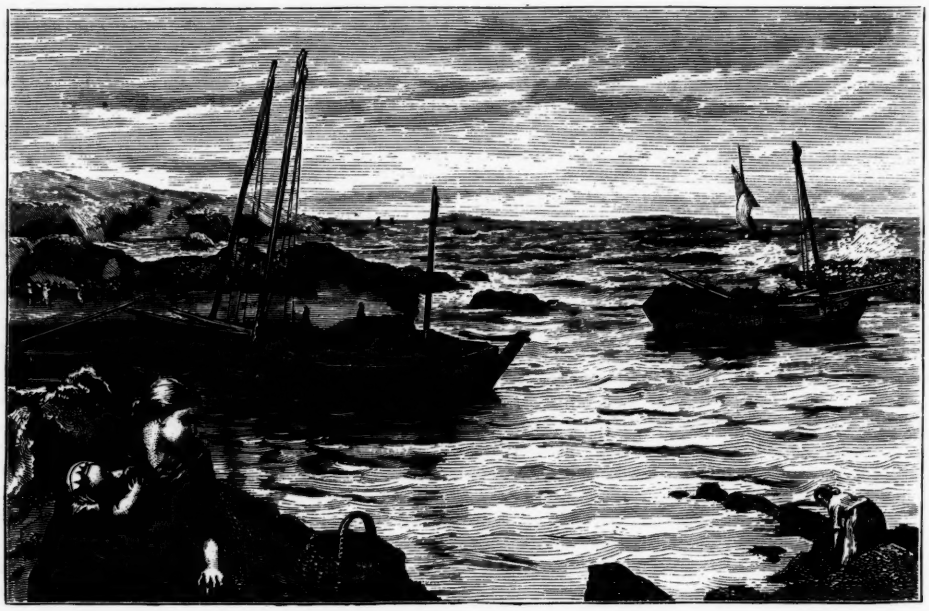
I have pursued the discussion of marbling and graining at some length because they are about the most flagrant examples of shams; but they are far from being the only ones, nor are they the worst. Tile-papers, for example, which are now as fashionable for lavatories and bath-rooms as ever marble-papers were, are quite as objectionable, and equally so are the wonderful French wall-papers that one may at first sight mistake for tapestry, brocade, or satin. Then, again, we have printed cretonne that effaces itself in the effort to look like woven silk or wool; stucco that, for a week or two, looks almost like stone; seeming carving that is only paint; veneer that has not the frankness to confess itself what it is. Well-nigh numberless are the pretentious expedients that are adopted (and in the name of ornament) to save trouble and supply the place of skill.

Not all imitation can be accused of meanness. Some of it is outspoken enough. The Japanese, for example, love imitation for its own sake, and will even imitate in a costly material the form and character of a commoner substance. The moral excuse for it is in its frankness. It is not, however, on moral grounds chiefly that the objection to shams rests. The flimsiness of the device, and the lack of feeling, fancy, and invention that it implies in the artist who is guilty of it, are enough to render it contemptible in the eyes of those who think that decorative art should be something more than a trade.

LEWIS F. DAY.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—I.

THE great art-season of the year never comes round too quickly for the general public, whatever it may do for the painters, who are often found to complain that the spring light only shines in time to show them the weak points of the work done in darker weather, without leaving them a sufficiently long period, before the exhibitions open, for the task of rectification and deliberate completion. Particularly has this murmur been heard in the studios during the spring of 1880, following, as it did, a winter that will long be proverbial for generally dismal weather, accentuated every now and then by a fog of almost Egyptian darkness. Nor is it only the young and less experienced brothers of the brush who would willingly put back the shadow on the dial when the sending-in day of the Academy comes round. Mr. Millais himself, every February and March, we believe, experiences something like despair in looking at the unfinished work on his easels; nor did even his immense capacity for labour prevent his failure to complete his "Princess Elizabeth in the Tower" last year in time for the current exhibitions. We are, however, the richer by that canvas this season, for it is destined to be an early summer attraction in Bond Street. And the anticipation of a similar gain next year by the losses we suffer in this ought to be some consolation for the admirers of Mr. Fildes, A.R.A., who has not attempted any large work since the last exhibition, and for those of his fellow-associate, Mr. Long, who is also represented only by smaller works, having given up nearly at the last moment his important picture of the year, "Christiani ad Leones," representing a lovely Ephesian maiden refusing her last chance of offering incense to Diana and the last entreaty of her Pagan lover, before being thrown to the lions in the crowded amphitheatre, of which a glimpse is given: altogether a work of thrilling pathos and deep meaning. In spite, however, of these very notable absences, and some others hardly less to be regretted, we cannot think that the picture-lover has any ground to complain of the



HOME WITH THE TIDE.

(*By J. C. Hook, R.A.*)

season. We have been too much accustomed to hear of bad harvests lately in the world of nature, but in the world of art the harvest is progressive year by year, whether we judge by the number of aspirants for space on the walls of Burlington House, or by the general excellence of the canvases hung, or by the increasing number of minor exhibitions. These latter are in especial force this year. The crowd that would have gathered at the Academy round Mr. Frith's new sensational series is diverted into King Street, St. James's, where "The Race for Wealth" is depicted in five typical stages, bearing the names of (1) "The Spider and the Flies," (2) "The Spider at Home," (3) "Victims," (4) "Judgment," and (5) "Retribution." The City of London has opened an exhibition of its own. The Graphic Gallery of Ideal Beauties has agitated the feminine world as much as it has interested the artistic. The Grosvenor Gallery is as attractive as ever; and almost under its shadow are the rooms of the Fine Art Society, with special claims on public attention. Nor need the list end here. If, therefore, any of the critics should make up their minds that the show at Burlington House is "below the average" (that mysterious standard to which allusion is made every year, but which no one was ever yet able to gauge), a visit to these supplemental galleries ought to convince them that there never was a larger number of good contemporary paintings simultaneously on view in London than at the present time.



THE HOUSE-BUILDERS.

(Portraits of Sir William E. and the Hon. Lady Welby Gregory. By Frank Dicksee.)

Having expressed with unusual satisfaction an opinion on the general art of the year, we first proceed to give more detailed attention to one of the minor exhibitions just named. The central attraction of the Fine Art Society's Bond Street Gallery is, of course, the grandly successful experiment of "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," painted by the most French of Frenchmen. Before we speak of this picture, however, we must make a few brief notes on the lesser works which are gathered about it, foremost among these being Mr. Herkomer's full-face portrait of Mr. Ruskin. This artist's method in portraiture is to deal with the lines of the face in a round, smooth, yet not undecided manner, with no accentuation of angles and no insistence upon the structural and anatomical forms. But in this portrait he has



PORTRAITS OF MRS. DOMINICK GREGG AND CHILDREN.

(By J. Pettie, R.A.)

followed his method less entirely perhaps than in that of Mr. Tennyson, exhibited last year at the Grosvenor Gallery. The likeness to the greatest of art-critics is absolute, and full of individuality; it is also a good study of warm colour pleasantly contradicted by the characteristic blue of the eyes, a fuller azure in the life than is often seen even among the blue-eyed races, and rather emphasised than diminished by the almost equally characteristic and invariable blue cravat. Among the few oil-pictures which our space permits us to mention are two or three, mostly marine, of very especial beauty. Mr. Henry Moore's "Squall in the North Sea" is one of those extraordinarily truthful studies of nature in which consummate art has reached absolute and literal reality—the art, nevertheless, "effacing itself" with a supreme modesty. The free and undisguised mastery of the "dexterous" Continental schools has much that is frankly delightful to us; but Mr. Henry Moore is the artist whose perfection in the purely English manner would easily lead us to the conclusion that, when in perfection, no other manner is so entirely to be respected. Miss Clara Montalba contributes a beautiful picture of "Hastings," and Mr. Pownoll Williams a "Souvenir of Venice," charming in quality and colour.

M. de Neuville has succeeded brilliantly—nay, triumphantly—in one of the most trying tasks of modern art. English painters have often attempted scenes of French warfare, but few French artists have ever identified themselves with a purely English military interest; and such an identification is a matter of very great difficulty to the French genius. M. de Neuville has painted the German soldier (in "Le Bourget"), and painted him with a memorable meaning, but the artist had also fought the German soldier, whereas with English military life and types he was until last year entirely unacquainted. Add to this the remoteness of the scene depicted, and the fact that "The Defence of Rorke's Drift" was painted principally in Paris, and we shall not be judged to have exaggerated the drawbacks with which he has had to contend. M. de Neuville has taken as his principal incident the rescue of the sick and wounded from the hospital which had been set on fire by the Zulus. The moment following the bursting of the flames is that which he has chosen; the cruel slaughter has just taken place within, but thirty of the patients are in the act of being saved from under the very hands of the enemy. Meanwhile the little platform in front of the blazing building, defended by its improvised redoubts of mealie-bags and biscuit-boxes, is the object of attack, not at one point but at many, from a swarm of Zulus who are scarcely seen, being on lower ground and masked by the dwarf barricades. Major Chard and Major Bromhead are engaged in the defence at different points of the composition; Surgeon-Major Reynolds is in the act of applying a hasty bandage to the wound of the heroic Dalton; the Rev. George Smith is energetically serving cartridges at the same time that he does what he may to repress the strong language that is flying about the little stronghold; and Corporal Scheiss, of the Natal Contingent, is another conspicuous figure. The very dog, which belonged to Surgeon-Major Reynolds, is historical, though his part in the fray seems to have been negative. Note has also been taken by the artist of every peculiar characteristic of that night's warfare—the sheer downward firing of our men, who knelt upon the bags and boxes and delivered their volleys straight on to the heads of the Zulus; the reckless heroism of the enemy, who tried in several instances to wrench the bayonets from our rifles with their hands, being at the next moment blown to pieces at point blank. Yet, careful as the artist has been about individual actions, his chief aim has been to render the general pictorial aspect of the scene, and this he has done with fine effectiveness. His perfect mastery over the technical qualities of "tone" and "relation" is hardly to be matched in contemporary art; and wonderful is his skill in the management of the firelight, the red of the uniforms, the white helmets in cold and warm light, and the composition of the several groups and of the whole crowd of figures. With respect to likeness he has not been in every instance successful, a defect which may well be explained by the distance at which he executed the greater part of his work with merely the aid of photographs. The figures of Major Chard, Surgeon-Major Reynolds, and Mr. Smith were indeed painted from studies made in England, and were finished direct from the life in subsequent sittings; but in two of these instances we are inclined to think that M. de Neuville's pictorial instincts have induced him to add something of the heroic to the scale of the originals.

A scrupulous, quiet, and close fidelity to the very smallest accidents of individual character and peculiarity, a truthfulness which is its own apology and its own strength, distinguishes the rival "Defence of Rorke's Drift," Mrs. Elizabeth Butler's large representation of the same feat of arms. In a work requiring, as

this does, a vivid imagination in the artist, such fidelity argues more dramatic power than the most inventive fancy could do; for the painter's grasp of personal character is not the mere mechanical reflection of a photograph or mirror, but the intensely intelligent comprehension of the understanding. Mrs. Butler's portraits of her heroes are, to employ a word often abused, *subtle* as likenesses, not merely as regards face and figure, but in the very poise and line of movement which express the man, so that even the inflections of his voice seem to be conveyed to the mental ear. This is especially the case with the principal, yet the quietest, figures of her composition—those of Major Chard and Major Bromhead, who are exchanging a few words of consultation in the midst of the little plateau, and of Surgeon-Major Reynolds, who is kneeling at his work of mercy somewhat to the right, and looking up with an observant, undemonstrative action to see how things are going with the defence. Not that there is any lack of fire or energy where these are within the character of the men and of the incident. Byrne, shot in the act of bringing water to a wounded comrade, dies with his arms cast up in the air in an attitude full of the abandonment of nature, while the wilder spirits among the privates busy at the barricades may be heard to shout and swear, with the light of battle in their faces. The incident of the burning hospital and of the rescue of the patients is less important in Mrs. Butler's work than in M. de Neuville's; his picture may be pronounced to be more pictorial, hers to be more intensely characteristic; his executive dash is supreme, but more virile and significant is her reserved power. Every year has brought her an unmistakable advance in technical qualities; her manner of painting, however, will probably always be less dexterous and emphatic than that of the French painter, whose handling is extraordinary in its facility of style. The competition has been an unusually close one—of great interest to the public, but perhaps to no one more productive of pleasure and profit than to the two competitors themselves.

In happy contrast to the "wrath and ruin" of these battle-pieces are some of the beautiful landscapes sent to Burlington House. Among the number an honourable place must be given to that of Mr. Aumonier, of which we give a sketch. In "Oxford," this artist, who is thoroughly English in spite of his name, gives us a work marked by that breadth of style combined with a surprising completeness and finish in detail, by that fine feeling and delicately just rendering of the various planes of a landscape, and by that peculiar love of long lines and horizontal spaces, with which he has already made us familiar. Equally characteristic of himself is Mr. Hook's principal picture, which we also sketch (page 276). In a Banffshire fishing haven the boats are returning from a night's toil, while a fisherman's wife, with her baby in her arms, is waiting till her husband comes ashore with a few fish for the midday meal. A fresh breeze—in Mr. Hook's pictures one can almost feel the breeze—is dashing the waves against the low rocks that protect



OXFORD.

(By J. Aumonier.)

the little harbour, and the hills of Caithness are blue on the horizon. Of the two striking pictures, by one of which Mr. Pettie gains fresh laurels as a portrait-painter, and by the other of which Mr. Frank Dicksee follows up the triumph of his last year's "Evangeline," we give drawings now (p. 277), reserving a fuller notice till we come to them in their places on the Royal Academy's walls.

The dismal and vague twilight of the early history of Teutonic Gaul is broken, as every one remembers, by the lurid lights of the wars, passions, and revenges of Fredegonde and Brunehild, Queens respectively of Austrasia and of Neustria in the sixth century. Mr. Alma-Tadema has chosen the former, probably the more wicked, and certainly the more turbulent, of these two great political women, as the heroine of one of his works; he illustrates the moment in which Fredegonde sees the bridal procession of her lover Chilperic pass her windows. She sits watching the pageant from behind her concealing curtain, and in her face presages may be read of the fate of the unfortunate bride Galswinde, who was found a few weeks after her nuptials strangled in her bed—whether or not by the hand of her rival, history has not determined. Mr. Alma-Tadema is a happy painter who seldom deals with the tragic emotions; in this instance he has treated them with true power, while the technical excellences of this work surpass even the high standard to which he has accustomed us. The painting of the curtain, for instance, is a marvel of execution. Our sketch must needs be meagre indeed, failing as it does to do more than remind the reader of the colour of the picture—colour, it may be noted, which the artist frequently altered before fixing it at its present perfection. "I have just seen Mr. Alma-Tadema painting out a thousand pounds," somebody once said, who had visited the characteristic studio near to Regent's Park; and the remark was so far true that Mr. Alma-Tadema will never spare any pains over his canvases to bring them as nearly as possible up to his ideal, and thus belie the mournful assertion we have heard made by a painter as eminent as Mr. Alma-Tadema himself, that "every picture is a subject thrown away"—so little does it fulfil, when completed, the hopes and promise of its conception and first sketches.



FREDEGONDE VIEWING FROM HER ROOM IN THE PALACE THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY BETWEEN CHILPERIC AND GALSWINDE.

(*By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*)

A second work of Mr. Alma-Tadema's will be catalogued under the title of "Not at Home." That familiar phrase in modern life in this instance denominates one of those scenes from old Rome which this painter has made so thoroughly his own. A girl in a purplish garment, embroidered with gold, stands against a curtain of olive-green, and has her feet significantly planted on the customary "salve," while she denies entrance to an unwelcome admirer of the blonde beauty—presumably her sister—who sits laughing within.



"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

(From the Painting by Louise Jopling exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874.)

QUEEN VICTORIA AND ART.

"KING WILLIAM IV. is dead"—so wrote David Wilkie in the July of 1837, in a letter to William Collins, his fellow-academician and his friend—"and Queen Victoria on the throne. At seven o'clock in the morning she had to be wakened out of a sound sleep, to be told she was Queen of England; and when she came out of the room, half dressed, to receive the intelligence, she burst into tears. We have had a meeting of the Royal Academy for an address of condolence—the thinnest meeting I ever was at. The address, proposed by Sir Martin Archer Shee, was correct and proper, but, on the whole, chilling and cold." The receipt and acknowledgment of this expression of sympathy was not the young Queen's first communication with the Academy of which, in virtue of its prefixed "Royal," she had become the nominal patron and head. She was already familiar with its exhibitions. In the May of that very year of 1837—the year in which the Academy exchanged their old quarters at Somerset House for their new ones in Trafalgar Square—the Princess Victoria came to the "private view" with her mother. This was the first time she had mingled in the artistic throng which gathers on those occasions, her inspection of pictures in previous years having been obtained at "private views" which did not belie their name. The strictly private view doubtless afforded better facilities for an examination of the walls than the conventional private view at which all London congregates, and where the people, more than the pictures, are the centres of interest and attention. But the latter method is the more lively of the two, and so, no doubt, the young Princess found it. "She has all the charms of health, youth, and high spirits," writes one who observed her closely on this particular occasion. "She could have seen little of the exhibition, as she was herself, from the moment of her entering the room, the sole object of attraction, and there were so many people among the nobility present whom she knew, and every one of whom had something to say to her. She heard that Charles Kemble was in the room, and she desired he might be presented to her, which gave him an opportunity of making one of his best genteel comedy bows. She shook hands and chatted with Mr. Rogers." That the Princess did not see so much of the pictures as she wished is evident from the fact that, three months later, she visited the galleries again. In that short interval she had ascended the throne; the death of her uncle, the late king, had called forth the condolence of the Academy, already alluded to; and it was, perhaps, in graceful acknowledgment of that address, into which David Wilkie had thrown an element of "heart," as much as her love of the arts, that brought the monarch once more to the exhibition in the early days of her mourning, and with the burdens of State weighing in all the force of freshness on her. But though the Princess of the visit in May had been transformed into the Queen before the visit in August, it was noted that her manner was as unaffected and graceful on the latter occasion as it had been on the former, and that towards her mother, who again accompanied her, she appeared, as Leslie tells us, "the same affectionate little girl, still calling her 'mamma.'" Before Her Majesty left the rooms, the members of the Academy were presented to her by Sir Martin, at her own request, and she addressed a word or two to each by name.

Nor was this the end of the Queen's intercourse with the leading artists of the day during the first year of her reign. She found time to give sittings, not only to Pistrucci for her coin, but to some half-dozen historical and portrait painters. The first to whom she sat was Alfred Chalon, R.A., who, along with Hayter, was appointed portrait-painter to Her Majesty. His picture, a small whole-length figure, represents the Sovereign seated, and wearing the robes in which she appeared when the old Parliament was dissolved; not very striking robes, presumably, for Leslie, in speaking of this portrait, which, by the way, he thought more like the Queen than any of its contemporaries, says she is "in her every-day dress." The copyright of Chalon's work was snatched up by Moon at a large price for an engraving, which had an immense sale. Hayter's portrait was painted for King Leopold; and there was yet another by Sully. Indeed, the Academy of 1838 (which was also visited

by Her Majesty at the private view) was, as we learn from the art annals of the year, an academy



(*From an Etching by Her Majesty the Queen.*)

of queens, of all sorts and sizes, good, bad, and indifferent. Succeeding exhibitions brought to light many others, an equestrian portrait by Sir Edwin Landseer among the number.

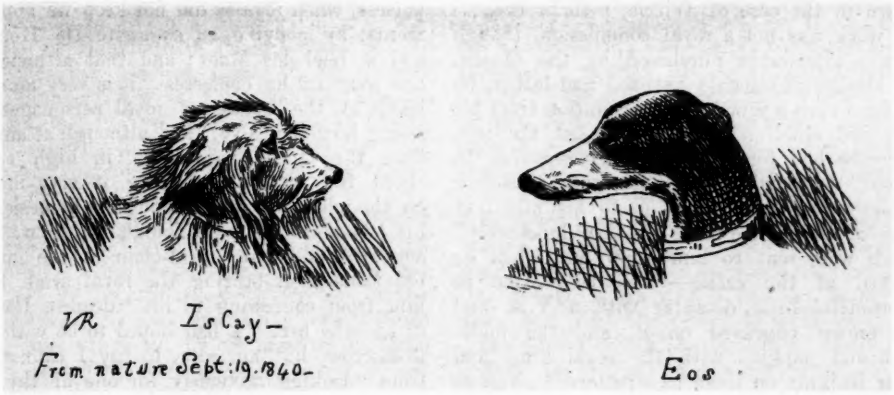
Of even more importance than these were two historical works in which Her Majesty was the central figure, namely, "The Queen's First Council," by Wilkie, and "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament," by C. Leslie. The interesting history of both paintings may be gathered from the scattered letters and journals written by the artists themselves at that date. The appointment of Painter in Ordinary had been renewed to Sir David Wilkie by the Queen; and he was soon called on to fulfil the pleasant duties of his post, for we find him writing thus to his sister in October, 1837:—"Her Majesty gave me a sitting to-day, and has commanded a picture of her First Council, and has been telling me *who* to put in it." (Wilkie evidently was less careful as a grammarian than as an artist.) A few days later he writes:—"Her Majesty has been most gracious. Her face I have painted nearly in profile—it is thought like her. She sat to-day in the dress—a white satin, covered with gauze embroidered. I think it looks well. All here think the subject good, and she likes it herself." A more detailed description of the picture and of the royal sitter is given by Wilkie in a letter to Collins: "In October (1837) I received a message from the Lord Chamberlain to attend the Queen at Brighton, with the view of beginning the Embassy picture, but was told the Queen had heard of a sketch I had made of her First Council. Accordingly, on seeing Her Majesty, and finding her strongly set upon this, I sent for a canvas from London, and began the figure of the Queen at once. She is placed nearly in profile at the end of a long table covered with red cloth. She sits in a large chair, or throne, a little elevated, to make her the presiding person. Having been accustomed to see the Queen as a child, my reception had a little of the air of an early acquaintance. She is eminently beautiful, her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face in a most simple way; glossy and clean-looking. Her manner, though trained to act the Sovereign, is yet simple and natural. She has all the decision, thought, and self-possession of a queen of older years; has all the buoyancy of youth, and from the smile to the unrestrained



(*From an Etching by Her Majesty the Queen.*)

laugh is a perfect child." Wilkie was never tired of recording the favourable impression made on his mind by the royal maiden. "The

regal power in so lovely a form is perfectly new to us," he says; "it seems sent to charm the



FAVOURITE DOGS.

(From Etchings by Her Majesty the Queen.)

disaffected by presenting a settled government under the most engaging aspect. Her Majesty is an elegant person; seems to lose nothing of her authority either by her youth or delicacy; is approached with the same awe, and obeyed with the same promptitude, as the most commanding of her predecessors." And he repeats that "she has all the buoyancy and singleness of heart of youth, with a wisdom and decision far beyond her years." Moreover, Her Majesty possessed another virtue—one which only a portrait-painter can properly appreciate—she was an excellent and a regular sitter. "She appoints a sitting once in two days," we find Wilkie saying, "and she never puts me off." This picture of the Council that was called when the death of William IV. became known contains a large number of figures, including portraits of the Dukes of Sussex and Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lords Melbourne, Lansdowne, and John Russell, and was therefore somewhat of "a plague" to the artist to compose. He succeeded well, however; and



DOG'S HEAD.

(Drawn and Etched by the Prince Consort.)

the figure of the girl of eighteen, dressed very simply in white (for it was not etiquette that she should be in mourning until after the funeral of the King), seated at the head of a long table, unattended by any other woman, and surrounded by all these great dignitaries, is very striking in its effect. The canvas is nearly five feet high by about eight feet wide; and six hundred guineas was the sum paid for it by Her Majesty.

The members of the Royal Academy received tickets of admission to Westminster Abbey for the Coronation; and Leslie went among the rest. He could not fail to be struck with the ceremony, but he left it with a firm resolve that, if another Coronation should take place during his life, he would not put on a Court dress, get up at three o'clock in the morning, and remain in the Abbey till five in the afternoon, to see it. His presence on this occasion led, however, to his painting the picture already named—"The Queen Receiving the Sacrament at her Coronation." In the December of 1838 we find him putting up with "mine host" of the "Castle Inn"

at Windsor, waiting on the convenience of the Queen for sittings. These were not given with quite the readiness which had been shown in the case of Wilkie, perhaps because the work was not a royal commission, though it was afterwards purchased by the Queen. An ideally affectionate husband and father, he grudged even a few days of separation from his wife and children; and his life at the inn, where he had for a coffee-room companion "a villain" who monopolised the only arm-chair in the room, was not at all to his mind, in spite of the "good and plentiful luncheons" which were sent to him every day when he worked at the castle—"the best wine in a beautiful little decanter with a V.R. and the crown engraved on it, and the table-cloth and napkins with the royal arms and other insignia on them as a pattern." Things soon brightened up, however. At the inn the villain went away and left Leslie in undisputed possession of the coveted chair; and at the castle the picture made progress. The Queen was much pleased when she first saw the canvas, and suggested certain changes in the composition. Leslie was soon able to say that the Queen had sat five times. "She is," he adds, "so far satisfied with the likeness that she does not wish me to touch it again. She sat not only for the face, but for as much as is seen of the figure, and for the hands with the coronation ring on her finger. Her hands, by-the-by, are very pretty, the backs dimpled, and the fingers delicately shaped. She was particular also in having her hair dressed exactly as she wore it at the ceremony every time she sat." As in the case of Wilkie's "Council" picture, so in this, there were many figures to introduce. The Duke of Cambridge, during his sittings, only once addressed the artist, and then with a series of tiresome questions: "Do you paint all day? Are you a Royal Academician? Are you painting any other picture? Do you walk or ride?" The Duke of Sussex, if he talked better, was still more unsatisfactory. He wasted Leslie's time miserably, keeping him idle for three days by failing to fulfil appointments. The Duke of Wellington had more conversation—quite enough, in fact, to show that he did not always know what he was talking about. "You have made my head too large," he said, "and this is what all the painters have done to whom I have sat. Painters are not aware how very small a part of the human figure the head is. Titian was the only painter who understood this, and by making his heads small he did wonders."

Under all these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the artist sought for consolation during hours of enforced leisure in the palaces, when royalty did not keep its appointments, by copying an exquisite De Hooghes and a Nicholas Maas; and that although at one moment he confesses "it is very amusing being at the houses of royal personages and seeing how they live," and although at another time the Queen puts him "in high spirits about the picture by liking it very much," on the whole he was thoroughly homesick, as his letters to his wife abundantly show. Not even the undisputed arm-chair at the inn, or the table-linen bearing the royal arms, keeps him from confessing to his "dearest Harry," as he calls her, "I had hoped to be with thee to-morrow, but am sorry to say I cannot," or from "looking anxiously for one of thy nice letters," or from bidding her "tell me what little cheap toy I can bring for each of the children—something easily packed." Leslie's labours, however, came to an end; the troublesome canvas was put into its frame at last, and it was one of the "pictures of the year" at the Academy of 1843. Her Majesty is represented as habited in the coronation robe, having taken off, before approaching the altar, her crown and her jewels. The peers and peeresses have also taken off the coronets they donned the moment the Queen was crowned. The sacrament is administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury in full canonicals; the State sword is borne by the Iron Duke, while the Lord Great Chamberlain (Lord Willoughby D'Eresby) holds the crown. Five of the eight young ladies who bore the Queen's train appear in the foreground. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, is there, attended by Lady Flora Hastings; also the other ladies of the Royal Family and their attendants, surrounded by the Earl Marshal, two pages of honour, and the officers of State.

It is pleasant to remember that neither Wilkie's nor Leslie's intercourse with the Queen ended with the two important works, over the history of which, as illustrating pleasantly and characteristically the relations between Her Majesty and the artists whom she has employed, we have lingered. Wilkie, in 1840, painted a whole-length portrait of her in her robes for the Lord Chamberlain's office, and another for Sir Charles Forbes; while, in the year following, his portrait of the Sultan Abdul Medjid was added to Her Majesty's collection. Also in 1841 Leslie painted a second picture for the Queen — "The Christening of the Princess Royal." He was admitted to the ceremony to

make a sketch of it, and a few days later he made a study of the little Princess, then three months old. Leslie was also one of the artists chosen to decorate in fresco a little pavilion in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where he had for colleagues Maclise, Landseer, Sir Charles Ross, Stanfield, Uwins, Etty, and Eastlake, all of them men whose art owed more or less to royal fostering. This brings us to the year 1843, and therefore to a time when the Queen had in Prince Albert a husband whose carefully trained artistic taste moulded and strengthened her own. Henceforth she was guided by his judgment in her patronage of painters, encouraged by his enthusiasm in her love of the limner's craft, by his praise in her own practice of it; and supported by his presence on those public occasions, such as the opening of exhibitions, which at once marked and developed the progress of the arts. As patrons and lovers of the brush the names of these illustrious personages will always be commingled. Together they visited exhibitions, together they planned the artistic features of their new homes, together they furnished their galleries, exhibiting a taste so discriminating as to buy, for instance, the first work which the young Frederick Leighton sent to the Academy, and so catholic as to hang in company with the embryo President's "Procession of Cimabue's Madonna," full of Florentine feeling, a work as characteristically British as "The Alms-deeds of Dorcas," by W. C. Dobson, R.A. A visit to Buckingham Palace will suffice to show not only the extent of Victoria and Albert's patronage of contemporary painting, but the happy wisdom which guided their selection. With the death of the Prince, the Queen ceased to visit the Academy exhibitions, but she still continues to be a patron, having recently purchased, among other important works, Mr. Frank Holl's "No Tidings from the Sea," and "The Roll-Call," by Mrs. Butler, who is now engaged on a picture illustrating a scene in the Zulu War undertaken on Her Majesty's commission.

But the Queen is not merely a *dilettante* admirer of painting, she is herself an artist. Although Mr. Ruskin's dictum that it is more important for a child to learn drawing than writing, had it been uttered before Her Majesty got into her teens, would probably have had little weight with those to whom her education was entrusted, nevertheless that accomplishment was not forgotten thus early in the little Princess's curriculum, nor was her artistic training abandoned when she left the nursery. All her life it has been one of her favourite occupations to handle the pencil. Take up her "Journal in the Highlands." At Blair Athole, in the autumn of 1844, "We sat down on the ground, and Lady Canning and I sketched;" in 1852, when her husband had shot a stag, "I sat down and scratched a little sketch of him on a bit of paper, which I put on a stone;" in 1862, within sight of the Lomond Hills, "I made some hasty sketches;" and on board a yacht in Cork Harbour in 1849, "While Albert went on shore I occupied myself in writing and sketching;"—such entries as these mark scores of occasions on which nature caught Her Majesty's eye with a peculiar beauty, or when she plied the pencil to while away the hours during which she waited on lonely hills and in the solitary woods for her husband's return from his sport. Of that gentler exercise of the pencil (which in the case of men even we would gladly see supersede more generally the exercise of the rod or rifle as a source of amusement) there is in this volume other evidence than these entries—some of the sketches themselves. Nor is this the only instance in which Her Majesty has run the gauntlet of criticism by submitting her work to the public. To several exhibitions at home and abroad has she contributed; among others to that of Philadelphia, where she sent a series of etchings, which we specially mention because they indicate that the co-operation already alluded to as existing between the Queen and the Prince Consort in the study and patronage of the fine arts was also carried to the extent of collaboration in the practice of them. And the mention of these etchings reminds us that some of the royal handiwork in this kind narrowly escaped being made public against the will of the artists. This was in 1848, when some copies of etchings, the joint work of the Queen and the Prince, were stolen by a workman in the employ of a printer at Windsor, who had been engaged to take impressions from the original plates; and these were reproduced by a publisher in Paternoster Row named Strange. The Prince instructed the Queen's private solicitor to apply for an injunction preventing the issue of copies of any of the private engravings referred to in "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Royal Victoria and Albert Gallery of Etchings;" and this was granted by Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, whose decision was appealed against a few months later before the Lord Chancellor, by whom, however, it was finally confirmed.

Of the royal sketches which accompany this

article, and which speak for themselves, not a single word of criticism is needed, but many words of grateful acknowledgment to Her Majesty for having permitted this Magazine to be the latest medium for placing her frank, naïve, and delightful handiwork before such of her subjects as vie with their Sovereign in a love of art.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

AN OLD BRETON TOWN.



PERHAPS it is the proximity of the melancholy ocean, and the influences common to a storm-beaten, wind-swept coast, that so often remind us in Brittany of our own land just across the sea, and help to make Brittany more popular than many other far more beautiful districts of inland France. Like, but like in difference, they certainly are, and the opening lines of "Enoch Arden" well describe many a Breton fishing-village: the long lines of cliff, the chasm marked by foam and yellow sands, the clustering roofs about a weather-beaten quay, the mouldered church, the climbing street, and above and beyond grey downs, marked by Danish barrow or Celtic dolmen—the fossils of that pre-historic borderland over which hang clouds and darkness, through whose mysterious shadow science has yet only partially penetrated.

The towns, though placed farther back, are all, or nearly all, accessible by creek or river from the sea. Everywhere in Brittany one realises the fact, by a certain something in the people, something seen only in a race dwelling in sight of the wild waste of waters, a mournful sternness or wildness in the eyes akin to foamy wraith and ghostly peak, and even when at some distance from the coast one ever hears, or seems to hear, the murmur of the sea. Morlaix, Finistère, which may be taken as a typical example of an old Breton town, is, like the rest, reached by a tidal river running through a narrow valley just wide enough for its passage. We will for the nonce ignore the huge viaduct, 190 feet high, thrown across it, as some transient nightmare. But the reason we select Morlaix for our literary peg is that, although by no means so decayed or deserted as some others, it has preserved more of those most interesting and picturesque old timber-framed houses than, perhaps, any other town in Lower Brittany, not excepting Vannes or Vitré. The Grande Rue is alone worth a journey, without the Rue des Nobles and the Rue du Pavé thrown in. We have always entertained an ardent affection for old houses apart from their picturesque side. As the habitations of past humanity, where men, generation after generation, laboured and loved, lived and died, around whose firesides centred joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, long ago blotted out of time, they are to us invested with something sacred, and we feel more disposed to stand with uncovered head in such tenantless dwellings than in the most voluptuously-furnished modern apartment. What character there is in such houses! What a world of meaning may be traced in an old overhanging double-gabled tenement! With a stoop in one of its shoulders, and a rick in its neck that has been caught in the long night-watches of two or three centuries. Its head is bent forward—not backward—meditatively, and not without a certain elderly grace; and under the eyelids of its broad eaves the old diamond casements seem heavy with an introspective gaze, as if dwelling on the days that are no more. There is an expression in the acuteness of the gable, and odd quips and cranks lurk in the seamed face and mellowed tones of sculptured cornice, and in the twisted curves of the grand old carved barge-board. Contrasted with them, how poor and characterless are many modern abodes! Then, their individuality, and endless variety. One tall and angular, another broader, sturdier, and "comical." How we love to see, as sometimes may be seen, two old fellows of this class leaning inwards against each other, as if seeking mutual comfort and support. There is a reminiscence of the sma' hours about them, as though they had been droning, "We have liv'd and lov'd together, through many changing years." A Sancho-Panza-like air lurks in the more plebeian proportions of the shorter one, contrasting curiously with its neighbour's half-sad patrician melancholy. Hausmannised raids everywhere sweep away these interesting witnesses of the past. They stand here and there as landmarks, high and dry, pointing out where their old companions have gone down, submerged by the rising tide of modern improvement. Pathetic in their

mute sufferance, an unremembered past broods like a presence among the eaves and roof-trees of those that still linger. There are few left of the highest class, but when met they are impressive enough. Preceded, perhaps, by a dozen awes small people. *Garçons* never play marbles just there, nor hide on the doorsteps—not from any formal prohibition, but the look of the façade is enough. They would as soon think of playing in the beadle's cocked hat, or

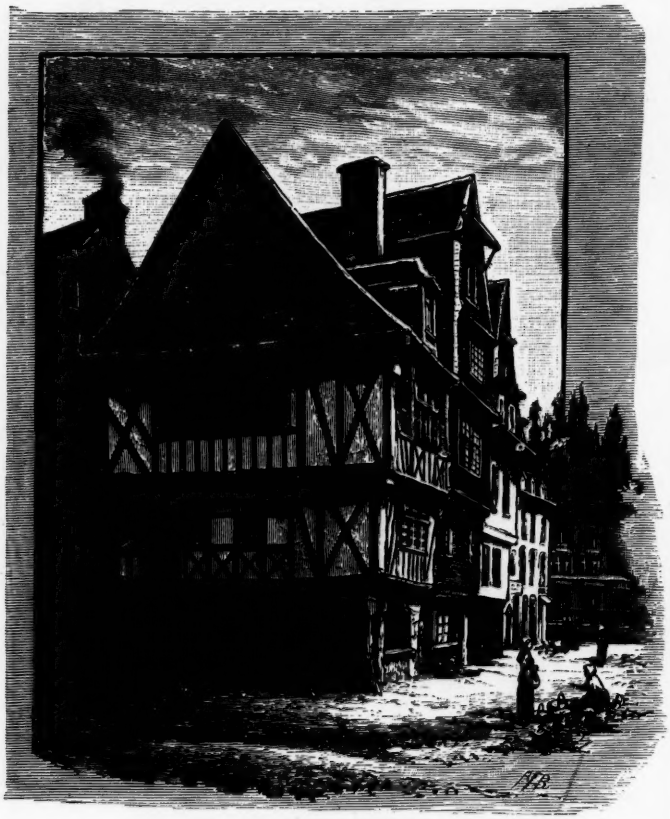


SCALE-SLATED HOUSE, PLACE DE MARMES, MORLAIX.

SCALE-SLATED HOUSES, PLACE DES HALLES, MORLAIX, FINISTÈRE.

commonplace shops, that have settled down like a flight of sparrows on some new clearance, stands, apart and isolated, a grave and reverend signor, a patriarch amongst ancient houses, full of dignity, which finds expression in ample width of doorway and depth of shade in its venerable porch. There is no puckered window or skimped corbel; all is full and generous, and stiff as a recorder's silk gown. Its very aspect shooting cherry-stones at the *sergent de ville!* Morlaix has had its day of regal shows and temporal importance. Mary Stuart came sailing up the narrow river in 1548, with all her retinue, on her way to become the wife of the Dauphin of France, happily unconscious of the after-days that fate held in store. The Breton nobles turned out in great pomp to do her honour. They seem to have forgotten that but twenty-

five years before, Henry VIII., when incensed with Francis I., had sent the English fleet under Surrey the same road, when, by a sudden and well-timed surprise, they set on fire and pillaged the old Breton town. Perhaps the fact that some six hundred of the hindmost, encumbered with loot, were cut off, and perished in the retreat, was held to be a sufficient set-off. A spring called "Fontaine des Anglais" still



TIMBER-FRAMED HOUSES, MORLAIX, FINISTERE.

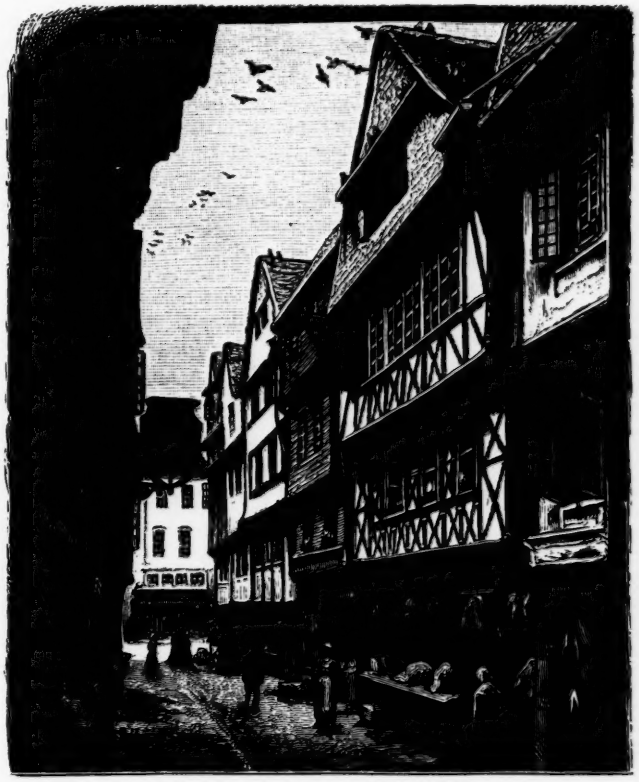
marks the locality. Morlaix, like all Breton towns, has always furnished a large contingent to the French Navy—the men who contested with us in many a well-fought engagement the supremacy of the neighbouring seas. It was also the birthplace of General Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, and otherwise a considerable figure in the history of the Consulate and the Empire. Morlaix is particularly remarkable for the number of curious examples of houses sheathed with a kind of scale-armour made of small semi-circular slates, each storey being fronted with an apron of slate-scales. The Place des Halles is almost entirely composed of them. Wynds and alleys abound with isolated examples in every stage of decrepitude. The symmetrical arrangement of the slates is very noticeable; and after a shower of rain, when the sun breaks forth, the wet scales shine out brightly like those of a fish. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and it cannot any longer be said that the costume of the people is thoroughly in keeping with the buildings, though one may often see the *bragous bras*, the broad-brimmed hat, long hair, and other characteristics of what Froissart calls the "Vrai Bretagne Brettonnante." Away from the towns it is easily seen that the Bretons are a people apart in race and feeling from the rest of France. The poetry that wells spontaneously out of the Celtic nature has never had its course checked by other influences, as in Wales and Cornwall. The preservation of ancient usages, traditions, and ceremonies has ever been a religion in Brittany, and song has been the great instrument by which it has been chiefly effected. A richer ballad literature, a larger stock of popular idyllic and religious poetry does not exist in any part of Europe, and, as in Italy, much of it is oral, having been passed on for centuries from sire to son by recitation. These lyrics are almost always of a profoundly mournful cast when they are not of the weird supernatural order. If Shelley's dictum, "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," is to be accepted, then these Breton songs are of the best. One is reminded of the peculiar spiritual atmosphere that pervades the wilder parts of Skye, and the interminable songs chanted with monotonous regularity by the boatmen, keeping time to their oars, around Loch Scavaig and the Cuchullins. They equally belong to an imaginative race that pre-eminently may be said

to see visions and dream dreams. Sir Walter Scott relates the belief entertained in the Highlands of an apparition of mounted warriors riding on the precipitous flanks of the mountains where no living horse could keep his footing as portending war. In Brittany it is Arthur's host that appears on the mountains, headed by their mystic chief, who awakens from his charmed sleep in the Valley of Avalon whenever war impends over his beloved Cymry.

The Léonais, which includes Morlaix, forms the extreme western horn of Brittany, and is the richest and most varied region of Finistère. Its fertile fields seem always green—"too green" say many artists who have grown weary of its sameness—the result of the excessive moisture of the climate. The *marchand des parapluies* is one of the most numerous and thriving professions in the country. When the clever caricaturists employed on the staff of the Paris comic journals desire to indicate a Breton they put a huge umbrella in his fist. In all pictorial satires of Brittany and its inhabitants umbrellas invariably figure largely. We owe to them the ridiculous "gingham" originally made at Ginngamp, Finistère. The Parisian wit who manufactured the *mot* that "*les Anglais* do sometimes quit the side of their wives, but their *parapluies*, never!" could certainly never have been in Brittany.

But we must return to our old Breton town and its quaint streets, over-hanging roofs, and antique aspect; its monastic remains, religious institutions, and picturesque houses. The interiors of these *anciennes maisons* should be noticed as well as the exteriors. Some of them are richly ornamented with flamboyant carving, and one in the Grande Rue has a noble staircase. We wandered into one late on a July evening, and rambled—as any one could do—through long passages and recesses, studying the rich carving of pillar and post, buttress and balustrade, amid dust and decay, for it was past habitation; peopling it anew with former occupants of the broad seats in the bayed window of those bygone days. The house was evidently old enough to have sheltered many generations of Bretons. The walls might have heard one of the old *noblesse* describe the beauty of Marie Stuart on her landing, and yet have listened to hear, two centuries or more later, some surviving sous-lieutenant tell of those who fell at Nile's proud fight, or in Trafalgar's bay. Full of these things, we descended slowly in the fading light. A rattle of wheels and jingle of—anything—and the echo of voices sounded from outside in the street below. To our heated imagination it might have been Moreau re-visiting his boyhood's home—rich from the spoiling of the Teuton—who darkened the ample porch in front; but another glance revealed the shining gossamer of a Parisian *commis-voyageur*, and the jingle of sounds was not that of arms, but came from numerous portmanteaus of *articles de Paris!*

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

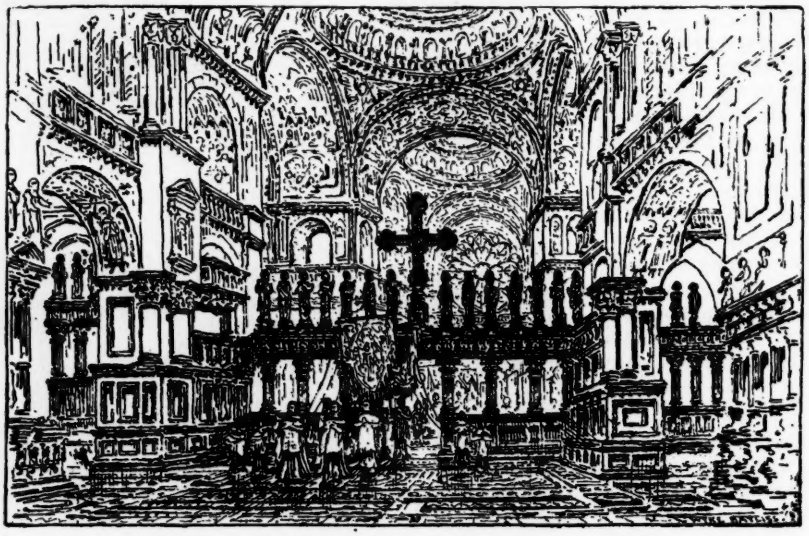


THE GRAND RUE, MORLAIX, FINISTÈRE.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

IF any of our readers have felt a doubt whether, in our recent notices of this Society, we have been over-sanguine in our estimate of the progress it has made in artistic merit and public favour, we are quite sure that a visit to the exhibition now open in the Suffolk Street Galleries will satisfy them that we are justified in all that we have said. No such collection of pictures has been seen upon its walls, at all events within our recollection. The large accession of rising artists to the ranks of the Society has told favourably, not only on the works of the members, but in encouraging a stronger body of voluntary exhibitors to avail themselves of the opportunity of placing their works before the public in such well-lighted galleries, with the result that not only is the Society itself better represented than usual, but the contributed works of Messrs. A. H. Burr, Lionel Smythe, Fred. Morgan, C. W. Wyllie, J. Aumonier, Ernest Waterlow, Blair Leighton, and many other well-known painters add very considerably to the interest and attractions of the exhibition.

We do not know whether it is a designed arrangement, or a coincidence only, but the four pictures which occupy respectively the centres in the great room are representative each of a distinctive division of the art-world. The first, "Clouds Clearing Off for a Fine Day" (p. 295), by A. F. Grace, is landscape pure and simple. Its appeal is to everything that is pure in the sensuous part of our nature; and its success lies in recalling the sense of the sweetness of fresh air, and the scent of mown grass, and the sight of the moving clouds, and their shadow on the fields, and the pleasant sounds of distant labour.



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA OF ST. MARY AND ST. MARK, VENICE.

(*By Wyke Bayliss.*)

The second is a portrait by John Burr. It is the daring, and we think successful, attempt to paint *mind*. Its appeal is not to our sense of beauty, but to our intelligence; and its success lies in making us forget the substance, forget the paint, forget even the painter, and think only of the thought that has been embodied.

The third picture, "The Assizes," by John Morgan, is Art as a story-teller. It shows us the ante-room of a court of justice. Barristers, attorneys, police-officers, with the usual motley crowd of hangers-on, fill the canvas with incident. The scene is dramatic in the extreme,

and fulfils the artist's aim—that is to say, it tells the story that is to be told, and the story is a good story. Its appeal is to our curiosity, to our interest, to our sympathy; and its success lies altogether in touching our hearts.

The last of the four pictures is a cathedral interior — "St. Mark's, Venice," by Wyke Bayliss, painted with his accustomed power. As complex in its material as the landscape is simple, as delicate in detail as the portrait is massive, as serious in its motive as the painted story is playful—it is an attempt to grapple with every difficulty that Art can present and to employ every resource that Art can yield. Its appeal is to the imagination.

Now it is a very grave matter for a critic to approach pictures like these, differing so widely from each other in aim and method of working, and to pronounce off-hand a judgment of their respective merits. Who is there that can consider himself entitled to deal with these artists (specialists as they are, each having given a life to the study of his branch of the profession) and determine their places like children in a class at school? For ourselves we decline to undertake such a task, and think we shall do our readers a better service by indicating, as simply as we can, what they may expect to find if they visit the exhibition we are noticing.



LE BAL DES PAUVRES.
(By A. Ludovici.)

Bearing in mind, then, this fourfold division of the subject, let us begin with the pictures which take for their theme the beauty and freshness of out-door life. Landscape has always been a strong feature in this Society. The finest works of Dawson, and Pyne, and Vicat Cole, and H. Moore have been seen on its walls. James Peel, George Cole, and W. Gosling are well represented, while the reputation of the Society is not likely to suffer in the hands of the younger landscapists of the day. W. L. Wyllie, besides a singularly fine study of the Alps under a pale twilight effect, "The Moon is up, and yet it is not Night," has several exquisite little pictures in his best form. Messrs. Jno. Reid and Jno. White, recently elected, have each contributed some spirited and brilliant studies. J. E. Grace and Stuart Lloyd are refined and pastoral as usual. E. Ellis is powerful and effective, notably so in a painting in the south-east room, "Eventide," which is astonishingly luminous in the sky. J. W. B. Knight is always tender and reticent in colour. J. Aumonier has a work of first-rate importance as well as beauty, "A Cornish Orchard," with the blue sea gleaming through the apple blossoms. We observe also, in the same room, a small but charming example of Ernest Waterlow's work—"A Path across a Common." G. S. Walters is still painting the picturesque craft to be seen on Dutch rivers, with his wonted breadth of treatment and luminous sense of colour; but he has also a rough grey coast scene, in the first room, very fine in its cool pure tints of fresh sea and pearly sky.

Still keeping to out-of-door effects, we come upon pictures in which the motive is not limited to the loveliness of cloud or sunshine, or summer fields, or grey twilights, or broad rivers, or waving trees, and yet in which all these are included as accessories to some direct incident of human life. Of these there is, perhaps, none more complete in some of the finer qualities of Art than H. Bartlett's picture, two children on the seashore, Florence and Paul Dombey. "'The sea, Floy —what is it always saying?' She told him it was only the sound of the rolling waves." This is a picture well worthy of note for its true pathos, its delicate perception of character in the children, the rich and sweet harmony of its colour, and for the simple and firm rendering of the accessory effects of cliff and rolling sea. There is no characteristic of this Society more valuable, perhaps, and certainly none more agreeable to the visitor, than that a season never seems to pass without some young painter coming well to the front. One year it is Mr. Gadsby, with his brilliant touch and early mastery of colour; then the younger Ludovici, with his charming rendering of drawing-room or dining-room incident; then Mr. Noble, with his dogs, which really do seem to speak. This year there is no

question that it is Mr. Bartlett whom we should congratulate on a success that gives high promise for a future that should be watched.

Among other pictures of this class—dealing, that is, with incident and landscape—we have noted "A Peat Moss in the Lews," by P. Macnab. The low rich tone of the gloaming, and the toil-worn aspect of the figures pressing toward us, are finely rendered. "Volunteers for the Forlorn Hope," by C. Cattermole, represents a troop of soldiers preparing to storm a battlemented fortress. "The Keeper's Assistants," by Stuart Noble, is one of the best examples we have yet seen of this painter's work. A white pony stands tied to a gate, while two fine dogs wait beside him, evidently watching for their master's coming. Broad and simple in treatment, strong in colour and handling, it is yet full of refined drawing and subtle gradation.



THE MOUSE-TRAP.
(*By A. H. Burr.*)

And now, leaving the fields and returning to the great city, we come upon two street scenes, each remarkable in its way. The one is by Lionel Smythe, the other by A. Ludovici. In both the effect is twilight, and it is interesting to observe the extreme contrast in the method by which these two painters have reached the same effect—the one through depth, the other through tenderness, of colouring. Mr. Smythe's picture is quite Venetian in richness and glow. He calls it simply "Summer Twilight," but it might well stand for an illustration of Robert Browning's exquisite poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi,"

> "Here's spring-time come, and the nights we make up bands
> To roam the town and sing out carnival;"

and a little later, when the tired artist, leaning out of his window for fresh air, and watching the merry groups, hears the patter of little feet as the children pass; and then, lo,

> "Three slim shapes, and a face that look'd up."

Of Mr. Ludovici's picture we have given a little sketch (p. 293). It is entitled "Le Bal des Pauvres." The incident is most happily chosen. No one who has passed through such streets in London will fail to recognise the truth of it, nor to feel its tender pathos. A street organ, surrounded by children, who are dancing to its music, because from their young hearts not even the gloom of narrow courts and the poverty of the poor of a great city have had time to eliminate the instinct of joy with which we hear sweet sounds. Let them dance on. The poor have still their pleasures as surely as the humblest way-side flower partakes of the refreshing dew.

It is not far from the streets to the fire-side, and so we pass next to a multitude of subjects of in-door life. "The First Night," by W. Holyoake, shows us a group of ladies at the opera. "He Jests at Scars who never Felt a Wound," by H. G. Glindoni, is a group of sprightly cavaliers to whom a jester is holding forth with quaint gesture. "A Terrible Ghost Story," by T. Roberts, represents a fair girl reading to younger children by fire-light, while dreadful shadows flicker on the wall, and the black kitten on the piano is good for any amount of mischief that may be imagined. "The Mischief-maker," by Jno. R. Reid, is a brilliant study of *chiar-oscuro* and colour, in a Dutch interior; the figures are of subordinate interest. Near this painting, as if to show the extremest contrast in the artists' method of seeing things, is a delicately-painted subject by J. H. S. Mann. A sick child, half reclining on a pillow, is sharing her meal with a kitten. In Mr. Mann's work everything is as tender as in Mr Reid's everything is strong. "A Quiet Afternoon," by James Gow, is another delicately-painted picture. A boy, seated by the fire, is reading to his mother; a simple subject, but through the refinement of the painter lifted to the level of the poetry of life. *Genre* subjects are indeed innumerable in this exhibition, though not always treated with so much refinement. In the first room will be found a very clever study by H. Helmick, "A China Hunter." It is a cottage interior, and an old woman is bringing out all her bits of blue for the delectation of a connoisseur, who sits contemplating one cracked cup, which he holds at arm's length with evidently a critic's eye. In the same room is a capital picture by Sidney Starr, "Quiet Enjoyment," and a careful study of a head by Blair Leighton.

And this leads to another, and perhaps the chief, division of Art, namely, the painting of the human face—not for its beauty, not for any story it has to tell, not as part of something else, but the face simply as the expression of individuality of mind. This is indeed the most subtle and difficult phase of the painter's art, and calls for the most perfect mastery of the material as well as the spiritual elements with which he deals. In this department the two brothers John and Alexander Burr are so pre-eminent that we will content ourselves with reference to their work. John Burr exhibits a portrait of Mr. Wyke Bayliss, whose great picture of St. Mark's hangs on the opposite side of the gallery, and whose name will not be unfamiliar to our readers as a contributor to these pages. As a piece of painting this portrait should be studied as a student would study his text-book. The absolute precision of each touch, the fine quality of the drawing, and the grave, earnest expression given to the eyes and mouth, are the characteristics which charm us in Mr. Burr's work, and it will be confessed they are qualities which should be appreciated if only for the rarity of their attainment. The two works by Alexander Burr (of one of which we give a sketch, page 294) will be found in the south-east room. It would be a hard task to judge between these brothers, but happily that is not necessary; their works should be studied together. Each is a master in his craft, and between them will be found everything that is excellent, from tenderness to strength.

We have left but little space for our fourth division, of which the Interior of St. Mark's was the type. But we give an outline of this picture (p. 292). It would indeed take longer to describe it than to describe any other painting in the gallery. For it must not be supposed that to glance at this interior is to see it, any more than glancing for a moment through the open door of a great cathedral as you pass it is seeing the cathedral itself. There are transepts, and aisles, and chapels to be explored before you realise the glory of it. There is an atmosphere (different from that of the streets) for the eyes to become accustomed to; there are statues, and pictures, and shrines, and jewelled pavements, and delicate tracery—these things are as essential to the cathedral as are the tremulous movements of the leaves, or the march of the shining clouds, or the swathes of new-cut hay to the landscape. And to those whose eyes are at all trained to a knowledge of architectural beauty these things are amongst the noblest gifts of Art.



CLOUDS CLEARING OFF FOR A FINE DAY.

(By A. F. Grace.)

MICHAEL ANGELO: A SKETCH.—II.

THE story of Pope Julius and his monument has been often told—how Michael Angelo spent eight months at Carrara superintending the excavation of blocks of marble for his work; how the proud spirit of the sculptor would not brook the imperious haughtiness of Julius, who kept him day after day waiting vainly for an audience in his ante-chamber, till one fine morning he mounted his horse and rode off to Florence, leaving word that the Pope might seek him there. And he was as good as his word, for he paid no attention to the impatient summons from His Holiness, who wrote several times to Soderini, the Gonfalonier of Florence, to send the proud sculptor back. That officer at last compelled Michael Angelo to go to Bologna—whither the warlike Pope was going on one of his military exploits—in fear that war would be made on Florence if the orders of Julius were not complied with. The Pope, however, by this time had decided to delay the execution of his own monument till he had prepared a church of sufficient magnitude to receive it; but in the meantime Michael Angelo wrought for him a bronze statue, which is spoken of as having been a very good portrait of that haughty Pope. It stood in front of the Church of S. Petronio, and was destroyed by the Bolognese in a popular tumult a few years later.

The year 1508 found the sculptor again settled in Rome, and unwillingly commencing the decoration of the Sistine Chapel on the strong pressure of Pope Julius. His natural bent was not painting, and it was an arduous task which was thrust upon him, as this fresco roof-painting could only be done by his lying flat on his back on suspended scaffolding, and working out his grand designs, on the ceiling above him, in this unnatural position. How he toiled at this roof! The Pope urged him on, yet withheld the needful funds, but as the sculptor's mighty conceptions took form and grew under his hand, he threw his whole soul into the work and laboured unintermittingly, till in less than three years the wonderful ceiling was completed. One grudges sorely that such precious works are only to be seen under great difficulties. It needs good eyesight and a clear day to make out even those colossal figures of prophets, and Sibyls, who keep guard on the panelled paintings of the Creation, Expulsion, Deluge, etc., and who are painted in such marvellous perspective and relief, that it is difficult to persuade oneself they are not sculptured, nor yet living creatures detaching themselves from the roof, like Titans from the mountain-tops coming down to join mortals below. Nothing can surpass the grandeur and repose of these figures, nor the majesty and power of those portraying the various stages of the Creation. Our modern feelings shrink from the visible representation of the Almighty, but one cannot but recognise the reverence and awe of the painter in the treatment of this part of his subject. His own soul, filled with love and admiration of the grand poetry and prophecy of the Bible, and the strange imagery of Dante, seemed to rise to heights unknown in art; and when the Roman public were admitted to behold his work they gazed in speechless awe at his marvellous creations. As has been said, "His Sistine frescoes contain the stern spirit of Dante, aflame with patriotism—passionate for justice. They embody the philosophy of Plato, the indignation of Isaiah, the wild denunciation of Ezekiel, the grand measures of Jeremiah."

While we are still in the Sistine Chapel, and gazing with the modern multitude, many of whom are stretched on their backs on floor and bench, trying with the help of a field-glass to master the details of Michael Angelo's wonderful works, we must turn to his fresco of the "Last Judgment" over the high altar, which was not painted till nearly thirty years later. We must confess a want of appreciation of this great fresco, and an inability to derive either pleasure or profit from the study of it. It is indeed so dark in hue, partly from the blues and browns in which it is painted, partly from the smoke of the altar candles, that it is very difficult to make out. But when we do disentangle the crowd of writhing figures there seems little of the solemnity and dignity that should characterise so great a subject; while the figure of our Lord is more like some pagan Jupiter fulminating thunderbolts in his wrath, than the great Judge of all mankind. It is doubtless a wonderful work, but decidedly lacking, we think, the majesty and grandeur of the Sistine frescoes. The picture was painted

when Michael Angelo was past his prime and his tendency to anatomical exaggeration had developed itself, but there seems more evidence of failing faith than of failing power, though he generally, throughout all his trials, preserved his reverence for the Supreme Being.



THE DELPHIC SIBYL, FROM THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

(By Michael Angelo.)

But to return to his earlier works. Julius being dead, and the Medici restored to power, his labour at the great monument was again stopped, to his vexation, and he spent some years at Florence, from 1516—1520, working at the façade of the Church of S. Lorenzo and the Laurentian Library, at the instance of Leo X. (both of which are identified with the Medici), and striving to continue the monument at the same time. Meanwhile the tyrant's chains were again being riveted on his native city, which was a deep trial to his free, patriotic soul. In 1520 he commenced those wonderful works for the adornment of the sacristy of S. Lorenzo—the tombs of the Medici —but it was years before they were finished: troubled years, during which Florence passed through great vicissitudes, once and again

struggling from under the tyrannous yoke of the Medici, and warding off the grasp of Charles V. with heroic efforts at self-defence, in which our great sculptor took active part. When, after the sack of Rome by the Imperial troops, Clement VII., the worst of the Medici Popes, brought his army to the gates of Florence, the besieged city made a gallant defence. Fortifications were raised under the superintendence of Michael Angelo, and still stand as monuments of his patriotism, while he tenderly protected the campanile of S. Miniato on the hill from the bombardment of the tyrants by surrounding it with woolsacks and mattresses. He loved this fine old basilica church, with its beautiful crypt, ancient even in his days, and he loved the noble view from its height, standing often as he did close to the spot where the bronze copy of his "David" now is. Many an evening sun had the poet and sculptor watched, as we can now watch, setting behind the heights of Fiesole, or the more distant mountains of Carrara, and throwing its softened hues of many colours over tower, and cupola, and all the varied beauties of "Firenze la bella," and making the winding Arno, so turbid and rapid, glow like a golden serpent gliding through the picturesque valley, while the sky reflected back its glories from behind the cypresses of Bellosguarda. No wonder the Florentines love their city. Its natural beauties are unsurpassed, and as a storehouse of art and culture it is unsurpassed too.

The great heart of Michael Angelo was well-nigh broken as the seal of his city's slavery was affixed. He turned to his work in a sort of mute despair, and finished the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici, which are amongst the finest of his works. They are the guardians of the Capella dei Depositi of the Church of S. Lorenzo, and a more noble and expressive statue than "Il Pensiero" (the Lorenzo) is scarcely to be found amongst the Greek treasures of the Vatican. Of the wonderful symbolical sculptures which are below these monuments it is difficult to speak. They are the expression of Michael Angelo's deepest feelings, wrung out of the anguish of his heart, when once more tyranny and treachery had prevailed and the liberties of Florence passed away. Mr. J. A. Symonds calls them "those groans of a chained Titan expressed in the marbles of S. Lorenzo." These famous works require long and careful study to appreciate and understand their beauties and marvels. The one called "Night" is generally considered the finest of them all. It was of this sculpture that Michael Angelo wrote his exquisite reply to the Italian poet who had bidden the spectator *awake* his wonderful statue:—

> "Grateful is sleep, and still more sweet, while woe
> And shame endure, 'tis to be stone like me;
> And highest fortune nor to feel nor see.
> Therefore awake me not; speak low, speak low."

We add Mrs. Oliphant's poetic description of these remarkable works in her "Makers of Florence":—"The four great statues of 'Day,' 'Night,' 'Twilight,' and 'Dawn' are instinct with the sentiments of modern thought, that profound struggle of feeling which ancient art eschews. 'Night' sleeps, but it is the sleep of a sublime despair; not rest, but oblivion of ill is what the great slumberer has desired, yet sorrow unforgotten hovers upon the very stillness of her exhaustion; and with what pain upon her beautiful brow that sad Aurora awakes: not the rosy-fingered Aurora of the classics, but a heavy mortal queen, rousing herself reluctantly, painfully, to meet the Care who is awake before her! . . . The great 'Day,' bursting herculean from his stony prison, half heroic, nothing known of him but the great brow and resolute eyes, and those vast limbs which are not yet free from the cohesion of the marble, though alive with such strain of action. Here is the great poem of the age, self-mortal sadness, yet incapable, how painful soever the exertion, of failing to the claims of life and nature. The spectator who remembers what was the fate of Florence and of Buonarroti—compelled both of man and city to come back, after the defeat of all their hopes, to the perpetually recurring task to bear the burden which every day brought with it—must bow with reverence at this great setting forth before heaven and earth of the burden of humanity." In this same Capella dei Depositi is a lovely unfinished "Virgin and Child," full of tenderness and reverence, Michael Angelo's last work in Florence.

But we must hurry on to the end of his long life. He turned his back on Florence for ever, and returned to Rome, hoping to complete his long-delayed contract of Pope Julius's monument, about which his heirs had become justly impatient and were threatening legal proceedings. And now, when already past sixty years of age, there came to Buonarroti the greatest happiness of his life—his love for a pure, good, and noble woman. With a heart so true and tender as his, so capable of love, and, notwithstanding his proud reserve, so yearning for it, it is strange indeed that he should have remained the lonely-hearted man he was for so many years. In earlier days it might have been a more o'er-

mastering passion; as it was it was like the rich glow of the afternoon sun, shedding warmth and brightness on the rugged peaks of the great master's heart, and gilding them with glory.

Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, the widow of the Marquis of Pescara, and forty-four years of age when Michael Angelo became acquainted with her whilst painting his "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. She had already been nine years a widow, and was a woman of deep religious feeling and strong faith, which she would fain have buried in a cloister had she not been prevented by Clement VII., who knew her value too well, as a centre of influence in the world, to permit her complete retirement. Her natural abilities were very great, and her mind was cultivated to high attainments in philosophy and poetry. Flaminio, one of the Renaissance poets of the court of Leo X., writes of her, in his lamentation for the extinguishing of so great a light to Italy:—"Her mind was pure, her manners pure; her virtue lively, her courtesy without a taint of earth; her intellect was heavenly, her learning rare; her words sweeter than nectar, her nobility the highest; her features beautiful in their majesty; her wealth liberally open to the use of good men." And other writers attest that this is not mere poetical imagery. She was indeed a noble woman, beautiful in person, accomplished in mind, and with a life consecrated to high and holy things. During the ten years that Michael Angelo was privileged to enjoy her friendship she exercised an influence over him that contributed greatly to his happiness. In the Palazzo Colonna, on the Quirinal, where her portrait is still to be seen, she lived in great privacy, but she gathered around her a few of her dearest friends, among whom Michael Angelo was the most cherished; and her simple faith and holy life brought back to his bruised and disappointed heart light, and peace, and even joy. He loved her with all the intensity of his deep nature, and light and life seemed to be extinguished for him when she died, in 1547. He watched by her death-bed in an agony of tenderness, he kissed her hand as she lay dying, and afterwards reproached himself bitterly that he had not ventured to kiss her cheek. His sorrowful soul finds vent in the despairing cry of some of his sonnets, written after her death, when he felt as if his guiding star had deserted him:—

"When my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
Gives human shape, now that, now this, at will,
Following his hand who wields and guides it still,
It moves upon another's feet alone.
But that which dwells in Heaven the world doth fill
With beauty by pure notions of its own:
And since tools fashion tools which else were none,
Its life makes all that lives with living skill.
Now, for that every stroke excels the more
The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the skies;
Wherefore, unfinished, I must meet my end,
If God, the great artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before."

But faith triumphed in the end, and his latest sonnets breathe the fullest and brightest hope.

In the latter days of Michael Angelo's life he was appointed architect of the new Basilica of St. Peter's, which already had been in several hands. The fine old Constantine Basilica had entirely disappeared. What were possible of its beautiful ancient mosaics, carvings, and monuments were preserved in what is now the crypt of the modern church. Bramante and Raffaelle had both worked at it, but neither had lived to complete his design. Raffaelle, indeed, had completely altered the plan of his predecessor, and abandoned the Greek cross of Bramante for a Latin cross as the ground-plan; but Buonarroti reverted to the original design as being the most suitable for the dome that he desired to erect, viz., an improved copy of the beautiful dome of Brunelleschi in his beloved Florence. And so, after he was seventy years of age, the ripe three-score and ten when men are entitled to rest from their labours, he began the greatest work of his life, and, as far as the dome was concerned, finished it—the grandest and most perfect in the world. Death overtook him before his ground-plan for the mighty cathedral was worked out, and so the grand simplicity of his design resolved itself into the Latin cross after all, with the heavy piers as they now exist, while Maderno's ugly, ultra-high façade has done its best to eclipse the beautiful dome. You must go to the Pincian Hill to get a first sight of its exquisite proportion and soft outline. It was 176 years since Julius II. first set Bramante to work before St. Peter's was rebuilt, and it cost ten millions sterling. Pity it is that one cannot think that all this proceeded from a higher motive than the mere glory of man.

And now the great sculptor was nearly ninety years of age. His early friends were all dead and gone; the niggardly Pope who occupied the pontifical chair (Paul IV.) had deprived him of his well-earned pension; and even his old servant, "less a servant, indeed, than a 'brother beloved,'" Miss Owen tells us, died too, mourning only in his death that he was

leaving his master alone in his extreme old age. And so the veteran gathered his mantle about him, and turned his face to the wall, and resigned his weary spirit with the faith and the penitence of a little child. He was engaged on a dead "Christ" to the last, an unfinished work, which now stands in the choir of the cathedral at Florence.

A nephew of Michael Angelo's, who had been sent for, arrived from Florence after his death, and took charge of the veteran's remains. The great sculptor had ever been a generous and dutiful relative, and contributed liberally to the help of his family, who, during the vicissitudes of Florence, had met with reverses. His own tastes were simple and inexpensive, and he set no value on money for its own sake—in great contrast to the venal days in which he lived. His body was removed to his beloved Florence, where he sleeps in the Buonarroti family vault in the Church of Santa Croce, the "Westminster Abbey of Florence." His tomb is adorned with a fine bust, which is a good likeness of Michael Angelo's rugged features, and emblematic figures of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, the three sister arts, in all of which it was the rare lot of the great genius to leave masterpieces associated with his name. He rests in peace after his troubled, stormy life, waiting for the resurrection of the dead, when the problems of life and death, which perplexed him during his ninety years of conflict here, shall be solved for ever in brightness and glory.

We close our brief sketch with the last of his sonnets, written shortly before his death:—

"'Mid weariness and woe I find some cheer
In thinking of the past, when I recall
My weakness and my sins, and reckon all
The vain expense of days that disappear.
This cheers by making, e'er I die, more clear
The frailty of what men delight miscall;
But saddens me to think how rarely fall
God's grace and mercies in life's latest year.

"For though Thy promises our faith compel,
Yet, Lord, what man shall venture to maintain
That pity will condone our long neglect?
Still, from Thy blood poured forth we know full well
How without measure was Thy martyr's pain,
How measureless the gifts we dare expect."

C. Duncan.

"SOUS LA FEUILLÉE" ("UNDER THE GREENWOOD").

THE artist M. Adrien Moreau, though still young, has already won his artistic spurs, his canvases being *hors concours* in the Salon Exhibitions. A pupil of M. Pils, M. Moreau has, like many other followers, emancipated himself from the traditions of his teaching and displayed his own individuality in his works. Versatile to a degree, he is equally renowned as an *aquarelliste* as by his productions on canvas. One of these latter, which will doubtless be remembered by many of our readers, excited much attention in last year's Salon—"Les Noces d'Argent" ("The Silver Wedding"), charming, touching, and tender to a degree. M. Moreau is a verification in himself of the artistic axiom that a true artist, when so willed, can give equally good work in landscape as in figures. The reverse being that landscapists never—that is, very seldom—are able to produce even passable figure-work. Mr. Millais is an example of the one, equally good in both, Turner of the other, great in landscape, but in figures always disappointing. In "Under the Greenwood" (a portion of which charming picture graces the opposite page) one is at a loss whether most to admire faces, figures, or foliage. Like Van Dyck, M. Moreau depicts his men as cavaliers, and gives his *grandes dames* as much refinement as grace. His touch is microscopic in its details, and yet the accessories are always kept subservient to the theme of the story. M. Moreau is an artist to the very tips of his fingers.

H. W. S.



"SOUS LA FEUILLÉE" ("UNDER THE GREENWOOD").

(By Adrien Moreau.)

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AN ART?

By Captain W de W. Abney, R.E., F.R.S.

MOST constant is the battle of words which is being waged between the devotees of photography and those whom the world at large call artists. On the one hand a position is claimed for photography as a fine art in the highest sense of the word, whilst on the other we have it pushed out of the ranks of art altogether. It seems that there must be some just mean between these two extremes of opinion, and it may be of some use to dispassionately inquire as to what really is the true status of photography. In many particulars no doubt photography is a branch of science; though, alas! when some use it the science shown is hardly apparent, and is debased to a mere rule-of-thumb practice. To the scientific part of photography belongs essentially the employment of the right chemical processes and manipulations in producing a photograph, and it matters not whether it be a representation of the Matterhorn or a microscopic enlargement of a grain of sand, the application of science should be the same in both cases. The pictorial results, however, are widely different: the one may be a delicious "bit," while the other may only be useful for teaching purposes. The production of such photographs as the latter will not soar above what may be called an industrial pursuit, and may be classed with map-making, the manufacture of diagrams, etc. The production of such as the former may be something more—it may be raised to the dignity of an art. Will it be wide of the mark if the assertion be made when, in the productions of the hand, we can see an impress of the mind—an individuality, if it may so be termed—that then art must exist in such productions? It may be bad art or good art, but if from it we can recognise the producer, still there must be art in it. I am quite aware that the statement, if pressed too far, can be made to appear ridiculous; but it must be remembered that we are only making a generalisation. If, however, we keep within the legitimate scope of the definition it remains true and without absurdity.

From the peculiar colouring of a landscape, or from the mode of lighting a face in a portrait, or from the general lines of composition, critics conclude that they have a Gainsborough, a Claude, or Rembrandt before them, and the fact of such recognition at once teaches us that on the canvas there is an impress of genius. Can there be such distinctive qualities in a photograph as to stamp it as the production of an individual? I say unhesitatingly that there can be. To those who have made a *study* of photographs—we do not mean those who simply purchase photographs as souvenirs of a locality, or who place *cartes de visites* in their albums as souvenirs of their friends—we say to those who have made a study of photographs in the same sense that the *dilettanti* world study pictures, the individuality of a photographer is as easily detected as that of a painter. This is not mere supposition, it is capable of experimental proof. If a pile of photographs by any of our well-known men are placed before them, it is perfectly easy for them to pick out the work of H. P. Robinson, of Payne Jennings, of Rejlander-England, and so on; and we suppose even those least acquainted with the art-science would be able to tell which were by the late Mrs. Julia Cameron. The latter, perhaps, offer no great difficulty, for though frequently artistic, they were certainly indifferent specimens of photography. It may be objected that the colour of the print may be an index, but this is far from the case. Every photographer who is eminent has a style of his own, the composition of the picture is varied, the chemical manipulation of the negative is made subordinate to his will.

Now the artist as a rule is painfully, and it may be said to a large extent intentionally, ignorant of the processes which are employed in the production of a photograph. In the mind of one artist friend of mine the idea was impressed that the whole business of a photographer consisted in putting a glass plate coated with something into a camera which had previously been made, with its single eye, to look at some object, then to take the cap off the lens for a few seconds, replace it, and rush into a dark room or tent. At this point his imagination was arrested, if we except his belief that the subsequent operations must blacken the fingers. When I was a lad I used to colour pictures cut out of the *Illustrated London News*, and when I had daubed the uniforms of Turks and Russians with the proper tints, I had produced a picture. The colouring was mechanical, and not art. Now

had I copied the outlines and put in the shades myself, I should have approached a step nearer to creating an art-production, and had I gone to nature for the outlines and then finished the picture, I suppose it would have been art, but whether good or bad art is an open question. Photographs often are produced in the slap-dash way as my friend imagined, and the resulting pictures may be likened to the coloured prints I have just described. Had he, however, watched any of our good landscape photographers at their work in the field, he might probably have held a very different creed. It is quite true the point of view *they* choose might not be that which *he* would select. In all probability he would cast about for a "comfortable" spot, where he would be free from some of the many plagues which often afflict a person rooted to a place for some hours, and for any small loss that might arise in the balance of the picture as actually seen by him he would compensate from the rich depths of his imagination. Whose production would be most truthful? I well recollect a picture of the temple of Karnak, painted by an artist of known ability. Massively beautiful in every respect is the building, but our painter "improved" it still more. In his picture we find an imposing gateway which should be on the north side, bodily moved, for pictorial purposes, to the east. I have a photograph before me of the same view; it is soft and delicate, rich in detail, but the gateway is not there. Which is most truthful, the painting or the photograph? Now let me try and show the distinction that exists between a photographer who is an artist and one who is not. We will suppose that both include the same view in their respective cameras (a supposition which is, however, unlikely, since the one, as a rule, will carefully select his view, whilst the other will not), and then watch them both developing their negatives. The chemicals applied will be the same in both cases, and if the two glass plates, bearing the images which have to be developed, were treated in an automatic fashion, the resulting pictures would be identical. The conventional photographer will pour a liquid over his glass plate, paying attention only to a certain appearance which the rapidly appearing image should take. That being attained, his labour is over, and after another small chemical manipulation, his negative picture is finished. The artist-photographer, on the other hand (the term is usually adopted by those who are bad photographers and worse artists, but it is used here in its true sense), carefully watches his image as it comes out under the seemingly magic influence of the developer; and at a given instant stops its increasing vigour. He notes that at one point a high light is required, and by using a thin stream of liquid he gradually heightens the light. At another spot he notes that some feature in the landscape requires more prominence, and an application of the fluid, maybe slightly modified in composition, works his will. The liquid to him is what the brush is to the painter, or the style to the etcher. In such a way the photographer can do what he will with his image, and the print on paper from a negative so treated will hardly be recognisable when compared with that from the negative of the soul lacking artistic instincts. True, that like the painter, the impress of his mind as given to his work may be open to criticism, but what then? The fact that it is so open is an acknowledgment that there may be art existing in it. Again, in securing a print from his *cliché* the same difference will be observed. The ordinary professional printer can turn out prints by the dozen from it, but it requires an artistic instinct to make the most of it. By judicious screening of the light from his paper, tone can be given to the background, and mellowness to the distance. Various other artifices can also be brought to bear in order to produce the happiest results, if he but use them with discrimination. How is it then that the art-world looks upon a photograph as something to be despised? The answer is not far to seek. It is in all probability because it *can* be, and very often is, a purely mechanical production, and yet no one would think of casting a slur upon painting, because a few uneducated persons can bend over a pavement and produce in "natural colouring" 20-lb. salmon, a storm at sea, with a ship tossing on wooden-looking waves, or dishes and plates of a wonderful pattern.

There is, in reality, quite as much difference between the photographic-artist who takes "our picter" for sixpence on the sands at Margate, and photographers like Robinson and many others, as there is between the exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the artist of the pavement.

The want of colour in a photograph is undeniably a great drawback to its capacity for pleasing the mind, but it is no more reasonable to take photography out of the category of art on this account, than it would be etching, or other art in monochrome. If a choice had to be made between some pictures to be found in dealers' windows—which are out of drawing and out of colouring—and a landscape photograph taken by Bedford, or such as he, it seems hard to imagine that it would not fall on the

latter, if the true artistic method were consulted. I know perfectly well that the value of an art-production in the majority of cases is measured by the price asked for it; the higher the price asked the greater the value. Hundreds of pounds are frequently spent on pictures absolutely without any pretence to good art, whereas as many shillings would purchase photographs which are in reality more valuable, but which are despised for their very cheapness.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, writing of painting, says, "As our art is not a divine gift, so neither is it a mechanical trade. Its foundations are laid in solid science; and practice, though essential to perfection, can never attain to that at which it aims unless it works under the direction of principles." For painting substitute photography, and it still remains exact. The true artist, be he painter or photographer, "works under the direction of principles."

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

LOUISE JOPLING.

IF we may suppose that the artistic faculty is divided with fair equality between men and women, experience certainly forbids us to believe that success in any of the arts lies as readily within the reach of the weaker as of the stronger sex. Potential artists may, and in fact do, abound among women, but a thousand causes are at work to prevent the executive fulfilment of their promises. A poet has ventured to question, or at least to wonder at, the Providence which creates "a vain capacity;" and in truth, when we consider that unemployed power is not merely a waste but a source of pain to its possessor, we should find it hard to understand the rich, significant, and yet abortive gifts which are given to women, if we did not remember the all-important female vocation of transmission, which may solve the riddle. That remarkable men have had remarkable mothers is a truism, and those who repeat it do so without much commiseration for the women of genius who have, in all time of the world's history, bequeathed their latent art, their science, their philosophy—that is to say, their large capacity for these things—to after-times and to the emancipated executive faculties of their sons. In those rare cases, however, in which a woman succeeds in her own person, she proves herself to be mistress of a higher success than would be a man's in the achievement of like results; and if she actually reaches an eminence at which the indulgence granted to her weakness and her obstacles ceases among critics, and when she can permit herself to re-echo what Mrs. Browning says in one of her letters to Mr. Horne—"You will please to recollect that when I talk of women I do not speak of them (as many men do) according to a separate, peculiar, and womanly standard, but according to the common standard of human nature"—then, indeed, a rare and particular homage even justice may pay to her.

And the lady whose name stands at the head of this article has been exceptionally weighted, even among a sex so heavily handicapped. Rosa Bonheur had an artist father; and Elizabeth Butler and Clara Montalba had their artistic faculty fostered by the best masters here and abroad, and by the sympathetic taste of their parents, from their childhood upwards. But Louise Jopling never learned to draw until she was twenty-three. During those pliant years which are so precious for training, her art-talent had been hidden, and was brought to surface only by one of those apparent accidents to which we owe so many great painters, from the days of Giotto until now. Mrs. Jopling's Cimabue—encountered, not on Florentine hills, but in a Paris *salon*—was the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, herself an artist, some of whose water-colour work our readers will remember at the Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions. Mrs. Jopling was wont to make little sketches of her friends, and the Baroness having seen these, and perceived the power that lay behind them only waiting to be trained, urged her forthwith to begin artistic work in good earnest; which she did.

Hitherto the embryo artist's life had been uneventful enough as regards the outer world. But the personal history of nearly all distinguished persons is so closely interwoven with their public careers that its apparently trivial details are often significant; and Mrs. Jopling's, when it comes to be written, will probably be found to have exercised an even more than ordinary influence on her artistic labours and aims. Born in November, 1843, Louise Goode

was one of a family of nine. Early left an orphan, she became Mrs. Romer before she was out of her teens, her husband holding the post of secretary to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild in Paris when the incidents already related, to which she owes her professional career, so happily occurred. Taking to heart the hints of her friend, she betook herself to the studio of M. Chaplin (the master, by the way, of another distinguished lady artist, Henriette Browne) in the January of 1867. Under his tutelage Mrs. Romer continued for sixteen months, for the first twelve confining herself to drawings, two of which—heads in chalk—were exhibited in the Salon of 1868. After only the final four months' handling of the brush she returned to England, and there painted her maiden work, entitled "Consolation," showing two girls, one with her head resting on the shoulder of the other. This was sent to the Academy, was there marked "doubtful" by the Selecting Committee, and finally was not hung. Nothing daunted, the rejected of 1870 tried to be, and was, the accepted of 1871, with her "Bud and Bloom," a maiden in her early teens carrying a pot of azaleas, full blown. In the same year, acting on the advice of Mr. Frith, who held it to be excellent practice for



Yours faithfully
Louise Jopling

(From a Photograph by Mons. A. Boucher, Brighton.)

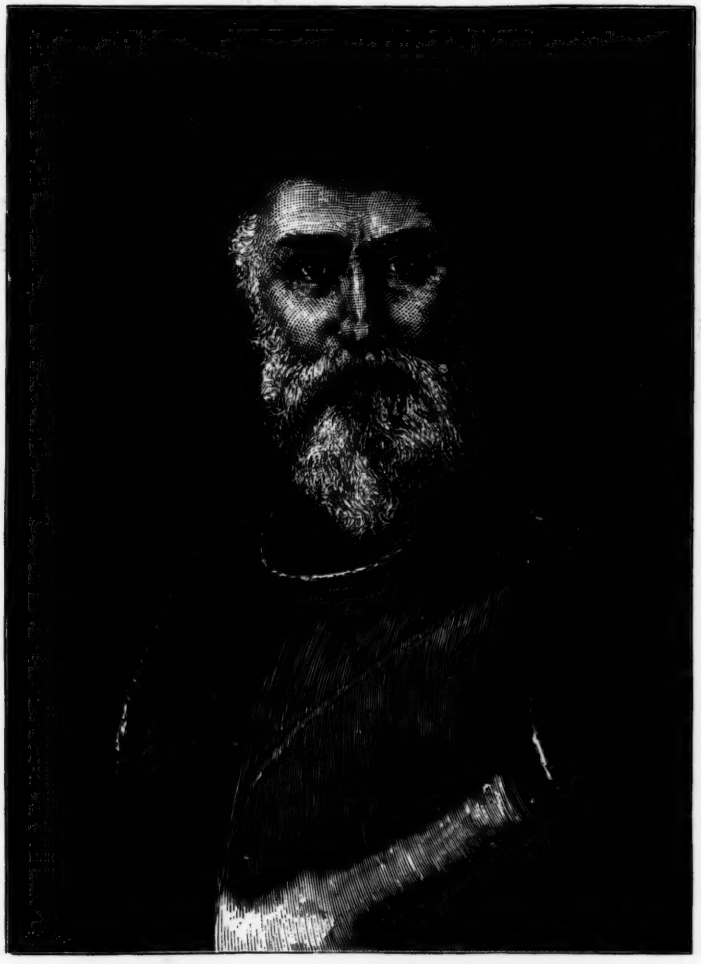
an artist to portray himself, Mrs. Romer painted her own likeness (life-size), which was exhibited in Bond Street, not far from the spot where, less than ten years later, her masterly portrait by Mr. Millais attracts its crowd.

Mrs. Romer had risen with almost unexampled rapidity from the rank of the amateur and the student to that of the proficient and the professional; and henceforth she progressed at the same rate. Beginning her course with a run, she has never slackened her speed. Each year in succession has its own achievement. In 1871 (being three years of age, artistically speaking, at the time) she had three pictures in the Academy. One of these, "In Memoriam," showing some flowers scattered on a pall, bore tender reference to the death of one of the artist's children in that year; while a second was a charming head, which was painted from her sister, and of which Mr. Tom Taylor became the possessor—a purchase from so eminent an art-critic fairly taking rank among the successes of Mrs. Romer's early career. In 1872 she had again three pictures at Burlington House, where also she had two—both portraits—in the following year.

At this date occurred an event—the death of her first husband—which, while it belongs to Mrs. Romer's history as a woman, intimately affects her history as an artist, throwing her, as it did, more entirely on her own exertion, and augmenting her professional zeal. Not less important to her art was another domestic event—her second marriage, in 1874, to Mr. Joseph Middleton Jopling, who, though then holding a post at the Horse Guards, and albeit a crack shot, having won the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, the St. George's, and many other prizes, is known also to the world as a painter; and if he calls himself an amateur in his wife's profession, his brother artists and the public have long ceased to consider him as such. As a water-colour painter he holds a prominent position, having been for some years a member of the Water-Colour Institute, at one of whose exhibitions his well-known "Fluffy"—representing a girl, life-size, holding up a dog—was *par excellence* among the drawings of its year.

The question, "Should artists marry?" has often been asked, especially in the case of lady artists, without, however, eliciting any uniform or definite answer. Three Presidents of the Royal Academy have set an example of celibacy—Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Sir Frederick Leighton. The first of these, as we all know, not only practised but somewhat roughly preached bachelorhood, telling Flaxman, on his marriage with Anne Dolman, that he would be ruined as an artist. Whether the ill-natured prediction came from Reynolds as a rejected suitor, who would have married Angelica Kauffmann if he could, we need not stop to inquire—at any rate it turned out, in the case of the great sculptor, to be incorrect. Raffaelle, it is true, died unmarried at the age of thirty-seven, but he was an affianced lover at the time. To those who are still in doubt about the right reply to the vital query we would recommend the perusal of the elder Leslie's autobiography and letters, perhaps the happiest record of a married life yet written; nor do we think it would be difficult to trace an increase of power, as well as an added industry, in the works of almost all of our living artists who have followed the old poet's prescription for doubling life's joys and halving its troubles. All which is by way of prelude to the fact that from the time of her marriage with one who shared her own artistic taste, Mrs. Jopling can date an increase in her reputation. In the Academy of this year of 1874 appeared her first important subject-picture, the "Five o'Clock Tea," which we engrave. The artist seized the prevailing fancy for Japanese life, Japanese dress, and Japanese *bric-à-brac*, and turned it to good account on this canvas, every detail of which (except, perhaps, the character of one or two of the fairer faces) is faithful to the quaint reality, and as full of local colour as an Oriental scene painted in England can be. The group is well composed, and the costume—so graceful, yet so foreign and fresh to European ideas of grace—is cleverly treated, with well-drawn, broad, and simple forms of drapery. A smaller work, "La Japonaise," was exhibited at the same time; and in the following year appeared "Elaine" and "A Modern Cinderella"—a girl who may be supposed to be a painter's model, and who turns her back to hang up the gorgeous salmon-coloured robe (matched by a little shoe of the same tint), in which she has been posing. She wears the petticoat and chemise of every-day life, and her equally commonplace gown lies beside her on a chair. This picture we remember to have seen catalogued in a comic paper as "A Lady Artist R.A.-ing Herself." The same year saw the completion of a large canvas, "The Five Sisters of York," which has since been to the Philadelphia Exhibition, has received a bronze medal at the Crystal Palace, and is now at Sydney. Two fancy heads and a portrait of Miss de Rothschild, now Mrs. Cyril Flower, represented

Mrs. Jopling at Burlington House in 1876; and in 1877 a composition called "Weary Waiting"—the mother and child of an Arctic explorer—and four portraits, one of which, "Colonel the Honourable Charles Lindsay," wearing armour and a black velvet Henry VIII. cap, is the subject of our smaller illustration; while another, "Gertrude, Daughter of George Lewis, Esq.," was a child-delineation of singular charm, which was subsequently shown at the Salon.



COL. THE HONOURABLE CHARLES HUGH LINDSAY.

(From the Portrait by Louise Jopling exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877.)

The year 1877 will long be memorable in the history of English art as that in which the dream of an artist and munificent patron of the arts—or, rather, we should say *two* artists and patrons, for Lady Lindsay's name will be linked with that of her husband in this splendid enterprise as long as a love of art shall live—found a fulfilment in the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery. Mrs. Jopling's "It Might Have Been" (engraved in Part I. of THE MAGAZINE OF ART) was one of the attractions of its first exhibition. Also to the Grosvenor, in 1878, she sent her beautiful "Pity is akin to Love," as well as a portrait of "Miss Evelina de Rothschild" feeding pigeons. At the Academy Mrs.

Jopling was represented in the same year; and she also painted for Lord Beaconsfield's gallery a portrait of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild which, in deference to the sitter's wishes, was not publicly exhibited. Last May a portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Romilly at the Academy, and "Little Boy Blue"—a life-size head of one of her own children—at the Grosvenor, were the only trophies of a year, the labour of which was broken in upon by the artist's illness. Of the present year's work we shall speak in another place. Such is the part record of a busy life—a record which, even when we have included frequent contributions to the Dudley Gallery Exhibitions, both in oil and in water-colour, and to the Ladies' Society, is still incomplete. Nor should we omit to mention here that the pages of this Magazine have frequently been graced by papers from Mrs. Jopling's pen, her talent being by no means confined to art, but extending to literature and to music as well.

In face of the life of a wife and mother so devoted to serious and sincere professional labour, we are confronted by the often-repeated problem, "What is to become of the baby of the future?" if the example of work set by Mrs. Jopling and her sisters of the brush be largely followed. Happily the reply is altogether favourable to his prospects. The baby of the future will be cared for none the less effectually and tenderly than is the baby of the present, if women learn to allot to healthy and refining employment at home some of the hours which are now in so many cases devoted to society. The fashionable woman is unblamed for giving to the world far more of her time and energy than the happier artist or authoress gives to her profession; and the domestic future of the race will assuredly be improved rather than damaged by the multiplication of women such as Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Fildes, Mrs. Alma-Tadema, and Mrs. Allingham, who are not only accomplished painters and ladies of general culture, but also exemplary in all the tenderer relations of life.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

INDIAN METAL-WORK.—II.

BY J. R. ROYLE.

IT is when we come to incrusted and inlaid metal-work, and to wares in which the ornamentation relies for its effect on a combination of two or more metals, that we see what talent and skill in the grouping of ornament, and in the arrangement of contrasts of colour, and what a perfect knowledge of the principles of design, are possessed by the Indian workmen.

Perhaps the simplest, and yet one of the most pleasing, forms of such work is the imitation niello-work, which was alluded to in the previous article when speaking of the tinned and engraved brass-ware of Moradábád. As previously explained, in this kind of work the design is incised through the layer of tin to the brass groundwork, and it is sometimes left merely showing the sunken yellow outlines; but when these incised outlines are filled in, as is frequently the case, with a black and glossy composition of lac, a very fair imitation of the much more expensive niello-work is produced. Sometimes the ornamental character of the work is further enhanced by removing both the tin and the lac from certain portions of the work, and thus allowing the bright brass groundwork to show through. Fig. 1 shows a box ornamented in this manner, the centres of the floral pattern being of bright brass, the rest of the design of bright silvery-looking metal, and the ground a glossy black.



FIG. 1.—BOX FROM MORADÁBÁD.
(Imitation of Niello-work.)

In Kashmír, trays and vessels are made of tinned copper, and sometimes of zinc, in which the pattern is incised in a similar manner, and then filled in with a dull black composition. A most beautiful variety of this work was exhibited by the Earl of Northbrook at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. No description of the process of manufacture has as yet been received in England; but the whole surface was covered with bright, silvery, star-like flowers, which looked as though sprinkled over the incised and blackened design with which the groundwork of zinc was decorated.

Mr. Baden Powell, in his "Handbook of Punjab Manufactures," alludes to the rudest form of inlaid or rather incrusted metal-work as being made in Dehli, viz., vessels of pewter ornamented with brass. Specimens of this work are not very common in England, and have little artistic merit, but are interesting as showing the first attempts to relieve the monotony of the metal surface by affixing designs cut out of thin plates of a different metal.

From the Madras Presidency, however, we have vessels of brass richly engraved, and inlaid with pewter, which are good in form and very effective as ornaments. Indeed, the art of ornamenting brass and copper vessels with inlayings and incrustations of other metals is practised much more in the south than in the north of India. Thus from Trichinopoli come a great many brass vessels, which are generally ornamented with somewhat rough representations of birds, brought into slight relief by being overlaid with thin sheets of copper. Tanjor produces the best specimens of work of this class, in the shape of vessels and trays of brass, ornamented in a similar but much more elaborate manner with incrustations of copper, and others of copper incrusted with silver. Fig. 2, *a*, is an excellent specimen of this latter description, and was exhibited in the London International Exhibition of 1872, where it was much admired. There is considerable variety in the patterns used in this work. The principal subjects are birds, animals, foliage,

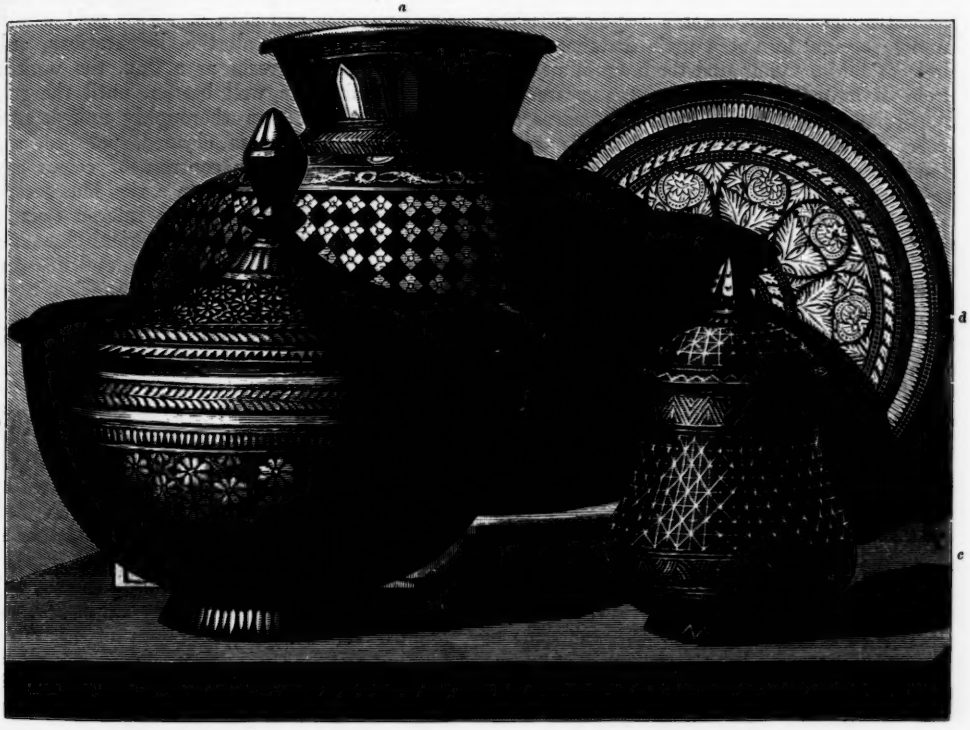


Fig. 2.—GROUP OF INDIAN INCRUSTED AND INLAID METAL-WARE.

a, Copper Lota, incrusted with Silver, from Tanjor; *b*, Bidri Bowl and Cover, from Purniah; *c*, Bidri Vase and Cover, from Bedar; *d*, Bidri Tray, from Bedar.

diaper patterns, and frequently mythological figures. The designs are first stamped on pieces of thin sheet-metal with suitable punches, and then attached to the vessel to be ornamented by means of heating and hammering round the edges—the portion of the surface of the vessel to be ornamented having been roughened and moistened with a solution of borax.

Among the Prince of Wales's Indian presents was a circular brass tray, which was an excellent specimen of this class of decoration. In the centre was seated a nondescript gorilla-like animal; around him at a little distance was a circle of birds, and around them again an outer circle of animals. All these figures were in copper, and were interspersed with leaves and other ornaments in silver; the whole design standing well out in relief from the brass ground, and being very effective.

The art of damascening (or inlaying iron, steel, and sometimes other metals with gold or silver wire) received its name from having been originally practised and carried to great perfection in Damascus. It is represented in India by the "kuft" work, or "koftgari," which much resembles the beautiful Spanish damascening of which such excellent specimens have been shown at various international exhibitions by Zuloaga of Eibar.

The "kuft" work was formerly employed almost exclusively for the ornamentation of arms and armour, which work was practised principally at Amritsar and Múltán, in the Panjáb. Since the passing of the Arms Act in 1860, the manufacture of arms has almost ceased, but some finely damascened pieces of old armour are still occasionally to be bought, and some of the modern workmen continue to work at breast-plates, shields, helmets, and gauntlets, of which a limited number are bought by collectors of armour.

But the modern workmen, who congregate mostly at Siálkot and Gujrát, in the Punjáb, principally devote their labour to producing small wares, such as caskets, trays, pen-racks, inkstands, paper-knives, bracelets, and brooches, many of which are copied from inferior European patterns. They also make a good many hilts for the native swords, or tulwars; but these hilts are not usually samples of first-class workmanship, and are, in most cases, scarcely worth procuring blades for. But although the specimens which are generally produced for sale are frequently inferior both in design and workmanship, the workmen are perfectly able and willing to reproduce really good patterns, if these are set before them; and the details of the ornamentation may safely be left to their own good taste, more especially if they are not unduly hurried or stinted in the price to be paid for their labour. Fig. 4 is an example of the work.

The manner in which this work is produced is as follows:—The steel surface of the article to be ornamented is generally darkened by heating, and then has the intended pattern drawn on it by means of a hard steel pointed tool, the lines being afterwards gone over and deepened with small punches and chisels. Fine gold wire is then beaten into all the indentations, and, using borax and resin as a flux, the work is heated and again well beaten, until the gold and steel have been thoroughly united, after which the surface is cleaned, polished, and frequently blued, the contrast of colour produced by the bright gold on a rich blue ground being very effective. In the inferior class of work the design is merely scratched on the surface, instead of being cut in, and gold-leaf is used instead of gold wire; such work is not very durable, as the gold-leaf only slightly adheres to the roughened outline, and the design easily becomes partially obliterated.

A very analogous kind of work is also produced by inlaying steel with a pattern worked out partly in gold and partly in silver. This work, according to Mr. Baden Powell ("Handbook of Punjab Manufactures"), is known by the name of "Ganga-jamni." A rough system of inlaying with silver on iron is practised at Hushiárpur, in the Panjáb.

The Indian armourers formerly showed very great ingenuity in the variety of modes they adopted for the ornamentation of arms and armour, and in the curious shapes into which they fashioned the blades. Thus they made sword-blades with serrated edges, and others with bifurcated points; straight and curved blades, blades so thin and elastic that they could be worn round the waist and thus concealed under the clothing, and blades with a hollow longitudinal groove cut through the steel for a great part of its length, and with small pearls or shot running freely from end to end of the groove. Among daggers, too, the forms were no less ingenious, as witness the waved "bichwa," or "scorpion dagger," and the variety of "kutar," or broad dagger, which appears as but one broad blade when used for striking, but which separates into five blades by the action of a spring as it is withdrawn from the wound. Sometimes the blades were finely watered, at other times exquisitely damascened, and frequently boldly sculptured with repre-

sentations, in relief, of animals, hunting and other scenes.

Naturally the greatest wealth of decoration was lavished on the hilts, and on the scabbard mounts and accoutrements, in the ornamentation of which gold, silver, jewels, rock-crystal, jade, and ivory were used in profusion, and in greater variety of combinations than it would be possible to enumerate in these narrow limits. In the use of these materials there was ample scope for the exercise of the arts of chasing, embossing, damascening, and enamelling; and few better illustrations of the richness of Indian decorative design, and of its freedom from mere vulgar glitter, could be pointed out than those which might be noted during a careful inspection of the beautiful arms contained in the India Museum and in the Prince of Wales's collection of Indian presents.



Fig. 3.—BIDRI WATER VESSEL.
(From Bedar.)

The catalogue of arms in the India Museum, just published by the Hon. W. Egerton, illustrates many of the finest specimens of the various modes of ornamentation.

Not inferior in point of merit to the "kuft" work is the kind of inlaid metal known as "bidri," so called because originally made at Bedar, a large town in Haidarábád, which is still celebrated as producing the finest specimens of this work. It is a favourite material for "huka" bowls with those who cannot afford silver, but yet wish for something better than brass or pewter; and it is used almost exclusively for hukas, water-vessels, trays, spice-boxes, cups, basins, and other small articles, which are all cast in moulds of the same character as those previously described as being used in casting brass-ware. The metal used is made of a mixture of copper, lead, tin, and zinc. After casting, the vessels are turned in a lathe, and stained black by a mixture of muriate of ammonia, saltpetre, salt, and sulphate of copper. The design intended for the surface decoration is then drawn on the article with a sharply-pointed instrument, and, owing to the blackened ground, it stands out with sufficient clearness to enable the artist to make any needful corrections. After these have been made, the pattern is cut deeply in, and slightly undercut, by means of small chisels, and the inlaying is then done in much the same manner as has been described in the case of the "kuft"



Fig. 4.—SCENT VASE.
(From Sidlkot. Damascened or Kuft Work.)

work. In "bidri," however, the material used for inlaying is generally silver, which is used either in the form of wires or in that of small plates. The whole surface is then polished by means of cakes of lac and corundum, and finally with

charcoal; and the black staining mixture is again applied to the groundwork. Occasionally gold is used instead of silver for the inlaying, and sometimes the centres or other portions of the patterns are inlaid with gold, the remainder of the pattern being in silver.

In the Prince of Wales's collection of Indian presents were some specimens of "bidri" which were by no means to be admired for their forms. The most conspicuous objects were a complete toilet-set, evidently copied from very inferior crockery patterns, and some large flower-vases of a common Italian pattern. The details of the ornamentation were good, but seemed strangely misapplied to such clumsy forms. Work of this class is also made to a slight extent at Surat, Moradábád, and Dacca, and to a rather greater extent at Purniah. The work of the latter place may generally be distinguished by its showing a larger proportion of the black ground, and by the designs being less fine in detail.

Although the best work still comes from Bedar, yet pieces of great merit have been sent from Purniah to some of the international exhibitions. Fig. 2, *c* and *d*, and Fig. 3, are examples of the work from Bedar, while Fig. 2, *b*, shows that from Purniah.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—II.

BUT for the serious—nay, solemn—intention of his great "Elijah" of last season it might be said that Sir Frederick Leighton's art has become year by year more light, happy, unemotional, and (in the higher sense) decorative. As has been the case with several poets, he has seemed to turn in his maturer years to the gentle and graceful themes which early youth in its impetuous thoroughness is apt to consider scarcely worthy of high art; and, in fact, it may generally be said that the happiest times of a man's life produce the saddest or at least the gravest art, while in his more serious years he turns to the sunny, the sweet, the recreative—to Chaucer for poetry, to the Greek meadows and sea-shores for the subjects of pictures. This year the President has distinctly avoided the tragic emotions. He has done little in the way of composition of any kind, the greater part of his canvases showing single figures only, while his two groups, as our engravings of them indicate, are of the simplest character. One of these expresses only what Mr. Tennyson would call the "moral of being fair," while the other does express an emotion, but of the most joyous and tender kind. In both the exquisiteness of Sir Frederick Leighton's appreciation of the grace and beauty of childhood is shown with peculiar charm. "The Light of the Hareem" (p. 315) is a sultana who stands adorning her loveliness by the aid of a mirror held up by a little maiden—a repetition, by the way, of one of the most elegant incidents in the South Kensington Museum lunette of the "Arts of Peace." The child's figure is as quaint as it is lovely, and free from the slightest taint of conventionality in its



EVENING.
(By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

grace. No less beautiful is the little creature who stands on a wall in "The Sister's Kiss" (p. 317), and stoops down to meet the upturned lips of the girl whose neck she clasps. Seldom has the energy of love been expressed with a more fervent impulse of action than in this group—a fervour of impulse, indeed, which might have been more in accordance with the title of "Mother and Child," the name which, we believe, the President first thought of for this fascinating work, but which the youth of the elder girl eventually seemed to belie. In colour "The Sister's Kiss" is at once warm and delicate, while most of Sir Frederick Leighton's works this year are apparently designedly deficient in the former quality, inclining to an almost violet quality in the flesh tints. This peculiarity is principally noticeable in "Psamathe, the Nymph of the Shore," a fine study from the nude, with a background of sea, and the hills of Capri on the horizon.

After the name of the President, that around which the chief interest gathers is undoubtedly the name of Mr. Millais, that great and seemingly almost negligent painter, whose careless and magisterial ease of manner has been compassed by so much close and arduous labour in the past, and, indeed, perhaps covers more of close and arduous labour in the present than is apparent at a glance. We always rejoice to welcome masculine portraits from his brush, for his art is in a special sense virile, and in his best work of this kind there is a man's sympathy with a man, a frank understanding and sincerity, which is one of the healthiest things in contemporary art. In the portrait of Mr. John Bright he has painted a Liberal statesman of a very different type from that which he treated last year in the memorable picture of Mr. Gladstone. In the present work there is, perhaps, less room for that hint of the poetry of portraiture which gave so peculiar a charm to its predecessor. It is, nevertheless, a noble likeness; the attitude, with the hand thrust into the opening of the coat, one finger alone being left out, is thoroughly characteristic, and was caught, as all happy attitudes must be, accidentally. The figure is in three-quarters, the head nearly in profile, and painted almost entirely in light, the modelling about the forehead being exceedingly powerful, yet delicate. Also in three-quarters is the portrait of Dr. Holden, a standing figure. The face is full of interest in its character, and striking in colour. A study of himself, painted with extraordinary vigour, is the third of this remarkable series; the artist is looking straight at the spectator, as though in the act of painting



EVANGELINE.
(By G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.)

his portrait, a palette in the hand, and a slight observant frown contracting the brow. Of the feminine portraits, those of Miss Schenley and of the little daughter of Lady Stepney are at the Royal Academy, those of Mrs. Caird and Mrs. Jopling at the Grosvenor Gallery. The first is a fresh-coloured picture of a young lady in a dress of clear white, with blue corn-flowers in her hand and in a blue and white china vase behind her. The second shows a little girl in black velvet relieved with white, also holding flowers — one of the most delightful child-pictures which Mr. Millais has ever painted. "Cuckoo" is a group of two girls, half kneeling on the ground in a wood, with upturned, listening faces full of vivid expression. Two or three primroses in the grass, so wonderfully like primroses yet so lightly touched in, must be noticed in passing as an instance of the artist's mastery of rough, yet significant, detail. The sketch of Mrs. Jopling is as excellent a likeness as it is an admirable work of art. The lady stands in a frank attitude, with her hands behind her, simply clad in a black dress with coloured brocaded ornaments on the front. The bright yet serious expression of the face is full of charm.



EARLY MORNING.
(*By Clara Montalba.*)

Mr. Poynter's art has with Sir Frederick Leighton's the affinity of a certain similarity of subject. It is, however, far more severe and less sweet in feeling. For his principal composition this year he has chosen one of those simple—nay, trivial—incidents in which mythology abounds, and has dressed it in an academic manner. The subject is not a new one to the artist, having already been treated by him on a smaller scale. The Goddess of Beauty, with the three Graces in her train, visits Æsculapius to be healed of a hurt which she has got in hunting. The artist himself would probably be the readiest to acknowledge that in his last year's subject—the "Game of Ball"—which treated of beauty only, and depended for its success entirely on the perfection of such treatment, he had failed in part; but though it is proverbially difficult to pronounce on a matter of taste, most critics will probably agree that if the Beauties of last year were not entirely beautiful, Mr. Poynter has retrieved himself in his rendering of the Queen of Beauty herself. In colour, also, the present work is far more pleasing than the former one. Altogether distinct and different in his theme is Mr. Orchardson, whose broad and powerful pencil has bidden fair of late years to become unalterably associated with the trivialities—refined, indeed, and full of charm, but still trivialities—of the ball-room. His thoroughly masculine subject this spring will be a surprise to his warmest admirers; and he has not only made a noble choice, but has fulfilled it worthily. If ever artistic outsiders—the men of letters, politics, or business — find themselves longing for the painter's power, it is in view of the magnificent subjects from the history of thought and the history of nations which might be chosen for pictures and are not, the *manner* of painting engrossing so much of the attention of artists that they have little to spare for the *matter*. If they also were painters, these outsiders would probably view their art in precisely the same practical manner; but being as they are in happy ignorance of the absorbing difficulties of art as a handicraft, they are lost in wonder at the opportunities in the way of subject which they see wasted on every hand. Mr. Orchardson has apparently resolved to be guiltless of such waste. His "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*" is nobly conceived; it treats of one of the chief tragedies of modern history—a tragedy in which there is no touch of melodrama, for its whole pathos and significance are implied in a situation which is reticent and even in a manner dignified. Byron, in common with all the contemporary commentators on the fall of our national enemy, sees only ignominy in that overthrow and exile. In his eyes,

> "Contempt makes mirth
> Of these the conquerors of the earth."

But Mr. Orchardson has rightly interpreted the feeling of a more liberal age, which, while it refuses to accord the sympathy of sentimentality to a tyrant's defeat, finds no subject for mirth in it. Mr. Orchardson's work is too masculine to be in any degree sentimental; it is, nevertheless, pathetic in a better way. The emperor stands in his familiar *chasseur* uniform, taking his last look at the coast of France, and behind him are grouped his generals.

We will defer our notice of Mr. Boughton's several canvases until we come, in a future number, to speak of the pictures contributed to our two great May exhibitions by the American contingent of artists; but our sketch of his "Evangeline" (p. 313) necessitates a passing mention of this lovely picture. The realism of costume and character will be somewhat new to those readers of Longfellow who have been accustomed to look at the heroic and ideal aspect of his peasant heroine's character. Mr. Boughton's type, however, if homely, is noble also; the broad throat and small head and beautiful firm features suggest old and pure rustic blood, and there is in the girl's expression something which implies, potentially at least, her future sorrows and constancy. Not her figure only, but the landscape background of a seaside corn-field, the breezy sea, and the cliffs and sky are full of the charming and sympathetic work which belongs to this artist's peculiarly refined pencil. Another painter whose training and traditions are foreign is Miss Clara Montalba; she, almost of course, contributes a Venetian scene, the familiar form of Santa Maria della Salute shining out in the radiance of the sunrise. The tender tones, of which this artist strongly feels the fascination, are diffused through the waters of the canal, while a dark gondola accentuates the colour. The broad, simple, and refined tints of this work constitute its principal beauty, but Miss Montalba is also a mistress of composition, and this merit, at least, can be seen in our sketch (page 314). Miss Hilda Montalba exhibits "Venetian Boy unloading a Market-boat," a work of remarkable quality, showing, perhaps, a certain noviceship in the matter of drawing, but so fine in colour and in a rare kind of luminosity that no one who understands these merits will wonder at its honourable place upon the line. Such attempts at brightness as consist in the free use of brilliant colours Miss Hilda Montalba completely eschews; her colours are almost quieter than even the moderation of nature requires, but she contrives so to capture the light and atmosphere that they seem to be *within* her work, and to shine from it. A little more sweetness and warmth in the tone of the sea, and the avoidance of the rather unlucky accident by which the flesh of the boy's legs and some object to the right exactly repeat each other in colour, would make this striking picture more nearly perfect. Mr. Anthony Montalba, the father of four artist daughters, contributes a small landscape of charming quality, "Fusina;" and in the Sculpture Gallery Miss Henrietta Montalba has two busts of conspicuous merit.



THE LIGHT OF THE HAREEM.
(By Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.)

A canvas which, on the ground of its enormous size, may claim to be not only the picture of the year, but of many years, is Mr. Val Prinsep's composition of the Dehli Durbar, at which the Queen's title of Empress of India was proclaimed by Lord Lytton before the assembled native potentates of the whole Eastern Empire. In a notice of Mr. Prinsep's amazing "Imperial India" we remarked some time ago upon the immense difficulties of such a subject, as viewed from an artistic standpoint—difficulties as to which the artist bemoaned himself with all possible frankness. The building, or rather cover, under which the ceremony took place it was perforce necessary to idealise somewhat, but, even as it is, Mr. Prinsep cannot be charged with sacrificing too much truth to the picturesque; nor was the grouping of the Indian princes an easy matter. The artist has made the best of his all but unmanageable materials, and while he gains deservedly the approbation of his patrons, the Civil Servants of India (who, we believe, have commissioned the work as a gift to Her Majesty), and the dazzled admiration of the public, he earns from all his fellow-artists a profound sympathy. To vary the attitudes of the rajahs and maharajahs as they sit in closely-serried ranks was in itself

a puzzle, and Orientals have a peculiarly unpictorial manner of seating themselves; in the action of Lord Lytton, who spreads out his arms with a somewhat demonstrative gesture, Mr. Prinsep has hailed a welcome variation; we have already said a word; our sketch this month is of his "Spring Festival," a brilliant scene of that Roman life which he has made his own, instinct with all the joyousness and light of Italian April weather. The subject is full of motion, the air and sunshine seeming to float and quiver with the dance of the flower-crowned men and women. The latter, by the way, move with feet pointed in a manner which is only taught to stage-dancers by a course of most penitential exercises, being altogether out of nature. We might, perhaps, have expected from Mr. Alma-Tadema, of all painters, the refreshing unconventionality of a foot in the posture which anatomy suggests, and which should not be ungraceful to eyes which appreciate the natural. Sir John Gilbert has given us this year, in his "Evening" (p. 312), more of a landscape subject than is usual with him. The figures are subordinate, yet still thoroughly characteristic of the artist, who draws the form with a peculiar line and flow altogether unmistakeable as his own sign-manual, whatever the subject.



SPRING FESTIVAL.
(*By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*)

Probably the chief success of the year in landscape art will be acknowledged to be gained by Mr. Keeley Halswelle's skies. It must often have struck every observer of nature who is also well acquainted with the walls of the Royal Academy, that hardly a living artist in any school devotes himself to the painting of skies in their immensity and variety. The scenery of the heavens is, in fact, as full of interest, of heights and depths, perspective and distances, as is that of earth; nay, the mountains, plains, and continents of the clouds are as much vaster in scale than those of the world, as their solitude is more awful and their illumination more splendid. Nevertheless, a sky is seldom painted for its own grand sake; it is generally introduced as a background, or rather as a kind of ceiling to a landscape. If any attempt is made to represent its scenery, it is done in a half-hearted way and in subordination to the treatment of the scenery of the land; above all, the *light* of the sky is hardly ever (to use a technical phrase) *valued* rightly. All the more do we welcome such noble studies as these of Mr. Halswelle's, and that of Mr. Henry Moore in his great picture, "The Beached

the draperies, too, of his sky-blue robes of the Star of India relieve the forms of Indian costume. Close to him stand a lady and child in European dress, the Viceroy's wife and little daughter. Trumpeters in red tunics, the imperial herald in a gorgeous tabard, and a distant row of caparisoned elephants add to a scene which does not lack colour. Of Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Fredegonde" and "Not at Home"

Margent of the Sea." In "The Flood on the Thames, 1879," the eye which loves sweet and ornamental colour might desire a little more tenderness and ripeness in the greys of the whole picture, for Mr. Halswelle is undoubtedly a little metallic in manner; but his execution is entirely unaffected and sincere, and he denies himself the cheap production of a charming effect by a more emphatic dexterity of hand or a little caprice of colour. In his second work (untitled, but unnecessarily cumbered with a poor stanza of poetry) he has some fine flashes of colour near the horizon. Both pictures may be accused of a rather heavy intensity in the darker passages of cloud. The honesty of which we have just spoken is equally characteristic of Mr. Henry Moore's glowing canvas; a little too much insistence on the full rosy tints of sky and sand is the only fault we have to find with a picture which is a grand specimen of the *best* English work—of a school, that is, which we take to be distinguished in its finest examples by the national literalness tempered with a larger and more accomplished art. While we are on the subject of the important landscapes of the Academy, we would willingly linger over the truly Alpine solemnity of Mr. Hubert Herkomer's "God's Shrine," an evening scene in some pious solitude of Bavaria or the Tyrol. A mountaineer's cottage stands alone in the great valley, on the upland a small shrine, closed under its pointed roof; beyond rise the fir-clad mountains in the cold shadow of evening, while the distance climbs into the rosy light; and these passages of the extreme mountain-tops, with the great shining clouds that brood over them, are most exquisitely poetical and suggestive. Mr. Herkomer has felt and caught the peculiarly pathetic spirit that clings to a far and solitary *plateau* seen from below; he has painted his subject, it cannot be doubted, with true and exalted feeling. Among sea-pieces a foremost place must be given to the work of an outsider—Mr. Walter Shaw's "Ebb-tide over the Bar"—a study of water only, in which the contradictory actions of the advancing waves and retreating tide, with the peculiar oscillation of the massive floods and fluctuation of the wave-forms which these produce, are treated with masterly knowledge, while the execution of the surface is a piece of imitative work wonderful in its finish; and by finish we do not mean mere detail of manipulation, but also, and chiefly, that faithfulness of tone, light, value, and colour through which a true picture is finished from its very beginning. Mr. Shaw's admirable work is rewarded with a conspicuous place upon the line. Nor can outsiders generally complain this year that the posts of honour have been monopolised by members of the Academy.



THE SISTER'S KISS.
(By Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.)

Dr. Johnson smiled at the vain aspirations of those whose ambition would leave their names "to rust on medals or in stone decay;" but he was a man of eminently human heart, and he would assuredly not have despised the sympathetic memorial of a picture painted with so much warm and reverential interest as Mr. Adrian Stokes' "Penance of Dr. Johnson." Our readers may need to be reminded of the incident, which is related in Boswell's "Life." "Once, indeed," said he, "I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." Mr. Stokes has given a serious humility to the figure of the man who is quietly exposing to shame and ridicule his old age for the fault of his far-distant youth, a brisk brightness and life to the groups of market-people, and a chilly grey wetness to the weather. The variety of types and actions among the gibing by-standers and the vivacity of the expressions fill the canvas with unusual movement and freshness, and make this well-considered work a valuable example of historical *genre*.

In his speech at the Royal Academy banquet Sir Frederick Leighton warned young artists against the commonplace—a danger which is better avoided by an intelligent research into history and literature, such as has prompted Mr. Stokes in his choice of subject, than by that too frequent straining after the mystical and hyper-poetical which covers some not incapable painters with ridicule.

LANDSCAPE IN FICTION.

THE modern phrase "word-painting" seems peculiarly applicable to the delineation of scenery by a writer, and as in nearly all fiction now-a-days some account more or less elaborate is given of the landscape background to the story, it is a happy coincidence by which our language has been supplied with the precise expression wanted to describe the description. On the other hand, it may not be coincidence at all, but merely the natural working of the law of demand and supply, and perhaps, if the fashion had not set so strongly towards landscape-painting in words, we should never have heard anything of the phrase aforesaid. However this may be, it is assuredly a pleasant fact, and one which shows a growing appreciation of the beautiful in nature, that the scenery of a fiction should be brought into prominence, and that it claims and receives much more regard and consideration both from author and reader at the present day than it did formerly. Scarcely any three-volume novel or short story, good or bad, is now entirely devoid of this element.

The first really great English modern master of landscape-painting in words was Sir Walter Scott, and no inconsiderable degree of the power with which the Magician of the North carries us, who love nature, away entirely out of ourselves and our surroundings, is due to the extraordinary manner in which he makes us feel as if we were actually standing amidst the scenery he describes, quite independently of the incident, whatever it may be, taking place therein. An elaborate essay might be written on such a characteristic of his genius alone; but here space will not allow us to do more than glance rapidly at a few of the more striking examples of the authors who possess a kindred ability. Charlotte Brontë and her sisters are conspicuous in the forefront of modern landscape-painters in words. The description of weather, wind, and sky by the former is sufficient at once to stamp her as a landscape artist of the highest merit. Word-painting, perhaps, never went further than in that account of the weather in "Jane Eyre" the night before the heroine's intended marriage with Rochester, and when she goes forth in the gloaming in the hope of meeting him returning home. Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights," again, is full of grand, noble, and even awful pictures of scenery—that bleak, stern, desolate appearance of the Yorkshire moorlands with which their residence at Haworth made the sisters so painfully familiar, and to specify examples of which even would fill pages.

George Eliot is another great pen-and-ink *paysagiste*, as we all know, and to be ranked equally with those above mentioned. The pastoral pictures abounding in her books cannot be exceeded as beautiful examples of pure English country scenery. It is not too much to say that no more delightful or graphic "word-painting" (as referring to our subject) exists than is to be found in "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," or indeed in any of the author's works excepting "Middlemarch," in which latter—with the purpose, perhaps, of bringing her former pictorial efforts into stronger relief—she has abstained from any elaborate delineation of landscape. Its absence in "Middlemarch" is very apparent, the more so as it helps immensely to emphasise and harmonise with the tragic ugliness of the psychological dissections of character with which the story is filled; and this, after all, was probably her high artistic motive for giving no especial force to the occasional rural bits of background which are required. Such scanty dreary sketches of it as do occur (for they are only sketches) make us value the more the exquisite loveliness and finish of pictures like that (to select one out of scores) of the haymaking-time when "Adam Bede" goes forth to his work on the bright summer morning of the day on which his father dies, or of those thickly scattered throughout the pages of "The Mill on the Floss."

Second to none of the modern penman painters of landscape stands R. D. Blackmore—in fact, it is a question whether he should not be placed absolutely at their head. Scarcely in any fiction of the present day do we find such a large space solely given up to the portrayal of natural scenery as is to be met with in this writer's works—space, let it be remembered, which no cultivated reader can grudge or skip; so exquisite, so fascinating is the manner in which the landscape is everywhere described. One cannot wish away a single page of those in "Lorna Doone" which are devoted to the background. As we read we actually seem to be breathing

the very air of the wild, untrodden waste of Exmoor, or to be following step by step young John Ridd through the mysterious intricacies of the romantic path by which he first finds his way into the seclusion of the Doone valley. The observation and portrayal of detail, no less than of the broad and general effects, the light, shade, colour, and composition of the various tableaux, is simply superb, and more than pre-Raphaelite in its truthfulness. The account of the terrific frost in the winter preceding the hero's visit to London, and its effects on the desolate region where the action of the story chiefly lies, may likewise be classed as unparalleled for power. No such winter landscape, perhaps, was ever before painted in words. It is an historical picture which makes you cower over the fire at Christmas or almost long for a top-coat in midsummer, according to the season in which you read it. Again, in his treatment of the smiling beauties of the Kentish cherry-orchards or of the vast expanses of the rolling South Downs as they are presented to us in "Alice Loraine," this master displays an appreciation and reverence for the country which is surely exceptional even among the most appreciative of "word-painters." In another of his books, "Noel Craddock," there is also much of the highest quality of landscape-painting—so much, in short, is there in all his works of this wonderful and delightful power, that no limner on canvas or paper can be said to have completed his education without reading them. They are eminently books for artists.

The above reference to the South Downs reminds us that Charles Kingsley portrayed these "grand steadfast forms" in a most masterly fashion, as will be recognised by all who have read his "Yeast;" whilst "Westward Ho!" "Two Years Ago," and many others, are full of sea and landscape pictures which are hard to beat. Alongside of him in regard to sea and coast pictures William Black should certainly take his stand; and if Mrs. Lynn Linton does not do her word-painting quite so much from what we may term the brush-painter's standpoint as from that of the scientist, her pen-painting of that lake scenery with which she is so familiar and loves so reverently is again beyond compare.

Of course it must be understood that our subject includes description of the elements, for there can be no wide range of landscape-painting either on canvas or in books which is independent of sky and atmosphere. Wind and storm, cloud and mist, deluging rain and parching sun, must each and all in their turn receive the most careful consideration, for undoubtedly the sentiment of a situation in a story, as well as of a scene in nature, can be always enhanced by a due regard to that mysterious sympathy which exists, or seems to exist, perhaps, from mere coincidence between many of our human affairs and the elements.

How universally this truth is felt may be seen in that commonest of old women's sayings which declares that "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on, and happy is the corpse the rain pours on." Herein is but the rudimentary expression of the great principle, and that it can be extended, and is extended, to many conditions of our existence no one will deny. Therefore there is nothing surprising when we find it largely resorted to by all skilled novelists and story-tellers. Some of them, like George Eliot and the Brontés, combine in a marvellous degree not only the power of emphasising the position of affairs in their fictions or of the moods of mind of their characters by the aspect of the landscape surrounding them, but also with the precisely appropriate state of the weather; whilst there are others who seek to express the sentiment of the picture purely by the landscape; whilst others, again, seem to rely chiefly on the elements alone to add force to the drama. Of these latter Charles Dickens may be quoted as a supreme adept. Although he paints landscape beautifully enough, nevertheless he is not so essentially a delineator of scenery as he is of the appropriate elemental conditions. It is when he has to describe a storm, or a high wind, or a great glare of sunshine, heat, and dust, or a biting intensity of frost and snow, or a terror-striking darkness of fog and mist, that he appears at his strongest. He loves the country immensely, dearly—no man more so, as we are aware, but hardly so much with the eye of the pure landscape-painter, like that of Blackmore, as with that of the rambler, the keen observer, and the man of the world. The storm and shipwreck in "David Copperfield;" the humorous and pathetic vagaries of the wind in the opening of "Martin Chuzzlewit," which terminate with the prostration of Mr. Pecksniff by the slamming of his own front door; the fiercely portentous and tragic behaviour of Boreas in "Edwin Drood" on the night of the hero's mysterious disappearance; the sweltering deadly heat at Marseilles when it "lay burning in the sun" at the beginning of "Little Dorrit;" the frosty weather in all his Christmas tales, notably the "Carol" when Bob Cratchett goes down a slide on Cornhill; and the fog which so happily symbolises the procedure of the Court of Chancery

at the commencement of "Bleak House"—these and a host more of similarly powerful descriptions of sky and weather illustrate the consummate mastery of Dickens over this side of the novel writer's craft, and are sufficient to warrant his enrolment in the ranks of the great word-painters of landscape.

Just as we see artists with the brush, who are given mostly to painting sky-pictures, as they are called, trusting to atmospheric effects to express the poetry and sentiment of their subjects, so, on the other hand, some rely more on that phase of pictorial art which may be termed for convenience pre-Raphaelite: there are the broad bold generalisers of the background, and there are the botanists and geologists who fill up their canvas with the minute hard facts of flowers, herbage, and strata. Others, again, there are who have but little recourse comparatively to nature, so to speak, for either of these different styles of painting. A great deal of it is done, as one may say, evidently out of their own heads rather than from any memoranda or sketches made upon the spot, and we would venture to put the late Lord Lytton in this class. He painted beautiful landscapes at times, but they were, like his *dramatis personæ*, immensely idealised and somewhat conventional—high-flown and impossible, it may be, more often than not. They seemed to be derived from his inner consciousness and general impressions, rather than from actual portraiture. He loved placid lakes and waveless seas, purple mountains and chestnut glades, Italian plains, olive gardens and vineyards with the glinting roseate lights of sunset, the mystery of twilight, and the ghostly gleams of the rising moon; but one cannot call him a great word-painter even of any of these things; he gave you an impression of them, and little more. Now, Ouida, on the contrary, paints her landscape in with a firm hand and vigorous definition of facts, albeit her taste leads her to select subjects akin to those of Lord Lytton, and to infuse them with a similar vein of vague, poetic sensuousness.

Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, and others whose names at this moment escape us, should be included in that class of writers who, whilst not making the landscape stand out conspicuously in their fictions, still always treat it effectively and with the utmost care, so that their readers shall feel the influence of scenery upon the romance, and yet hardly regard it as of importance compared with the thrilling incidents and situations occurring in its midst.

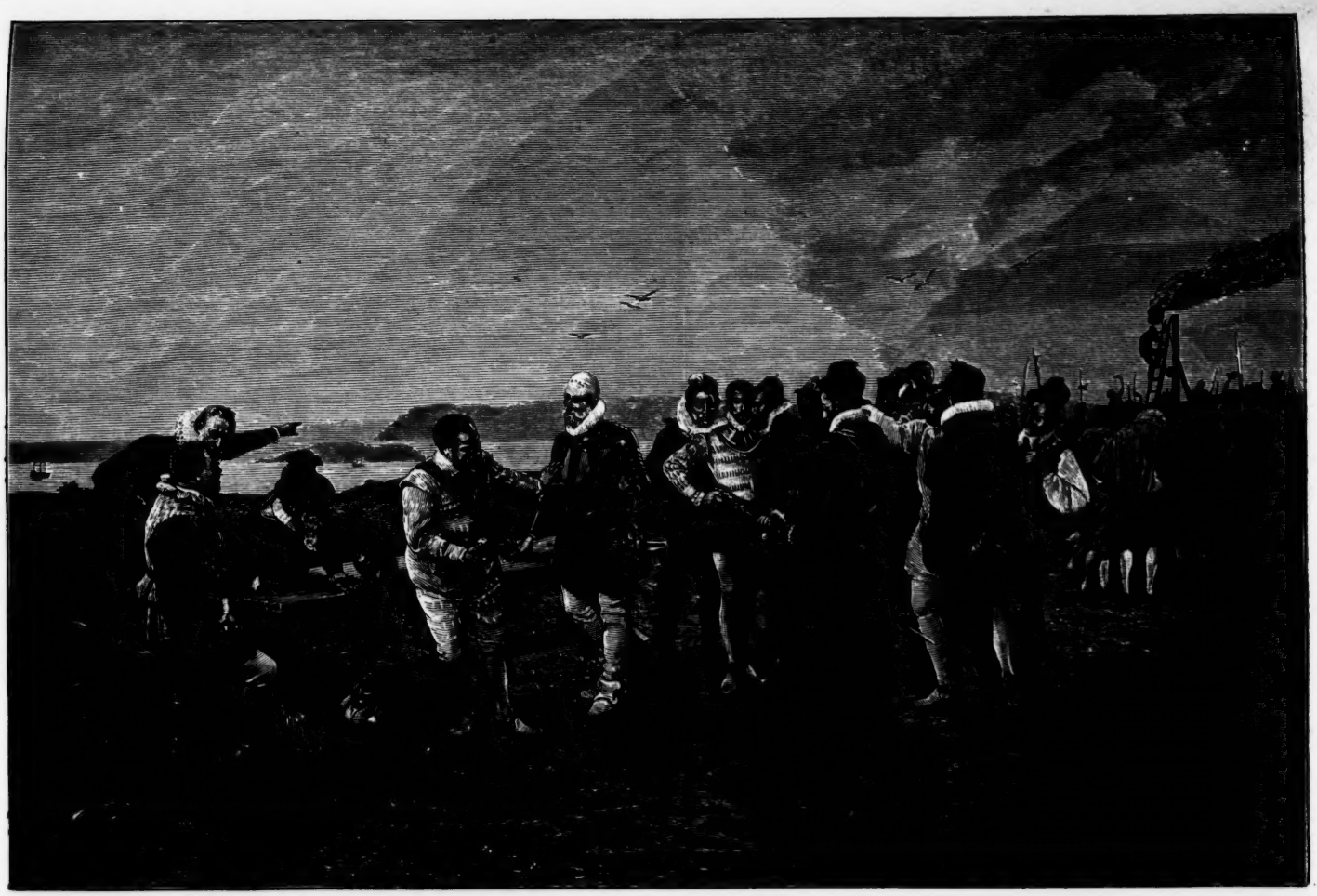
Partaking, as is natural, of the style which distinguishes his development of story and character, Wilkie Collins's landscape is eminently circumstantial; far more so than that of Dickens, and entirely the reverse of Lord Lytton's, and did it occupy a larger proportion of his pages would put its author high up amongst the realistic, if not amongst the poetic, painters of the country. All the limning of the Blackwater region in "The Woman in White," of the coast pictures with the weird quicksands and mournful sea in "The Moonstone," and of the downland in "Poor Miss Finch," is of high excellence.

Yet another order of landscape in fiction must be noted, that of which William Makepiece Thackeray was the high-priest—or, rather, perhaps it would be more proper to speak of "word-sketching" in his case, so few were the touches with which he delineated scenery whenever the necessity for a rural background arose. But what touches they were! how powerful, how incisive; and how much meaning they convey! The scenery and surroundings of Fairoaks and Baymouth, as described in "Pendennis," are as faithful and accurate portraits of the region he is said to have had in his eye as are the pictures of the human beings who move through the pages of his books.

Positive reality characterises Thackeray's portrayal of landscape, as it does his portrayal of human nature, whenever he has occasion to fit in a piece here and there behind his figures. This is not often, but when it does appear it comes with infinite relish from its rarity and its uncompromising veracity. Thackeray had no great sympathy, maybe, with the poetry of nature as expressed in the Dickensian manner, and still less with the soft, sentimental sort of way in which Lord Lytton dealt with landscape. Nor, as we may readily infer, did he love the country as much as he did the town. Had he done so he would probably have run George Eliot hard in the contest for supremacy in that field of word-painting, but as far as he goes he has done more than enough to justify his taking a first place as a *paysagiste*.

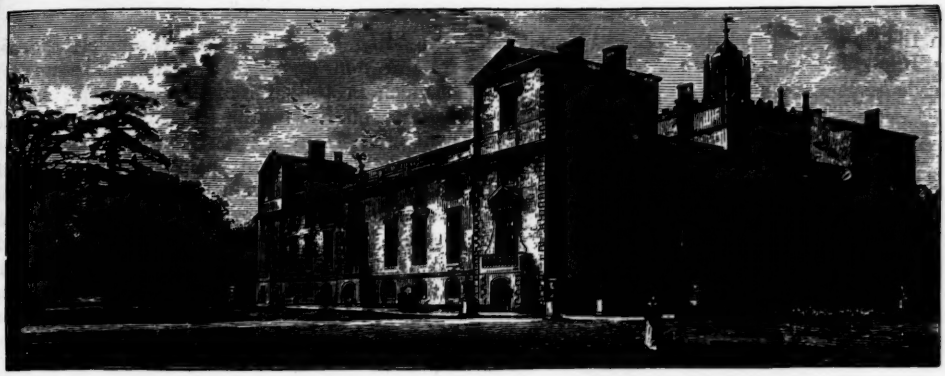
Thus having touched upon a few of the most notable modern authors of fiction, as they have occurred to us, who can undoubtedly claim distinction no less as landscape than as figure painters in words, it is no part of our purpose to refer to those writers who do not possess, or at any rate do not display, the power of depicting scenery with any great elaboration or finish.

W. W. Fenn.



"THE ARMADA IN SIGHT."

(From the Picture by Seymour Lucas exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1880. By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, Publisher, and Sole Registered Proprietor of the Copyright.)



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF WILTON HOUSE.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—VII.

WILTON HOUSE.—I.

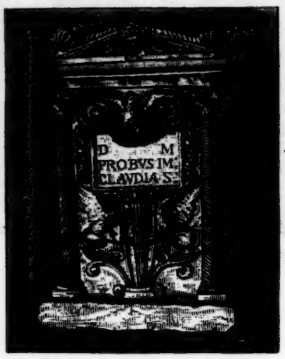
OF the ancestral homes of England, probably few may compare in tranquil beauty with Wilton, the family residence of the Earls of Pembroke. The mansion is situated in a lovely valley about three miles from Salisbury, a glimpse of whose cathedral tower is obtained through a long vista of noble trees from the south-east angle of the house; and what with surrounding richly-wooded lands, grand old cedar-trees, wide-spreading lawns — intersected by the winding river Nadder, which is spanned by Palladio's gracefully designed Ionic bridge, and the crowning glory of the historically famous Italian garden, the scene altogether is one of natural beauty, assisted by art, upon which the eye certainly rests with no little astonishment and delight.

With this happy combination of advantages in the exterior of the dwelling the interior very fitly corresponds, for succeeding generations of owners have been those delighting in all that could possibly be done to further embellish their already magnificent abode. And well indeed might such be their feeling of pride, for the historical associations of Wilton are of no ordinary interest. Those with names most illustrious in history—statesmen, princes, poets, painters, and men of letters—have been connected with Wilton by a chain of circumstances the most interesting in character. Shakespeare and Massinger, Sir Philip Sidney, George Herbert, and Spenser were here frequent visitors; Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James I., honoured guests; whilst of Charles I. it is recorded he loved the place so well that he used to visit it regularly once a year. It was during a visit of James I. to Wilton, in 1603, that a brilliant company assembled to hear the play of "Twelfth-Night," at which performance His Majesty was so delighted that he called upon Lord Pembroke to produce the author of the piece that he might receive the royal congratulations; and the earl, then leading by the hand a man scarce above middle height, plainly dressed, and of unassuming appearance, but with a high and noble forehead, wonderfully expressive eyes, moustache and pointed beard, introduced William Shakespeare to the notice of the somewhat ungainly, clumsy-looking monarch.

But if these and similar invaluable historical associations are the heir-looms of the Pembrokes, of scarcely less interest is the history of the mansion itself. About the time of the Reformation "bluff King Hal" bestowed the abbey and lands of Wilton upon Sir William Herbert (subsequently created Earl of Pembroke), who shortly afterwards proceeded to demolish the abbey, and, as no doubt was frequently the case in similar instances, employed the materials thus obtained in erecting a new and splendid structure, in this particular case under the direct superintendence of Hans Holbein.

Lord Pembroke, however, did not live to finish the undertaking, which was completed by the succeeding earl in the following reign; and little, if any, architectural alteration appears to have been made in the building since, with the exception of the south or garden side, which, having been destroyed by fire a century later

(in 1647), was restored from designs furnished by Inigo Jones. Our engraved view of the façade gives some idea of the extent and cha-

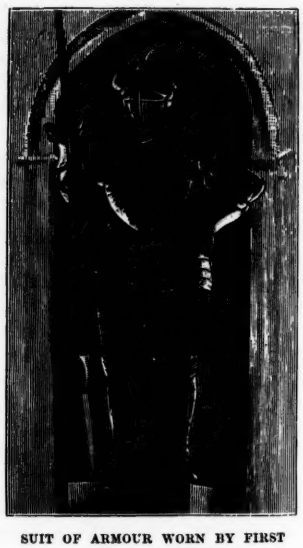


URN OF PROBUS.

racter of the mansion, the general plan of which is a hollow square, a cloister surrounding the central space.

The works of art at Wilton—delightful alike to the archæologist, historian, and artist, consisting chiefly of sculptures and pictures, superb Renaissance mantelpieces, jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, and marble tables, with numerous other objects of decorative furniture—are contained principally in the cloisters and a suite of eight rooms on the east, west, and south sides of the mansion. The collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman sculpture, which certainly as regards the busts is second to none in the kingdom, was commenced originally by Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, towards the close of the seventeenth century, his lordship becoming the purchaser of those of the Arundel sculptures which, having been preserved in Lord Arundel's house, were in the best state of preservation; these being subsequently increased in number by acquisitions from the Guistiniani and Mazarene marbles, to which were added some fine busts from Valetta of Naples. A distinctive feature of this portion of the collection is the singularly large proportion of busts, for works of which description Lord Pembroke had evidently a decided taste, so that in the gallery of about two hundred pieces of sculpture altogether, more than three-fourths are examples of art of that kind. The taste amongst those of ancient Rome for sculpture, originating probably in the conquest of Greece, which led to the ransacking for specimens of art of that class, not only the Ægean Isles, but also Asia and Egypt, certainly benefited succeeding generations, for, through the general diffusion of such a taste, it became as common in Italy for distinguished persons to have themselves sculptured in stone or marble as it is in the present day for public characters to have their portraits painted. The result of this has been an invaluable historical record of the principal personages of past ages, so that, as in Lord Pembroke's magnificent gallery, we find all but living representations of famous men, like "the father of song" Homer, the orator Cicero, Cæsar, Scipio, and Socrates, as well as those unhappily notorious only for their crimes, like Claudius, Domitian, and Nero.

To pass on to the more direct consideration of the art-treasures at Wilton. Entering by the great hall, wherein, together with a few statues, are fine suits of armour, worn by William, first Earl of Pembroke, at the battle of St. Quentin, and of the Constable of Montmorency and Duke de Montpensier, who were taken prisoners by the earl on that occasion, the visitor will find himself in the cloisters, in which are the principal sculptures, a large proportion of busts on marble termini; sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, cippi, altars, and fragments of various descriptions. To glance first at works of the latter class, attention is at once arrested by a small



SUIT OF ARMOUR WORN BY FIRST EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Bacchic altar, about three feet high, of early Greek sculpture, upon which is a design of three figures—a bearded Bacchus crowned with ivy wearing a long tunic (*chiton*), over which is a

veil; in one hand a cup, and in the other the *thyrsus;* preceding and following the god, who is accompanied by a panther, are two priestesses of Bacchus, or Mænades. The altar, which is singularly beautiful in shape, is surmounted by an urn, upon which are figures in relief—Apollo Musagetes, Victory, a female figure with torch, and Jupiter with his eagle. Near at hand is a most curious ancient mosaic, probably one of very few in existence, representing figures in relief of Hercules in the garden of Hesperides, with a female figure standing before him and dragon coiled round a tree. Of several exceedingly interesting specimens of sarcophagi is one we have engraved, a long rectangular marble Roman sarcophagus, a little more than six feet long, which was found near Athens, and brought to France as a present to Cardinal Richelieu. Upon the front a finely sculptured alto-relievo represents an incident in the familiar story of Ceres and Triptolemus, at the time the goddess, having been kindly received by Celeus, King of Attica, when engaged upon her travels in search of her daughter Proserpine, in return for this courtesy taught Triptolemus, son of Celeus, the art of agriculture, and presented him with her chariot drawn by fiery dragons, that he might travel throughout the world communicating the knowledge of agriculture to the inhabitants, who had hitherto lived on acorns and roots of the earth. In the centre group is Ceres seated, with a snake at her side, and she wears a tunic, veil, and head-dress, upon her shoulder being a crooked staff. Standing before her is her daughter Proserpine, who with long flowing hair, and holding in one hand some ears of corn, bids farewell to her mother, whilst next to her, with his hand upon her arm, is Triptolemus in his car. He has a cloak wherein he carries some corn, and at his side is an olive-tree. Two other figures of either sex complete the central group. In front of the car are three figures apparently heralding Triptolemus upon his way, and behind Ceres a Bacchus having his hair entwined with grapes and vine-leaves, at the left corner of the composition being a female figure in a chariot, preceded by her charioteer, a woman, and under the horses a reclining female figure representing the Earth. On the lid of the sarcophagus is a frieze, whereon are four recumbent female figures as the Seasons, Winter and Autumn facing each other at the ends, and Spring and Summer seated back to back. At each end of the sarcophagus a torch in a horizontal position, and a tripod between two griffins. Whilst perhaps in some respects this beautiful work is in the character of the figures, boldness of execution, and completeness of the design altogether a *chef-d'œuvre* in the collection of sculpture, there are other choice sarcophagi, among which may be noted a magnificent Roman specimen in marble with circular ends. Upon the front, very boldly sculptured in alto-relievo, genii supporting festoons of fruit suspended from a *thyrsus,* at the



ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS.

sides of which are two pairs of male and female Bacchic masks, and beneath, a panther, bull, goat, and cock, and at the ends discs or shields.

To complete our illustration of the sculptures of this kind, we should perhaps not omit to mention a fine antique sarcophagus with fluted front, having in the centre an Eterna Domus with door half opened to allow the passage of the spirit to the Elysian fields, and at the ends griffins; and still one other really noble specimen with spirally fluted front, in the centre of which is a man in senatorial dress, and at his side a lady; beneath, funeral masks, and at the circular ends lions, a goat, and boar.

Among the figure-subjects are a vigorously conceived and sculptured group of Hercules and the river Achelous, representing the irresistibly powerful son of Jupiter and Alcmena with body leaning backwards struggling with the river god, whose serpent-like legs are, in his effort for the mastery, twisted round his formidable opponent. Whilst the figure of Hercules is full of action and instinct with a terrible energy, the idea of physical force conveyed is of that later Roman type which seeks to express power by a loading and piling up of the muscles, and in this is unlike the Greek ideal combining perfect strength with symmetry. In front of the pedestal is a relievo representing Diana and Endymion. An exceedingly graceful recumbent figure of a river nymph, sleeping with arms thrown around the head, suggests the work of some Greek artist. The figure is about four feet long, and upon the base of the sculpture are certain symbols, apparently Egyptian—a lizard, snail, stork eating a lizard, and a bird eating a snake.

Of the numerous busts reference may be made to a very few in illustration of this part of the collection, and here a grand head of Homer, dignified and noble in character, will attract attention. It is apparently antique, as also is an equally fine bust of Cato with rather stern, half-sad expression of face. A most beautiful bust of Marcia Otacilia; another head to which the name Messalina is given, but with a character about it scarcely supporting that of the very notorious original; and Nero, whose heavy, sensual face, pursed-up, mischief-meditating mouth, and right hand wrapped in his mantle suggest the character of that brutal and degraded emperor, are interesting examples of works of this description with which indeed the cloisters are studded. Of miscellaneous sculptures and other objects of great interest are a small antique basso-relievo, in a frame, of rosso, blanco, and nero antico, representing an offering by Juno to Jupiter; and a very ancient consular chair, or *sella curulis*, the back in three parts, the middle in shape of a term, on the top *bifrons*, the faces of a man and woman as the genii of Rome, an iron going through the shoulder of the term, which slopes down some inches, and there fastened to the tips of the other two parts, which are of brass ornamented with silver, the two fore-legs of iron, and the seat a thick board; a beautiful recumbent figure (apparently modern) in fine black marble of a sleeping child with right arm around his head, supposed to represent Morpheus; a statuette of the Ephesian Diana with body in white and extremities in black marble, on the neck two Victories holding a wreath with palm-branches, and below various animals, shell-fish, etc.; a fauna (with a tail, denoting the woodland divinity) dancing a child upon her foot, being an alto-relievo in rosso antico marble, on a ground of oriental alabaster, surrounded with verd antique; a Greek cippus of most elegant form, together with many other cinerary monuments, terminal bifrontal heads, and numerous equally invaluable art-treasures.

Whilst the pictures at Wilton are by various Italian, French, Spanish, and German masters, the leading characteristic of the nearly two hundred paintings of which the collection consists is to be found in the several works by Vandyck, and it may fairly be questioned if this great master is as finely represented in any other private gallery in Europe as he is here. In what is called the Double Cube room are no less than ten portraits by Vandyck, most of them life-size whole lengths, in addition to the large family group, to which reference will presently be made. This truly magnificent apartment, of which Charles II.—himself no mean judge of such matters—observed that it was the best proportioned room he had ever seen, with its white and gold decorations, jasper, lapis lazuli, and marble tables, crimson velvet draperies, ceiling finely painted by Tommaso with subjects from the story of Perseus, and last though not least the artistic wall-decoration of noble pictures, and of busts in finest marble or porphyry upon marble termini of many colours placed at intervals round the room, strikes the eye of the visitor with an impression of sumptuousness and beauty not to be surpassed. As may well be imagined, however, even here the object of paramount interest is Vandyck's famous picture, "The Pembroke Family Group." The canvas, which covers nearly the whole of the wall at one end of the spacious apartment, contains ten full-length life-size portraits. The

two principal figures on the spectator's right of the picture are Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and his countess, seated on a kind of daïs in what may have been an audience chamber; on their right stand their five sons, Charles, Lord Herbert, Philip, William, James, and John; on their left their daughter Anne Sophia and her husband Robert, Earl of Carnarvon; in the foreground, with her body nearly in profile to the spectator, is Lady Mary, daughter of George, Duke of Buckingham, and wife of Charles, Lord Herbert; whilst above, in the clouds, Vandyck has indulged in a quaint and not ungraceful conceit in introducing two deceased infant children of Earl Philip as angels. In standing before this amazing work, which is probably the grandest portrait-group in the world, and far superior to Van der Helst's picture of "The Trained Bands" in the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, one really feels uncertain what to admire most. To group and pose ten persons in one picture was a matter of no ordinary difficulty, but the powers of the painter appear to have risen with the magnitude of his task, and the composition could scarcely have been finer, either in the general arrangement of the figures or the individuals, who in masterly manner are made to appear merely as an ordinary gathering of well-bred ladies and gentlemen in natural positions and with appropriate gestures. But if this fact may be judged from the published engraving, not so the colouring of this really astonishing production, in which the result generally is that of a most powerful but restrained harmony, the various masses of colour balancing and supporting each other. What may be termed the key-note of the colouring is the exquisitely painted white satin dress of the Lady Mary Herbert, whilst the red costume, knee-breeches, red stockings, shoes with great rosettes, slashed sleeves, and large white pointed collar of her husband Lord Herbert, and yellow dress of his brother Philip, who is standing on his right, blending with the brown suit of the still younger brother further to the left of the composition, constitute a rich and pleasant effect. The central group, together with the young Countess of Carnarvon in light blue satin, and on the left her husband in buff suit, form the most striking portions of the colouring, which in other parts of the work consists principally of neutral and negative tints of various shades and hues. And if thus much may be said, in this very brief suggestion, of the scheme of colour, surely the master's hand was never more firm, free, and yet delicate than in his execution of this work, which was painted probably soon after his return to England in 1632, when ripened knowledge consequent upon his maturer studies in Italy and incessant practice in his art had given him the greatest possible facility, so that he was painting in his best manner. It may be added, whilst it is well known that as commissions poured in upon Vandyck he was wont to employ others to put in subordinate portions of his pictures, there is happily no evidence in this particular instance of inferior work by pupils or assistants. Absolute master of refined sentiment both in expression and character of his sitters, Vandyck here shows us courtly dignity, ease without affectation, and naturalness without approach to vulgarity; whilst the modelling of the heads, exquisitely drawn and painted hands, and almost Rembrandtish *chiaroscuro* of portions of the picture—the lad's head on the spectators' left of the work being so fine in this respect as to appear literally to *light up* the whole of the left half of the canvas—are striking qualities not to be overlooked.

Much has been said critically and otherwise concerning this famous picture, and notably by Mr. Hazlitt, whose praise, however, of the work in question is robbed of its value by the spirit of caustic humour in which he is pleased to indulge, and it may be suggested to the visitor that he would do well to disregard most, if not all, that has been written upon the subject, and judge the painting upon its own merits alone. A word in conclusion as to the excellent state of preservation of the work, which has of course experienced the ordinary vicissitudes to which pictures by the old masters are liable; and, indeed, upon one occasion at least it narrowly escaped serious damage at the hands of a steward of one of the Earls of Pembroke, who, imagining he had a talent for picture-cleaning and restoring, succeeded unhappily in inducing his master to allow him to try his hand on this grand painting, and that not without damage to some portions of the picture; but in the years 1773 and 1774, under the able treatment of Mr. Brompton, an experienced hand at such work, the entire canvas was re-lined with strong Russia ticking painted over with two bodies of colour to prevent the damp occasioning blisters, the dirt and old varnish were carefully removed, and the painting then nourished with poppy oil, and certain glazings in the background having been re-touched, the picture was finally varnished with copal varnish, the result being that this splendid *chef-d'œuvre* of Vandyck has been preserved to us as one



"THE PEMBROKE FAMILY GROUP."

(By *Vandyck. From an Old Engraving by B. Baron.*)

of the most invaluable art-treasures of this country. The Earl of Pembroke, who gave Vandyck the commission for the picture, paid him 500 jacobusses for the work, but its present value in a favourable market would indeed be hard to appraise. We may perhaps mention that our illustration of this grand painting was of necessity taken from a very old engraving which scarcely allowed of a successful result.

M. P. JACKSON.

THE COMMONPLACE IN ART.

A STUDY OF PASSION AND PAINT.

AMONG the perpetual changes which affect the world of art, there is one element which appears to be unchanging. The artist himself may change—aiming at one thing to-day, at another thing to-morrow, he may find at last that he has grasped at everything, and holds nothing—but this element, if once it fastens upon him or upon his work, will never yield possession. It colours his whole life. Like the clouds in a dull day in February, which have no silver lining, it will neither be provoked to storm nor persuaded to lift for a moment even when the sun is going down. Again, the artist may stand in many different relationships to Nature—Turner was at first obedient to her as a servant, then faithful to her as a friend, and at last arbitrary to her as a usurper—but this element neither obeys, nor loves, nor rules. And yet once more—great painters may succeed each other, as Turner succeeded Reynolds, and Millais succeeded Turner, each changing the current of a nation's thoughts—but side by side with this succession the element of which I speak will be perpetuated in forms as multitudinous as they are uninteresting. Nor is this all—schools may rise and decline—the classic, content with eclecticism and the gods; the mediæval, with passion and the saints; the modern, seeking a new life in the catholicity of Nature—but from this element nothing is evolved either for good or evil. It has no life in it either to develop or decay. It seems to be the one thing in Art which is eternal—and it is called the "Commonplace."

Now this quality of perpetuity, of endurance, of irrepressibility, of ubiquity, is so rare a thing, at least in Art, that any manifestation of it must be worthy of consideration. And this whether we like it or not. If our steps are for ever to be dogged by some shape, it is well for us to turn round and look it straight in the face, and determine once for all whether it is the face of an enemy or of a friend. Perhaps this thing which we call the Commonplace is really our guardian angel, always hovering near us to steady us at our work, and to protect us against rash enterprise or erratic follies. Perhaps it is an evil influence, always ready to trip us up where our path is narrow and the corners a little dark. But then, also, perhaps it is only our own shadow, of which it would be as useless to attempt to rid ourselves as with which it would be absurd to quarrel.

In any case, if there is a mask, let us strip it off, by making quite sure that at least we know what we mean when we use the word in question. And for this, of course, we turn to the dictionary. There we find the word "commonplace" thus defined: "anything common; a common topic; not new or striking." If we are not content with this, but look a little further, we learn that, as a verb transitive, it signifies "to reduce to general heads;" and, finally, pursuing the inquiry to the bitter end, we come upon the word in its applied form, "commonplace-book—a book in which things to be remembered are recorded." Well, now, if this is all that is to be said about it, we have not succeeded in unmasking a very terrible enemy. If the Commonplace in Art is simply that which is not new or striking—if it is the reducing to general heads, and the recording of things to be remembered—it would seem that our fear of it is uncalled for; that our dislike to it is unreasonable; that the language we use about it whenever it becomes the subject of conversation is unnecessarily strong; in a word, that we might with perfect safety let it follow our steps, or run before us, or walk by our side even where our path is narrowest and the corners we have to turn as dark as they may be difficult.

But the truth is, the word means much more than this to the artist—much more indeed to the artist than to any one else. It means the failure of all his hopes and aspirations. It means the defeat of all his high aims. It means the scattering of all his forces. It is the confession that he is not an artist at all, however skilful he may be as a painter; that he may live and toil, but the world will not be the richer for his life; that he may die and his works

perish with him, and the world will not be the poorer for his loss.

If this be the true meaning of the Commonplace in Art, it becomes a grave matter for the artist if he finds that it *is* quietly dogging his steps; that it comes into his studio in the morning when he opens the door for his model, and remains with him upon his canvas, though the tired model has passed out into the afternoon sunshine; that it meets him in the fields and woods, and by the river's side, where, without knowing it, even in the very presence of Nature, he still paints its hateful features into his landscape, to be recognised with bitterness of soul when he shall come upon his picture in a London exhibition side by side with truer work. It *is* worth while, then, for the artist to consider the question a little seriously; and this I propose to do.

And I would ask, first of all, Why should the Commonplace be the veritable *loup-garou* of Art? Is not Art the reflex of Nature—the sum and record of our daily life? And Nature is full of common things; our lives are made up of them—commonplace bricks for the walls of our houses; commonplace stones with which to macadamise our roads; commonplace donkeys on which to climb the Stolzenfels; commonplace pussy-cats to blink at the fire and to purr on our hearths. We would no more banish the commonplace from our lives than we would banish the wild rose from our hedges, or the forget-me-nots from the way-side. And the same thing is true not only of our life, but of the phenomena of Nature. The eye never wearies of the perpetual succession of the seasons; of day and night; of the multitudinous repetition of the same forms in leaves of trees or blades of grass. It is quite clear that the commonplace is no *bar sinister* to anything in Nature.

May we not even go further? Is not the commonness of beauty the very crown and glory of Nature? Yes; but then Nature and Art cannot be dealt with in the form of an equation.

Let us begin at the beginning, and differentiate step by step the elements which go to make up a picture from the corresponding elements of that which the picture represents.

I have before me a fine landscape, in which a cluster of fir-trees shows dark against a clouded sky. That is the *subject* of the picture, however, not the picture itself. As to the picture—the sky of it is blue, the clouds are white, the trees are green; and, as Hamlet said of his reading, "words, words, words," so we may say of these, paint, paint, paint—the sky is paint, the clouds are paint, the trees are paint. But in Nature, how different! There, the sky, apart from the delicate sense it gives us of beauty, is itself the eternal mystery—of space—without beginning, without end, into which we may look and look for ever only to lose ourselves at last. The clouds are a second mystery—of force—they threaten or bless. The trees are a greater mystery still—for they live. See, then, how wide apart are Nature and Art in the materials with which they work. But now I look into the picture and find that the blue of the sky is of many varying tints, that the clouds are distinctive in their shapes, that the trees are painted leaf by leaf; and in imagination I follow the painter at his work. Each leaf separately, what is it? a little blot of colour shaped by the pencil of the artist. These blots of colour approach no nearer to the mystery of life which is in the tree than does the blue paint of the sky to the mystery of space. Yet the differentiation of colour in the sky, and the shaping of the clouds and leaves, are the first steps of Art towards Nature. But what a little way they carry the artist. A thousand tender gradations of colour, a thousand tremulous movements of light and shade, a thousand intricacies of graceful shapes are yet to follow—and still, how much he has to put into his picture—things that he cannot get out of his paint-box—the drooping of a line here or the subtle change of a curve there—things as real as his paints, as real as

"The fir-trees dark and high"

which he is painting—and yet which no other eye but his has ever seen or looked for. And then—what is this strange thing which happens? As the artist adds touch upon touch to his canvas new thoughts are awakened in his heart. Nature, who was so very far off at first, comes to meet him half-way. The canvas itself which he bought at the colourman's yesterday is forgotten—the paint is transfigured before his eyes—it is no more a picture that he is looking at, but

"The fir-trees dark and high;"

the very fir-trees that long years ago shook his child-soul as they shook the young birds in their nests among the branches—

"The fir-trees dark and high—
He used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky."

Is it a dream? or is the artist simply caught in his own trap? Let him answer for himself. His friend the critic—who, unperceived, has just entered the studio, and is now looking

over his shoulder, and whose thoughts have been running in quite a different channel—his friend the critic has nothing to say except that he objects to the tops of the trees approaching so very close to the edge of the picture-frame! But that only shows that he does not even understand the question.

Let the artist answer for himself. If I dared to answer for him I should say, that this, expressed in a very few words, is the history of Art. Art beginning with paint ends with passion. But passion is a fourth mystery of Nature and greater than them all. And passion is a term common to Nature and to Art. When Art has reached this term it has fulfilled its mission. It may be common, as everything in Nature is common. It may be imperfect, as everything the artist does is imperfect—it may be feeble, or violent, or vulgar, or coarse; but there is one thing it cannot be—it cannot be Commonplace.

It will be seen that I use the word "paint" in its broadest meaning—to express, that is, *any* material with which the artist may work, whether he paints his picture with colour, or etches it with a needle, or cuts it in marble, or paints it with words. And I have used the word "passion" also in its broadest meaning, to express the motive of the work, and the impression of it on the mind. These two words describe Art as seen from two different points of view.

1st. That of the artist. His tendency is to see too vividly, to judge too severely, to admire too exclusively, the process or manner of painting. He cares very little for the story. He sees, indeed, the motive and receives the impression; but the passion somehow seems to be too far off, and the paint too clamorous for his attention.

2nd. That of the ordinary spectator; one, that is, who has no technical acquaintance with or interest in the process, but sees in a picture only that which it represents. His tendency is to realise the passion and ignore the paint. The story is to him everything. He sees, and may be pleased or dissatisfied with, the colours brought together on the canvas and the method with which they have been laid on; but his judgment of the picture from first to last will be based on the emotion it awakens in his mind.

The appeal, in the first instance, is to knowledge, in the second to feeling; and this dual appeal represents a difference not of degree only, but of kind. There are of course degrees of knowledge and of susceptibility to emotional impression; but the knowledge is distinct from the susceptibility, and either may exist without the other.

It is impossible to lay too great a stress upon this point. Not only does Art claim to be the representative of human life and passion, as well as of everything which is lovely in the natural world. Not only is the artist poet and dramatist, and historian and naturalist, and architect and traveller, and satirist and humorist, but he is also the master workman of all guilds, whose workmanship is the very crown and glory of all finesse, and patience, and skill in labour. Like one, therefore, who has to satisfy the heckling of a dual constituency, if he fails to win the suffrages of both he fails to be the representative of either.

But Art, if it is not representative, is nothing. And in Art the synonym for "nothing" is the "Commonplace."

The Commonplace in Art, then, is a negation. Let us consider it for a moment in its effects. And I will take a very simple instance.

A girl is standing at a cottage door. See how many elements go to make the subject complete. First the individuality: this girl is not quite like any other girl. Then there is the type: this girl *is* like every other girl. Then the limitation of the type: this is the kind of girl you meet in a French village. Then her life, her relationships, the circumstances which have environed her and made her what she is. And besides all this—shall I say it, for she is a woman?—there is her temper. Now, in Nature, whether we have the vision to discern it or not, all these elements are existing. They are as essential to the subject, and of as much account to the figure-painter, as are the winds and rain and sunshine, that have shaped the growth of the slender ash or silver birch, to the painter of landscape. But then, it is not for every one to see everything. We may see the individual, perhaps, and yet fail to perceive the type; nevertheless the type is there. Or we may be touched with the pathos, while we know nothing of the environment; yet the environment is as real as the pathos. In a word, no one can claim to have seen quite all that is to be seen even in the simplest manifestation of natural life. But the artist does claim to have seen more than other men; and we acknowledge his claim when he sets before us something which enlarges, or corrects, or strengthens our vision. It is not sufficient, however, for him to give us *paint* when we ask for *passion*. If he shows us neither individuality, nor type, nor circumstance, nor pathos, nor humour, but only a girl standing at a cottage door, however skilfully the colour

may have been laid on we turn from his work with contempt, for it is commonplace.

For the artist should be not a seer only, but a revealer, and every picture not a sight only, but a revelation. Like the delicate instrument through which we can hear the lost sounds of Nature, so Art should show us her hidden sights. Seven hundred years ago a cathedral church was built at Canterbury. So beautiful was it in its proportions and workmanship, so scientific in its construction, that even the great architects of France learned from it how to build their own abbey of St. Denis. Since then how many generations have been educated by its loveliness—

"Its height, its space, its gloom, its glory."

But now an artist, whose special mission it is to see more than we can see and to show us beautiful things, condescends to vary his usual repertory of rustic cottages and tumble-down pigstyes by making a picture of it. The height—he guesses at that, and, of course, guesses wrongly. The space—he finds it difficult to express, and so contents himself with a corner. The gloom—he mistakes that for obscurity, and represents it by a smudge. The glory—that is too much to expect from one who does not even know in what it consists. And what is the result? The pigstye is better, in his hands, than the cathedral, for it comes within his range of knowledge. The pigstye, washed in water-colours, becomes an ornament for the drawing-room, while the cathedral subsides into the commonplace.

Last of all, let us take an example in which the "passion" is true, but the "paint," or mode of expressing it, at fault. A group of emigrants stand on the deck of a ship just sailing for a distant land. Amongst them are men and women and children, not to mention particularly the baby, which is inevitable to all great crowds. It is not difficult to surmise why they are going (their pinched faces and wasted forms tell us that), nor to hope with them for a future brighter than the past. But there is one figure that seems strange amongst the rest. It is that of an old man bent with years; so frail, indeed, that the mind involuntarily begins to measure the distance and to count the days of travel, questioning whether his journey will not end before that of his companions. Turning to a stalwart fellow who stands near, and whose kind eyes rest tenderly from time to time on the bowed head, we ask who the old man is, and why he is going. "Oh," says our friend with the kind eyes, "that's old feyther! we're taking him out with us to start the new cemetery."

The reply seems a little startling at first; until, indeed, we recollect that the man was not an artist, except in the elementary sense that he used words to express a meaning that would otherwise have remained hidden in his heart. The reply was bad Art from the point of view of one who is accustomed to measure his words and balance his sentences so that they shall express precisely what he means, and no more than he means. But the fault lies in the paint, not in the passion. For what does the man mean, except that which men in all ages have meant when they refused to part with their kindred even in death. If he had said, "We take him with us that our bones may rest by his bones," he would have spoken the language of prophets and kings, as he thought their thoughts. Let us be just. The emigrant ship with its heavy freight of troubled souls is as legitimate a subject for Art as the waggons which Pharaoh sent up from Egypt to Beer-sheba for Jacob and his sons and his sons' wives and their little ones. The careworn faces of the emigrant women are as full of pathos as the faces of Naomi and her daughter. The man meant precisely what Ruth meant when she said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee;" and yet!—

Half a dozen gentlemen are seated round a table after dinner. The ladies have withdrawn. The host is telling a capital story; it is about an emigrant ship, the British "rough," and the singular purpose for which "old feyther" is being taken out; and the story ends with an appropriate peal of merry laughter. As the laughter ceases, and there is silence for a moment, a sweet sound is heard. It is singing. It is a low contralto voice. It is in the next room. The gentlemen rise, and move quietly to the door. The door is half open, so they can hear the singer's words, and they are these: "Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

But that is the very thing at which they have just been laughing; and they are not laughing now. It is true our host did not tell his story in a contralto voice, sweet and low; but that is not sufficient to account for the change; for he, too, can move men to passion or to tears. What is this strange difference between the words of these two emigrants, the rough Englishman and the Moabitish woman, who mean the same thing? Is it only the difference of their way of putting it?

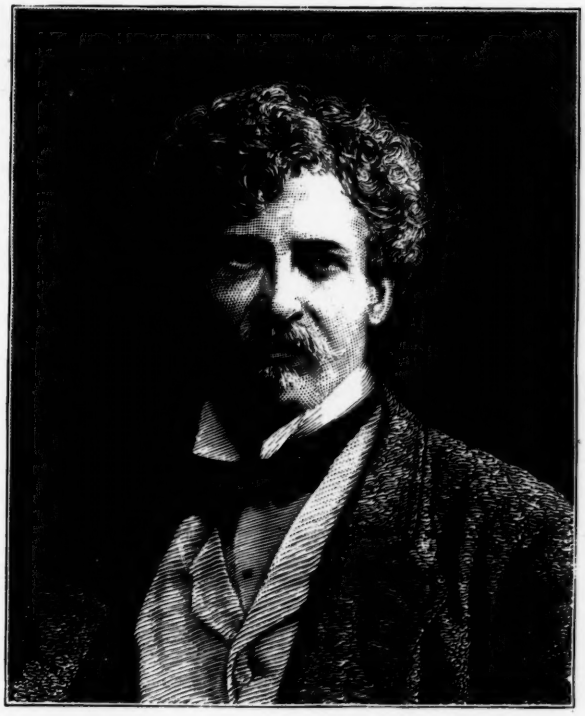
I am sorry to be obliged to end with a question; but the answer must be the subject of another paper.

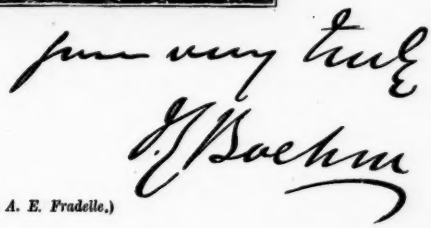
WYKE BAYLISS.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, A.R.A.

THE art of England owes much to other countries; not only has international emulation stimulated us ever since we began, in 1851, to make comparisons; not only have principles, but of the artists themselves. Belonging to all the world by their talents, they have chosen to belong in a special manner to England; and if she cannot claim them





(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

the most English of our artists, such as Sir Frederick Leighton—English in birth, blood, and character—corrected, enriched, and disciplined their work by a training in foreign schools, so that little of our foremost art can now be considered altogether English; but our school has been lately enriched by the welcome accession from abroad not only of in their origin, nor in the character of their genius, she has a still better title to them as the country of their choice; they are her citizens by naturalisation, and in the pacific contests of international exhibitions they are valuable recruits to her standard. Foremost among such painters who are strangers within our gates is Mr. Alma-Tadema, and foremost

among such sculptors is Mr. Joseph Edgar Boehm. He, indeed, unlike the eminent artist whose name we have mentioned with his, and whose subjects are chosen from the life of no living nation, is distinctively English in the motives of his work; he is one of the chief illustrators of our national contemporary history; the Royal Family of his adopted country has taken the keenest interest in his labours; and in his private capacity he is a popular member of English society; so that we are almost inclined to forget that he is a Hungarian by parentage, and an Austrian by birth, education, and early residence, and that he was not naturalised as an English subject until 1865.

Born at Vienna, in 1834, Mr. Boehm in his first years came under the influence that was to shape his after-career, for his father was the possessor of a magnificent collection illustrating the history of the fine arts in every branch from the earliest days of ancient Egypt to our own. This was in itself a school for a receptive and intelligent child; there his young admiration was excited, not by the prettinesses of modern art, but by the grandeurs of the past, and there his own ambition was kindled. His father, who was the director of the Imperial Mint, desired that his son should follow in his own safe and successful steps; and therefore, though he fostered the boy's love of the arts, did not encourage him to adopt the practice of them for a profession. The youth's general education, begun in Vienna, was continued by a course of three years in England, during which he mingled with his other labours an enthusiastic study of the drawings of the old masters at the British Museum, and of the Elgin marbles, which he copied with delight, and, be it whispered, not without an ambition to produce equestrian statues some day with horses of less peculiar breeds than are to be found on those grand friezes. His education completed, he entered the Austrian mint; but not even the prospect of occupying in the future his father's important post, nor the surely somewhat congenial duties connected with the engraving of coin, sufficed to efface from his heart the desire which was so deeply impressed upon it; and he left the mint and set out for Paris to enter zealously on his professional career as a sculptor. The world has heard much about genius starving and struggling with divine strength against terrible human odds; but surely a far pleasanter, far fairer, and far more fruitful thing is genius well cared for, liberally instructed, unhampered, and happily developed. This was the lot of Mr. Boehm; for even if his departure for Paris was the subject of some misgivings in the domestic circle, and the paternal blessing was half withheld, the paternal purse, at any rate, was never closed to him. That this prosperity did not paralyse his efforts we know; he had still the impulse to justify himself with his family for the step he had taken, and those higher incentives to effort which spring from the innate consciousness of power to perform great things. Nor was public recognition slow to meet so much talent and such eager labour; for in 1856, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Boehm received the Imperial prize at Vienna, and with it freedom from liability to conscription—the rare exemption granted under that military rule to men of such great promise that their country foregoes their sword to claim their genius. This was the first of the honourable distinctions which in later years have fallen to his lot—amongst which we may mention, once for all, the membership of the Florence Academy, which he received in 1875, the associateship of our own Academy, to which he was elected in January, 1878, and the silver medal, which was awarded to his work at the last International Exhibition at Paris.

Since Mr. Boehm settled in England in 1862, his public life has been public indeed. He cannot say of his works what Coleridge said of his early poems, that he had confided them to the public as a secret, which that public had faithfully kept. On the contrary, Mr. Boehm has appealed to large audiences, and albeit he is the votary of an art which modern England has set itself to ignore, his name is on the lips and his work before the eyes of all. For his is no mere striking and successful talent, but a genius of a vital order. His power is not only vivid but living; no one in our time has so suddenly and so completely animated the dry bones of a craft which had become chiefly a graceful, learned, and *dilettante* memory of the past. If possible, more even than architecture had sculpture shrunk to a science of imitations, living by tradition only. In their work of renewal such artists as Mr. Boehm have had no easy task, insomuch as they are dealing with an art which is, above all others, that of repose, and to which the effete inaction of its lifeless and retrospective condition might seem, to the careless glance, in a manner congenial. Not against tradition only, therefore, nor against the deadness of mediocrity had he to contend, but also against the confusion and misinterpretation of true and legitimate principles. Sculpture comes so dangerously

near to life that it is obliged to make for itself arbitrary rules of reticence, in order to preserve the conventionality necessary to all art, and to avoid the fatal extreme of too great literalness and realism. To combine this obligation with a human vitality has been Mr. Boehm's special triumph; nor has he been less brilliantly successful in combining that reverence for the past which sculpture no less than architecture is bound to preserve, with a reverence for the present. He is distinctively a man of his own time. And not only can he illustrate his position and exemplify his theories by the art he achieves, but he knows how to define it in words which will prove as instructive as his works. He is neither an imitator of the antique, he says, nor an ultra realist. Indeed, the present realistic school, which has so many members among the clever sculptors of Italy, is merely the extreme imitation of his own *reality;* their *naturalism* is the exaggeration by men of talent of the *nature* to be found in the works of the man of genius. Precisely the same unwholesome development is taking place in contemporary Continental literature, where the truth of Balzac is "produced" into the realism of Emile Zola. Mr. Boehm, seeing exactly the point at which its art has become vicious, and seeing also how good a principle it has abused, has less sympathy than more conventional artists might have with the school to which we allude, the school which shows us, as he himself says, "wash-tubs and soap-suds in marble; and wasted energy, skill, and clay in groups of fighting street-sweepers, or boys with crumpled newspapers; or a hero wrapped in woollen blankets on the verge of death from dropsy, the symptoms of the disease having, we are assured, been studied at the hospital." To what an illusion of life, to what extreme naturalism of expression, to what an undignified simulation of inanimate things the modern Italians have carried their system, no one who has seen any recent collection of their work, and notably that in the International Exhibition at Paris, is ever likely to forget. Their brilliant triumphs in execution force us to admiration, and still more are we constrained to wonder at the dramatic intensity which they give to human and personal character, even when its individuality reaches a comic point; such drama in marble has never been considered the legitimate province of sculpture, though the work of these men is so intelligent that we can hardly class it with the vulgar art which appeals merely to popular astonishment. Mr. Boehm will not be accused of favouring this movement, for he will frankly describe it as "deplorable," going on to explain it as a "revolutionary protest" against the insipidities of the school of Canova, which, though professing altogether Greek traditions and working on Greek subjects, had neither Greek sublimity nor truth to nature, but resembled nothing so much as the Roman art of the decadence.

According to Mr. Boehm, we cannot be Grecks, for we have no mythology. Our art must be Christian and modern. "It is in vain to complain of the paucity of inspiring subjects in our age, of our ugly costume and the dearth of suitable figures for sculpture. You may regard objects and compose like Homer, but you may not inanely copy the antique. Do not return from Rome with some more bad nymphs, another Venus or another Cupid. Try to use the much-abused dress. Treat a coat-sleeve, a woman's gown, *con amore*, ennoble it by art, and it will be a pleasing object in the sight of those whose praise is worth having." And, in fact, it must be admitted that all art which is not what Mr. Boehm says it should be—*of its time*—is failing in the all-essential element of common sense; for even supposing that nineteenth-century imitations of antique models are in some degree interesting to the nineteenth century, what will they be to the twentieth century, and the twenty-fifth? Our guesses at the past will surely be of very little value then, whereas the art which is not only in but *of* our day can never fail to have its own sincere worth—supposing that it is also noble in feeling. And doubtless the danger is that such natural art should miss nobility. All, therefore, who are in any peril of vulgarism protect their work by placing it in the regions of conventionality far from the hazardous familiarities of the truth. No such fear need beset an artist every touch of whose hand is signed by *distinction*—that indefinable quality, that inimitable seal.

Portraiture is so important a branch of this truly contemporary art, and Mr. Boehm is so masterly a portraitist, that his principles must be peculiarly valuable to the world and instructive to the student. The latter, if he aspire to distinction as a sculptor of portraits in marble, will be told by Mr. Boehm that he must not choose such an aspect of his sitter as is the most unfavourable, not merely the outside and possibly assumed appearance, nor must he emphasise the sitter's weak points, and in depicting them diverge into caricature; he must strive to obtain by an elevated rendering of the most intellectual and agreeable qualities such

a biography of his subject as a keen and critical observer might make. To succeed in this he must possess what Mr. Boehm calls the first and most necessary talent of good portraiture—"an instinctive perception of character," choosing the natural pose and inclination of

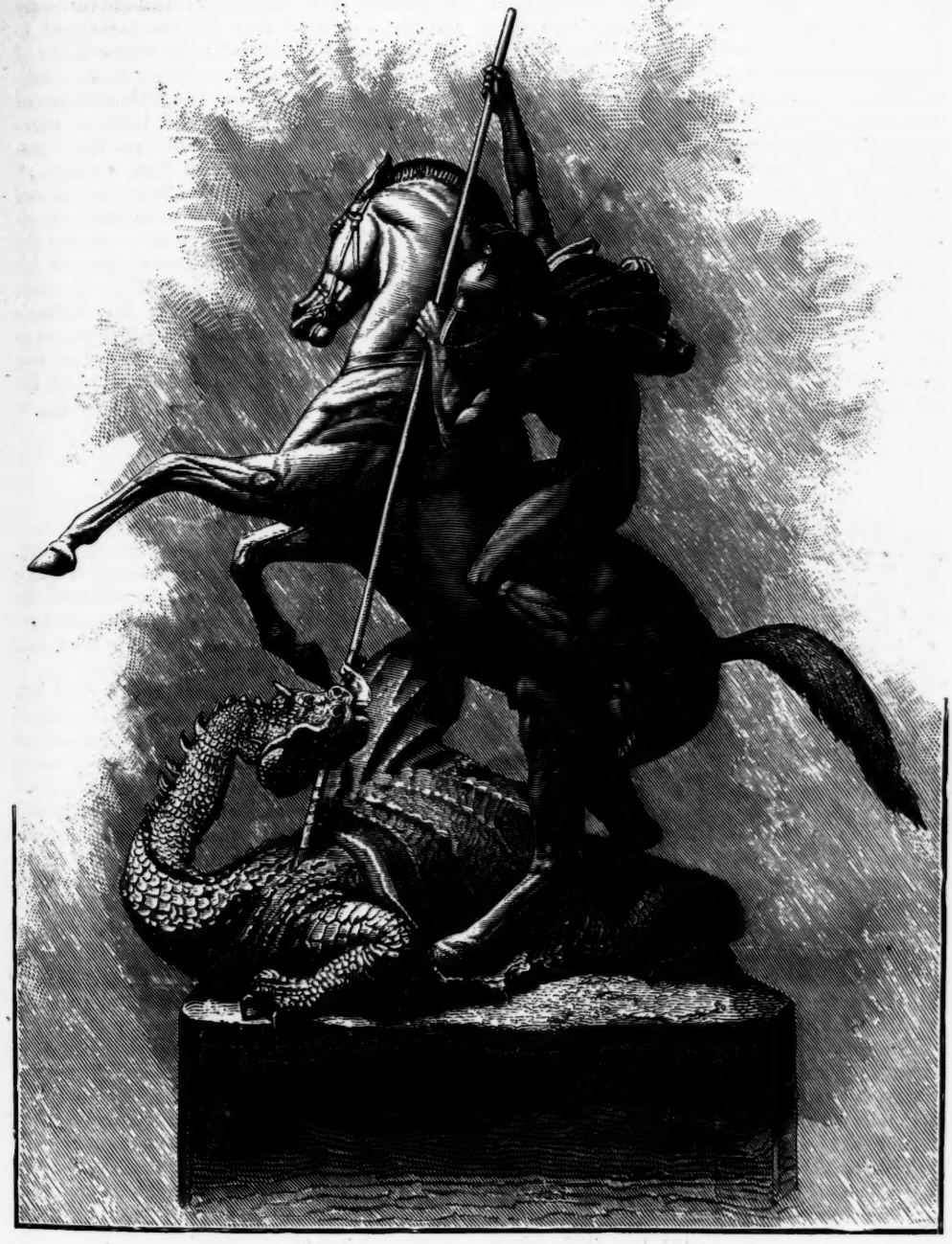


LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(*By J. E. Boehm, A.R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in* 1880.)

the head of the individual, which is so important in a bust, as corresponding with the general expression desired to be produced. "The good sculptor," continues Mr. Boehm, "will not be led into the error, for instance, that because the sitter is a soldier, an heroic attitude must be given him, when in nature he stoops; nor bestow upon a gentleman, whose manner of tying his cravat or twisting his collar is part and parcel of the character and temper of the man, the honour of a Roman toga, and so contribute one more to the rows of inane-looking heads which we dread to approach. If you have a sitter for an hour or two before you there is sure to be a time when he will lose that air of posing which suggests the photographer's cold brass circle at the back of the head. To seize that time, and afterwards to develop the nature then revealed, is your task, and on your ability to do this depends much of your success in obtaining a good portrait." Bearing in mind the value of this when it is obtained, the intimate interest of separate personality and human nature, and the great work which is achieved when a man with his history, his capacities, and his destinies (implied, if the art is entirely faithful, even though they may not be expressed) is caught, interpreted, and immortalised, we are tempted to question Mr. Boehm's description of historical and poetical art as wider-gifted and more ambitious; we are disposed to think no art can be more so than the art of portraiture. Nor assuredly can the immortal portraits of the world, whether in marble or colour, be considered as second to any work of the imagination.

The subject of material in sculpture is one of very particular importance to the lovers of the legitimate realism; nothing was more thoroughly understood by the fine and fastidious judgment of the Greeks; nothing is more misapprehended by the extremists of the modern Italian school. The fitness of the material to the subject, to the treatment, and to the character of the accessories was always considered by the masters of antiquity. In their works you will not find, says Mr. Boehm, "a figure standing on one leg or in a perilous position, executed in marble—tenacious bronze will have been employed for that. There was no wish then to arouse astonishment or excite bewilderment as to how that arm was carved, or how the cutter trembled when he worked at that dangerous flying sheet—when he chiselled the standard of the young newspaper Mercury. The grandest aspect with the simplest means was the endeavour of the great artists of old, and even a statue like that of the Apollo Belvedere would, in the finest epoch of Greek art, have been thought in a position too perilous for the demands which were made on marble." Mr. Boehm is, with most modern critics, of opinion that this celebrated figure is a copy in marble of a small bronze statuette dating



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(By J. E. Boehm, A.R.A.)

from the noblest times of Greek art, and long since lost. On the subject of the chisel, also, Mr. Boehm's advice to students is stringent. That the great masters of Italy, who were so often painters and architects as well as sculptors, should have found time to carve and chase their own work, while the moderns, who are sculptors only, consider the task too much for their industry, is significant of that declension of large and comprehensive power which is, we fear, to be observed in all the arts.

With what faithfulness, with what vigour and fearlessness, with what reserve and discretion Mr. Boehm practises all the precepts which he has so well thought out, he has shown the world a hundred times. No sculptor's intellect ever seized a more intense personality than that which vivifies the statue of Carlyle; the truth of a young mother's death-bed, with all the familiar accessories unfalsified yet touched with the hand of tenderness and distinction, was never more sweetly expressed than in the monument to the late Lady Waterford; the subtle tricks of a man's individuality were never more intelligently understood than in the little statuette of Thackeray and the many vivid busts in terra-cotta which are more truly natural than "naturalism" itself, more real than "realism;" while in his greater works—the many colossal statues with which he has done much to redeem us from a national reproach—he has the large and monumental impressiveness of his subjects. No one who is devoted to the cause of modern art can undervalue Mr. Boehm's labours or his genius. At once to lead and to restrain an important—nay vital—revolution requires the courage and self-command of the master.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

MOSAIC DECORATION.

THE art of representing various outlines and patterns by means of small fragments of different coloured minerals or artificial substances is one of very ancient date. What is now termed "mosaic work" was known and practised in Assyria and Babylon, as also in Egypt, and attained to high perfection among the Greeks and Romans. This ancient art was much used by the early Christians, and after falling somewhat into disuse in the dark ages was revived in Italy at the end of the sixteenth century. The decoration of the dome of St. Peter's gave a fresh impetus to Roman mosaic workers, and a school was established for instruction in the art, which still survives, and is known as the "Fabrica."

The numerous remains of mosaic work found in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the traces of mosaic or tesselated pavements which have been discovered wherever Roman influence or colonisation extended, prove how universal was the employment of this mode of decoration in the first few centuries of our era. Like all the best Roman arts, that of working in mosaic seems to have been borrowed from the Greeks; and from the writings of Pliny we have good reasons for believing that this work first became prevalent in Rome about 80 B.C.

Roman mosaic work has been divided into four classes—namely, the pictorial, consisting of fictile and vermiculated work, and the tesselated and sectile work for paving purposes. There is no doubt that the mode of working with small cubes, or *tesseræ*, as the fragments were named by the Romans, was first employed for pavements in the production of the tesselated work. Most of the examples of ancient mosaic work which have been found in England belong to this class, and some of the finest specimens of tesselated pavement have been found at Pompeii and at the Baths of Caracalla. The Roman tesseræ were generally small cubes of marble about three-quarters of an inch in each direction. The designs were, in the earliest work, confined to simple geometrical figures. The next variety is the *opus sectile*, or sliced work, for which thin slices of marble were employed, and which were formed into designs of a more complicated character. The pavement of the Pantheon is one of the most splendid examples of this style of work; no ancient specimen has been discovered in any other country except Italy.

Passing on to wall-decoration, we have next the *opus fictile*, for which artificially-made

tesseræ were first used. It was the facility afforded by such materials for obtaining an effective and durable wall-covering which gave to the mansions of imperial Rome their chief splendour. Indeed, the *vitreæ parietes*, or walls of glass, seem to have been among the most general of the modes of decoration employed by the wealthy Romans. From the description of specimens of this fictile work it would appear that the tesseræ were almost exactly similar to the modern enamel tesseræ termed *smalto* by the Italian workers. The fourth and last class of Roman work was the *opus vermiculatum*, divided into three subdivisions, dependent upon the sizes of the tesseræ employed. The substances used for vermiculated work were in most cases very small and irregular-shaped fragments of rare, coloured marbles, but in the finer sorts of work, gems and fictile tesseræ were often introduced. In the coarsest work of this class, termed *opus majus*, and chiefly adapted for pavements and ceilings, the tesseræ were generally very uniform in size and arrangement, and the effect produced was similar to that obtained by the modern mosaicists.

It is generally conceded, notwithstanding the frequent specimens of mosaic work to be found in all Roman remains, that the art did not attain its full glory until several centuries later in the hands of the early Christian artists of Byzantium, and this art subsequently flourished until the tenth century throughout Italy. Sir A. H. Layard, who has specially studied the early Italian mosaic work, in a paper read at the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1868—to which and to a previous paper by the late Sir M. Digby Wyatt, read before the Institute in 1862, we may refer our readers for a more detailed account of the art—concerning this Byzantine work, said: "But pictorial mosaic on a really large scale was first used for the decoration of public buildings during the later days of the Roman Empire, and during the supremacy of Byzantium and in those countries which derived their civilisation and arts from Rome and her Eastern successor. It took its chief development after the spread of Christianity and in the decoration of Christian edifices, so that we may call it essentially a Christian art."

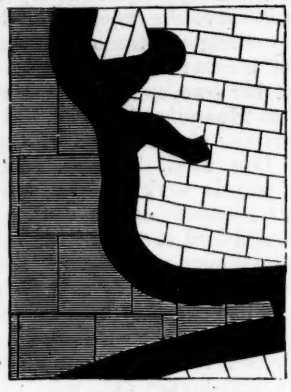
The materials employed for the so-called "Byzantine" mosaics were glass fragments of irregular form, notable for their brilliancy of colour and for the successful manner in which thin sheets of gold were embedded beneath their surface. The backgrounds of the most famous of these works were nearly always of gold, and as the surfaces to which the pictures were applied were generally the coved ceilings and the curved recesses of the churches, the variety of contour and the play of light were great features in the general effect.

We cannot devote more space to the history of mosaic working, nor touch upon the disputed question of whether Italy possessed a school of workers of her own, or derived her mosaics at Ravenna, at Monreale, at Venice, and at Rome solely from the Greek artists of the Eastern Empire. One word, however, concerning a species of mosaic work of later date, the so-called *opus Alexandrinum*, a method of inlay in marbles and hard stones, intermediate in character between pure mosaic work and marble-inlaid work; it was chiefly used for the pavements of Italian churches from the fifth to the thirteenth century.

There are few remains of mosaic work in this country of post-Roman date until we come to the monuments in Westminster Abbey, which were no doubt executed by Italian artists employed by Henry III. The shrine of Edward the Confessor bears the date of 1270. During some restorations at the abbey, Sir Gilbert Scott found in the soil beneath one of the tombs numerous fragments and chippings of the tesseræ employed in the design, and the evidence that they were actually produced on the spot appears to be incontestable. This mode of working in mosaics, in which each tessera is fixed into its appointed place and securely cemented to those around it as the work proceeds, is what we may term the ancient method, in contradistinction to the plan now generally adopted in forming mosaic pictures, in which the entire mode of proceeding is changed.

The modern plan is due, we believe, to the skill and ingenuity of Dr. Salviati, of Venice, whose name is associated with the revival of many beautiful and almost lost arts connected with the manufacture of the famous Venetian glass, and the products of the island of Murano. Sir Henry Layard tells us that Dr. Salviati taught his workmen to reverse the cartoon, or the design prepared for reproduction in mosaics, that is, to trace it from the back; the tesseræ were then placed face downwards on the smooth surface of the paper design, each tessera being temporarily retained in position by means of common paste. Of course the workman sees only the back of his picture, and this method would scarcely be applicable to very delicate work, but it is all-sufficient for ordinary decorations of an architectural character, and when once the workman has acquired skill and proficiency in this plan of arranging the tesseræ,

he can judge of the work as it proceeds, from the appearance of the back, almost as well as he could from its finished surface. When the



PART OF FACE OF PLENTY.
(Half actual size.)

design is completed the under surface is covered with liquid cement, which runs into all the crevices and securely embeds the tesseræ; the paper design is then removed, bringing to light the perfectly smooth and level surface of the completed picture, now seen for the first time.

Another plan by which the necessity of putting together the tesseræ in the actual spot they are to occupy is prevented, is that which has long been practised in the Fabrica at Rome. The method of working is as follows:—A containing rim or band of thin metal is shaped to the actual size of the finished design, and attached to a slab of hard cement, which is to form the back of the panel. Over this is then spread a layer of soft or rather rotten plaster of Paris, which is brought up level with the top edge of the metal rim and the finished surface of the picture. On this bed of plaster the design to be worked in mosaics is then carefully traced, and the workman can commence his picture. He cuts out with a small chisel the form of each tessera, and having selected one of the right colour, he dips it in cement and secures it in position. In time the whole of the plaster is scooped out and replaced by the mosaic work of the finished design. This plan, which resembles that followed in making inlays in marble and pietra dura, has many obvious advantages over the earlier method of working the subject *in situ*, as it enables the rough surface of the mosaics to be readily smoothed down and polished, and greatly reduces the cost of the work.

We have still to describe the mode of making mosaics of encaustic tesseræ, which have been largely used in this country for architectural decorations. Among the numerous revivals of processes which had become extinct which we owe to the late Mr. Herbert Minton was that of the manufacture of ceramic tesseræ for the production of tesselated pavements. Availing himself of the ingenious invention of Mr. Prosser for making buttons from clay powder, which was accomplished by means of very heavy pressure in screw-presses, Mr. Minton employed the same process for making small tiles for pavements. These tiles, from the nature of their manufacture, were extremely dense, durable, and of almost mathematical accuracy in their sizes and forms. Sir Henry Cole, who took a great interest in mosaic work, early turned his attention to the use of these encaustic tesseræ for architectural decoration, and some panels of this kind and of considerable size have been introduced into the exterior of the South Kensington Museum.

A frieze of mosaics of the same material, probably the most extensive surface of mosaic work extant, surrounds the entire circumference of the Royal Albert Hall, and covers an area of over 5,000 square feet. The colours used in this work are only three in number—buff for the figures, which are outlined in black, the ground being chocolate throughout. The designs were



PORTION OF FRIEZE OF ROYAL ALBERT HALL.
(Designed by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A.)

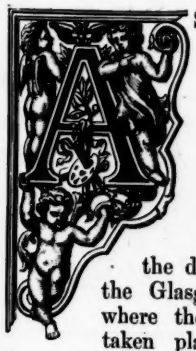
in most cases furnished by the artists as pencil outlines drawn to a scale of about one-sixth of the actual size. These original drawings were most skilfully enlarged by the late Sergeant Spackman, of the Royal Engineers, by an adap-

tation of the magic lantern. Glass negatives of the designs were taken by means of photography and, used as slides, were reflected on to screens covered with strained paper. By regulating the distance of the screen from the lantern the image could be obtained of any size required, and the exact degree of enlargement necessary was readily obtained. These outlines having thus been prepared to the scale required, all that was necessary was to go over them with black lines of the most suitable thicknesses and to trace them from the back to obtain the drawing reversed. The sheets were then handed over to the mosaic workers, who were female students from the School of Art. Five different sizes of tesseræ were made use of, varying from about a quarter of an inch to one inch square. In some cases the tesseræ would require cutting, and this is readily effected by means of a light hammer and chisel, or a small cutting tool specially designed for the purpose. The tesseræ are each of them fixed in their exact position by means of gum, and when a complete panel is put together it is well flushed over with liquid Portland cement and formed into a solid slab by bedding over it two layers of plain tiles in cement. The paper on which it was put together then soaks away, and the upper surface of the work becomes for the first time visible. In order to show the kind of design suitable for such work and the sizes of the tesseræ as actually applied, we have engraved a portion of the drawing of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., for the frieze of the Royal Albert Hall, also a small section of this work to a scale of half the real size on which it was carried out, showing the position of each tessera.

The courts of the South Kensington Museum contain many interesting examples of modern glass mosaics, and in the collections will be found specimens of all the principal antique and mediæval varieties of mosaic work to which we have referred. In the North Court is a series of fac-similes of some of the finest Byzantine mosaics of Rome and Ravenna, obtained by paper castings from the actual work.

Sir M. Digby Wyatt, in treating of mosaics, expressed a hope that this artistic and permanent mode of enriching our public buildings would one day become popular in England, and there are not a few signs in the more extended use of decorations of this kind that the time is approaching when Sir Matthew's hope may be realised and England may become a great school for mosaic workers. The artist's ideas, represented in this manner, have survived from classic times when nearly every other work of pictorial art has been lost to us; and as affording a suitable and easy employment, specially adapted for ladies, and a durable enrichment obtainable at a moderate price, mosaic work deserves to become extensively employed.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.



AS though to balance the very adverse circumstances against which the annual exhibition of the Glasgow Institute had to contend in the spring of 1879, it has been opened this season under unusually favourable auspices. For many years the space at the disposal of the Institute in the Glasgow Corporation galleries, where the exhibition has hitherto taken place, was quite inadequate to meet the demands made upon it. Some of the influential patrons of art in the neighbourhood took up the matter vigorously last year, and the result is a magnificent range of galleries, probably the finest out of London, in one of the principal thoroughfares in the city. The rooms are five in number, with a central hall specially designed for sculpture, and possess all the latest improvements as to arrangement of light and ventilation. In addition to the annual exhibition in spring, it is proposed to hold an annual black-and-white exhibition in summer.

To give *éclat* to the opening of the new rooms, the committee made great exertions to obtain important pictures. The galleries of some of the chief collectors in Glasgow and vicinity were laid under contribution, resulting in a collection of contemporary art, English, Scottish, and Continental, very much in advance of any previous exhibition of the Institute. Especially interesting are the works of French and Dutch artists. The little group of French painters, who, some years since, worked in the vicinity of Fontainebleau, are all, with the single exception of Charles Jacque, represented. Chief amongst these are two fine examples of Corot, and a strong and characteristic specimen of

J. F. Millet. The larger of Corot's pictures, which suggests his well-known "Souvenir d'Italie," may, indeed, have been a study for



FROM THE CLIFFS AT AILSA.
(*By Joseph Henderson.*)

portions of it, and exhibits all his wonted mystery and grandeur in the treatment of foliage in the grey light of dawn. Millet's picture also is a favourable example of the artist's soft harmonies of colour and purity of aim and treatment. It represents a couple of swarthy peasants shearing a sheep, which is stretched across a barrel between them. Into a simple incident such as this Millet has thrown a wonderful solemnity and earnestness which find a corresponding key in the severe strength of design and low tone of colour. Of Troyon's pastoral subjects there are two specimens, beautiful especially in their luminous colour, and one of them, a Breton *paysan* driving home his white cow at nightfall, to be admired for an exquisite peep of landscape background. Theodore Rousseau, another of the Fontainebleau school, is seen to advantage in a vivid little sunset effect, dark foliage against a sky ablaze with golden light; and there is also one tiny specimen of Diaz. More panoramic than any of those mentioned are three landscape subjects by Doré, in all of which there is much trenchant and vigorous workmanship, and too little, perhaps, of the softer moods of landscape. Another painter whose works are rarely seen in this country, although he is a regular contributor to the Salon, is Luis Jiminez, a disciple of the modern Roman school flavoured with a dash of the Fortuny love of minuteness and precision. The subject is a richly decorated Spanish court-yard, with figures, and is treated with a microscopic elaboration and precision of touch which transgress rather upon its more artistic qualities of breadth and general effect. Among other foreign artists represented are J. Maris, Edouard Frère, E. Munier, Paul Soyer, N. V. Diaz, and Jozef Israels, the latter by a single oil-picture and three exquisite water-colours; one of them, "Evening," a study for the large picture exhibited in the Royal Academy two years ago, we illustrate on this page.

Among the contributions from London artists there are of course many which visitors to the Academy and Grosvenor Galleries will readily recognise. The principal gallery, for example, has at either end of it Sir Coutts Lindsay's "Ariadne," from the Grosvenor of last year, and Cecil Lawson's "Pastoral," in the same gallery in 1878. From the Academy of 1879 are such works as R. W. Macbeth's "Sardine Fishery," Graham's "Clang of the Wooden Shoon," Mrs. Amyot's "Return of the Penitent," Hamilton Maccallum's "Bathers" and "Nutting," Stocks' "Sermon Time," Cox's "Hampton Court in the Olden Time" (engraved in THE MAGAZINE OF ART), and several others. In addition, however, are many works fresh from the easels of the painters. Foremost amongst these are two able character-studies by John Pettie, two delightful examples of Alma-Tadema, and one large picture by McWhirter, all lent by Mr. A. B. Stewart of Ascog, a gentleman who possesses one of the finest col-



EVENING.
(*By Josef Israels.*)

lections of pictures in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and by whose kind permission we are able to give sketches of the Petties on the next page. They are remarkable especially for their delightful and unusually delicate scheme of pale

tints. The "Ladye of High Degree" wears a black lace head-dress, lightly thrown across her dark chestnut curls; her pale green dress is



A LADYE OF HIGH DEGREE.
(By John Pettie, R.A.)

trimmed with white lace and is brightened by a bow of pink ribbon, and she leans coquettishly against an orange curtain. The companion picture represents a fair-haired cavalier in doublet of white satin, and grey hat and white feather, pledging the king in a goblet of rosy wine. At his back is a purple curtain sprinkled with golden stars. Another work of Pettie's, which has, however, been exhibited before, is "The Herbalist," a grim monk grasping in his sinewy hands a bundle of herbs. Mr. Tadema's pictures are "Prose" and "Poetry," two small single figure subjects, and are, as usual, wonderfully subtle in their imitative qualities, in their charm of colour, and in their delicacy of finish. In "Hawthorn" we have an interesting example of Mr. McWhirter's work. It shows us two country children gathering the sweet-scented blossom from a richly-laden hawthorn-tree, and is specially happy in its realisation of the gladness of spring. Somewhat similar in character is an early example of J. C. Hook, "Crossing the Brook," one of his engraved works, which exhibits much simple beauty. Also among the loan pictures is a fine example of John Linnell, a corn-field under a radiant effect of sunset. W. Q. Orchardson is represented by a single figure subject, "Don Cæsar de Bazan;" Tissot by a young lady in a hammock, exhibited at the Grosvenor two years ago; Ouless by a striking portrait of Sir Thomas Gladstone of Fasque; Albert Moore by two of his graceful decorative figures; and W. L. Wyllie, who is identifying himself more and more with the "Impressionist" school, by "The Silent Highway," in which there is genuine feeling and, if not much definiteness, still much solid painting.

While it is thus to London artists that the exhibition is indebted for some of its chief features, there is still a large proportion of Scottish art, and more particularly local talent on the walls. Many of the members of the Royal Scottish Academy are represented; among them Sir Noël Paton, Sir Daniel Macnee, and Messrs. McTaggart, R.S.A., Herdman, R.S.A., Otto Leyde, R.S.A., Waller Paton, R.S.A., John Smart, R.S.A., and others. Among Scottish artists resident in Glasgow, Mr. Joseph Henderson deserves special mention for a fine picture, "From the Cliffs at Ailsa," exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, and which we illustrate on page 342. It represents a glorious expanse of sparkling blue water with Ailsa Craig seen in the distance; a fisherman is wading ashore from his boat, heavily laden with sea-birds. While differing in treatment, Mr. Colin Hunter also aims at the realisation of



A LORDLY GALLANT.
(By John Pettie, R.A.)

moving water in one or two works, the best of them "The Lee Shore," a powerful picture of heavy waves breaking in great masses of foam upon the beach. Mr. David Murray's work is familiar to most visitors to the Royal Academy

and Grosvenor Galleries. This year he exhibits at the Institute a very beautiful landscape, a view of the Clyde under an effect of sunlight, seen from a foreground brightened by the budding hawthorn-trees and the bloom of gorse. Another of the younger school of landscape-painters deserving of special notice is Mr. James A. Aitken, who is fittingly represented by "A Scotch Pastoral," in which we have a winding river with richly-wooded banks, leading the eye to a distance of softest tones, touched here and there by the gleams of afternoon sunlight. Amongst others whose work deserves detailed notice, did space permit it, are Mr. R. C. Crawford for a telling figure-subject, which we illustrate below, Mr. Duncan McLaurin for several very able studies of animal life, Mr. A. K. Brown for one or two exceptionally meritorious works in which he has attained much depth and transparency of colour, and Mr. A. S. Boyd for interesting and delicately handled subject-pictures. Such are, in rudimentary form, a few of the features of the current exhibition. It only remains to be said that the functions of arranging and hanging the pictures were performed by a committee of gentlemen under circumstances of exceptional difficulty while the galleries were yet in the hands of the builders, but that the result is alike satisfactory and creditable to all. GEORGE R. HALKETT.



WILD-FOWL SHOOTING ON THE CLYDE.
(*By R. C. Crawford.*)

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING AS AN ACCESSORY IN THE PICTURES OF THE OLD MASTERS.

THE love of nature, as we now understand it, is an essentially modern affection. This remark will probably excite quite a sentiment of wrath in the minds of those people in whom merely the word modern raises a feeling of disgust, who pretend only to admire what is past, and who delight, or say they delight, but in some bygone century's work and method, whose feeling for art is in reality that of the antiquarian rather than of the artist, and who contemplate the art-work of to-day as so much rubbish except when it copies or, as in some cases, servilely imitates the art of the past. Yet in a future age we believe that the century we now live in will be known, not by its revival of this or that period of art, but by the diffusion among the masses of the love of nature, causing, as one of its results, a great development of landscape art. In claiming this for our particular period, we also claim that those people who appreciate what is good in our own time, and who can clearly weigh in their minds and sift out the dross of what is bad from the pure gold of what is good, are more likely to carry a discriminating sense into the things of the past, to admire them more sincerely, and to approve in them more justly those things which are lovely and of good

report for all time, than the mere mediævalist or the man who has grasped one narrow conceit of art, and who compares its infinite varieties with that single branch of it which answers best to his specialist views. It cannot be denied that a feeling for art, which is a natural capacity for understanding beauty in all its parts, is *inborn* in certain minds, for you find some people admiring what is good, scarcely knowing why, and others who, notwithstanding the most adverse circumstances, become great artists, their natural genius impelling them thereto. Still, if their methods were gauged, it would be found, most probably, that they began by admiring what was near and close to them, such as the works of their companions, and passing on from this to higher and better things. So when we hear of a connoisseur who can only delight in the early Italians, or of another who can but appreciate Claude in landscape art, we may not consider him catholic in his tastes, as a worthy lover of the beautiful should endeavour to be, and we hold that to delight intelligently in the landscape backgrounds of the old masters we must have entered into and sifted the reasons for admiring those of our own time, proceeding from what we know well to what we know less well. A landscape painted merely for the sake of the landscape, that is, on account of the interest of the scene, or for some passing effect, is unknown before the fourteenth century, and even then it began at first as simply an endeavour on the part of the painter to add something in the background which should elucidate further the figures of his subject. It would be a curious question to go into, how far the most enlightened people at that time appreciated the beautiful in nature. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," ascribes an actual dread of thick foliage and high mountains to mediæval painters. The people of that day, perhaps, enjoyed a landscape much as an English peasant does now, who considers a field of corn quite covered with a good ripe crop, nothing to be seen before, behind, or around but that most respectable enclosure, a fairer prospect, literally a more beautiful one, than the most enchanting scene



CHRIST ASLEEP ON THE LAP OF THE VIRGIN.

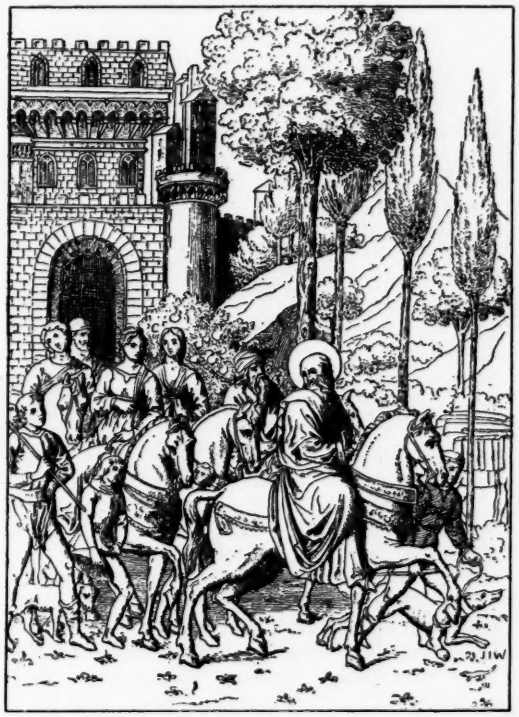
(*By Marco Basaiti.*)

under an effect which it would take a Turner or a Claude to paint. The first start in the direction of landscape was made when the early Italian illuminators and painters left off their gold backgrounds and instead painted in a blue sky. This in time became diversified with clouds; then where a hermit was the subject his cave was added, or the portrait of a saint began to include his or her convent or city in the distance. St. John was depicted as in Patmos; St. Sebastian was bound to his tree; St. Christopher was walking through the water. There is in the National Gallery a triptych, "The Baptism of Christ," by Taddeo Gaddi, which illustrates the transition from gold backgrounds to landscape ones. The entire sky is in gold, but over it is painted on each side of the central figure a round and cabbagy tree; a very rigid brook flows past the feet of Christ, and the fishes parade along the water in perfectly symmetrical order. In another school, the Flemish, to which belongs the fame of having first added the knowledge of aerial perspective to the power of painting landscape, those original geniuses, the brothers Van Eyck, introduced a really marvellous landscape into the backgrounds of their famous work, "The Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb;" the best part of which picture of many panels is now in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent, and which was a completed work as early as 1432. In the centre lower panel the background depicts the gardens of Paradise; the grass is green and bright with flowers, and the trees are well massed and luxuriant with foliage. The backgrounds of the side panels are perhaps still more interesting, and highly finished, with their rocky passes, rich fruit-trees, pleasant valleys, and fleecy clouds. Lord Lindsay says of this landscape: "A heavenly feeling of mystical charm is suffused over the whole scene, which it is impossible to describe, and which, like music, requires perhaps a peculiar mental and physical temperament to appreciate; the green flowery grass, and the freshness and beauty of the landscape, which connects itself and forms one enormous whole with that in the background of the wings, enhance the sentiments, involuntarily suggesting a better land and perennial sunshine." (It has been noted that the fountain and the altar in the centre of the picture, with vanishing points on different horizons, prove the Van Eycks to have been unacquainted with the science of linear perspective.) It is noticeable how early the Flemish painters, with their feeling for aerial effects, gave distance to their backgrounds. The early Italians, on the contrary, seem always to have been aware of the wall behind their altar-pieces, and to have treated their subjects more decoratively than pictorially. From this the Venetian school were perhaps the first to depart. In the National Gallery there is a "St. Christopher carrying the Infant Christ," by Patenier, which is almost entirely a landscape; indeed, Albert Dürer, who painted this artist's portrait, actually calls him by the now familiar but then little used term "landscape-painter;" and in the background of "The Deposition in the Tomb," by Roger van der Weyde, the distance on the left is most carefully felt, and evidently studied from nature. As a rule, all the landscapes of the early painters are remarkable for the same things—their strict detail and their want of power of massing. The greensward is jewelled with flowers, each individual flower being truthfully painted, yet they do not impress the eye as a treatment would where the masses are first attended to, and the detail made subservient to the whole. In some cases the minute detail gives simply a decorative effect; a good example of this is seen in the foliage running across the foreground in Filippo Lippi's picture of "St. John Baptist and six other Saints," also in the National Gallery. Still, the landscape of this work, though entirely subordinate to the figures, is a great advance upon the merely symbolic landscape, where the artist has not gone to nature at all, but simply painted the background in his own study after some conventional ideal. As we have begun to quote from the pictures in the National Gallery, we will go on to mention two works by quite early Italian painters there, which are as interesting by their backgrounds as by their subjects. The first is "The Infant Christ standing on the knees of the Virgin," by Cenia da Correggiano. Here the artist has painted perhaps the hill-side of his native town; the little city crowns the top of the height on the left. He has omitted nothing; there are the hedgerows, the foot-bridge, the ducks disporting in the stream, the blue mountains in the distance on the right, just as the painter might see them from his windows. The second picture hangs as a pendant to the first, "Christ Asleep on the Lap of the Virgin," by Marco Basaiti (see page 345). The landscape is perhaps a trifle strict and rigid in conception, but there is an artless simplicity about the details which is very delightful. The town in the distance, intended, we presume, for Bethlehem, is again but an

Italian city, and the trees near it are cropped and trimmed as they would be in proximity to a town where fuel is scarce. There is a curious draw-well on the left, close to which stands a shepherd looking after his cattle. These latter are somewhat singular in their anatomy, but that the artist has endeavoured to attain exact truth is seen in the way each pebble is painted in the foreground. In both these pictures the landscapes would still be interesting even were the figures left out, though, of course, they are to all intents and purposes subject pictures.

It is remarkable how entirely free from that topographical correctness which distinguished the landscapes of the modern pre-Raphaelites were the landscape backgrounds of their namesakes, the real pre-Raphaelites. Did this arise, we wonder, from their devout acceptation of the Bible, making them feel each incident as described there so unquestionably true, that it might have happened in their native place; or was it ignorance of the climate and geography of Palestine? Many people would unhesitatingly reply the latter, but we incline to believe that our first surmise may have had something to do with the early backgrounds. A notable instance of this curious intermingling of Bible story and mediæval manners is seen in the frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Riccadi Palace at Florence. One of the most remarkable is the "Visit of the Wise Men," or the "Three Kings." They are but three jocund knights, setting out from a feudal castle with their squires and retainers, their hawks and hounds, pursuing their way, hunting as they go, just as the nobles did at the time the artist was at work. We give as an illustration a portion of this picture.

Another thing almost always wanting in the early landscape backgrounds is what we call an *effect*. The masters generally paint a calm and even sunlight. No wind disturbs or storm overclouds the scene; an equable contentment reigns serenely over the whole. Giovanni Bellini, the Venetian painter, is one of the first masters who may claim to have made nature coincide with his subject. In his picture, "Christ's Agony in the Garden," in the National Gallery, he has depicted a stormy sunset, with a red glow on the horizon, and grey clouds lined with crimson; he has, in fact, put some of the pain of the kneeling Saviour into the troubled sky, and this sympathy of nature, contrasted with the careless sleep of the Apostles, is deeply pathetic, and will always give this picture a subtle and strong charm. For the power which this sympathy of mood gives it when compared with a mere serene and sunny background, it should be examined in connection with another "Agony in the Garden," which till but lately has been ascribed to Raphael. The Umbrian painter's work is full of graceful detail, little trees standing up singly from the greensward, and flowers are displayed in accurate precision; one artist has been quite as industrious as the other; but one stirs your heart because of the human feeling in the effect, the other only appeals to your artistic perceptions.



VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

(A portion of the Picture. By Benozzo Gozzoli.)

Space forbids us in this paper to inquire into the landscape of Raphael, which is so specially interesting in his cartoons; or into that of Albert Dürer, so delicately minute, so honest, yet sometimes so rugged; or into the bold masses and firm *chiaroscuro* of the landscape of Giorgione and the Venetians; but we hope to touch upon their various treatments when we go into our next subject, "The development of landscape into a distinct branch of art."

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—III.

MR. FRANK HOLL'S "Ordered to the Front," his only subject this year, presents the parting between a number of Highlanders and their wives and sweethearts; it is a little too sentimental, and the colour is somewhat black; but he has done masterly work in portraiture, as was promised by his *début* in that branch of art last year. The portrait of Mr. S. Adams Beck must take rank with the great pictures of the time. True in drawing, solid in modelling, and executed with a hand which has little to learn of the final secrets of painting, it has also a fine intellectual power; it is thoroughly dignified and serious work. In manner it contrasts strongly with Mr. Ouless's portrait of Mr. Alexander Matheson, M.P., which hangs as a pendant to it, and which is drawn with all the artist's usual certainty. Mr. Ouless is almost without a rival in the perfection of his draughtsmanship; nor does he ever lose or drop a form or an outline to find it again with an easy mastery, playing as it were with the air about a head, in the confidence of power, as Mr. Frank Holl has learnt to do. The manner of painting is also quite different, for the latter artist works with a loaded brush here and there, while Mr. Ouless puts on his colour almost equally; the one, also, invests his subject with a certain ideal nobility, while the other presents it literally, with a fine intelligence, but probably with no enlargement of the actual truth. While we are on the subject of portraits, a word of warm admiration must be given to Sir Frederick Leighton's "Rubinella," at the Grosvenor Gallery. In this fascinating study he has entirely abandoned the more than human smoothness of his usual work; here the colour is charmingly broken, the moving blood showing in the exquisite and vital carnations of the cheek; the lovely head is thrown lightly aside, the eyes raised with an expression of great sweetness; the figure is robed in a peculiar and beautiful tint of green, which Sir Frederick Leighton frequently painted in past years. It is difficult to believe that this fresh and breathing work is from the pencil that produced the cold "Psamathe" at the Royal Academy.



HER CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.
(By J. Charles.)

To the class of subjects set in fashion by Mr. Hubert Herkomer's memorable "Pensioners" belongs Mr. Phil. Morris's "Sons of the Brave." The young band of the Military Asylum at Chelsea for the orphan boys of soldiers are marching out at the gate, before which their mothers — all, of course, widows, and in many stages of widowhood — have gathered with the little sisters to watch them. Women and boys alike are treated with a great deal of realism, the little fellows being thoroughly British boys with indeterminate features, vague eyebrows, and rosy cheeks, and the mothers for the most part of the undistinguished type belonging to their class. A difficulty must always stand in the way of the honest representation of the humbler life in England; type and costume are alike unrefined, the faces being blunt and unfinished, the dress undistinctive of class, and therefore vulgar. Mr. Morris's picture, nevertheless, has the interest of a true subject; he has managed his red uniforms with skill, though without much charm of colour, and the principal fault to be found with this canvas is its size. Mr. Calderon has done work so strong, so wholesome, and so refined, in very late years, that we may be permitted to complain frankly of the violence of colour and hardness of manner which have suddenly begun to characterise his pictures this season. "The Olive" and "The Vine" are two allegorical female figures surrounded by accessories appropriate to

their titles, and with infelicitous blue sky backgrounds; there is a certain lack of light upon the heavily-painted faces which accords ill with



HER SWEETEST FLOWER.

(*By Arthur Stocks.*)

the open air in which they are placed. We do not say that it is easy for an artist to study his models entirely out of doors, but the effort is worth making in these days of realism, and when Continental artists are pushing the representation of truth so far at the cost of any pains which may be required. Mr. Calderon's composition, "Captives of his Bow and Spear," is, perhaps, too entirely romantic in subject, and has also the violence of which we have spoken; nevertheless there is a grace in the figures of the women who kneel appealingly at the conquering warrior's feet.

Interesting, for exceptional reasons, is Mr. Watts's principal picture this year—the autograph portrait painted (like that of Mr. Millais) at the special invitation of the Florence Academy, and destined for a permanent place in the gallery of artists' portraits painted by themselves, in the Uffizi. As yet only three or four English painters are represented in that instructive international and historical collection, and the two additions are important ones; but it is to be wished that Mr. Watts's contribution, admirable as a work of art, were more satisfactory as a likeness; it is barely, if at all, recognisable. Two female heads, "The Dean's Daughter" (the profile portrait of a lady on whose much admired face many artists have tried their powers) and "Mrs. F. Myers," are hardly fair specimens of so great a painter's work, so that his admirers will this year find greater satisfaction from his contributions to the Grosvenor Gallery, of which we will speak in due course. Among the solid works of every year, the honest and trustworthy pictures which make no appeal to public astonishment by any singularity of manner, and never fall short of a high standard of excellence, Mr. H. W. B. Davis's canvases are always to be classed. He paints well invariably, and sometimes he paints charmingly also, and never so charmingly as when he avoids the strong and insistent colour into which he is apt to be beguiled. "Family Affection," a noble group of cattle in a hot effect of light, errs a little in this respect; it is, nevertheless, a masterpiece of drawing and execution; while "Returning to the Fold" is a study of sheep and lambs, in which the movements of the animals are exquisitely true. A little lamb to the right staying to crop a mouthful from a shrub is one of the most intelligently faithful studies of characteristic animal action which English art can show. This picture was bought by the Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. Another work so honoured is Mr. Brett's study of a wide space of calm azure sea,



THE LAST DAYS OF EDWARD VI.

(*By A. C. Gow.*)

entitled "Britannia's Realm." Emphatically blue in colour, and slightly discordant in its effect, owing to the introduction of some rather contradictory clouds, ghastly pink in tint,

which intrude into the artist's second picture as well, this careful work is nevertheless far less violent than is usual with Mr. Brett's productions; here for the first time have we been able to do justice to the high perfection of manipulative finish, and to the knowledge of nature which he possesses—qualities from the enjoyment of which his inveterate violets and pinks and blues have often scared us. After so much that has been written and disputed, proved and disproved in respect to the "pre-Raphaelites" of some thirty years ago, it is somewhat strange that two artists alone (since Mr. Lewis's death), Mr. Brett in landscape and Mr. Holman Hunt in figure-painting, should have remained true to the principles of the sect. All the rest, with Mr. Millais at their head, have silently surrendered their position, some of them, like their leader, adopting the opposite extreme of manner. The belief that a more assured knowledge of drawing and a larger study of the schools have induced the abandonment of insular eccentricity for the sake of a more legitimate notoriety forces itself upon the mind; but however this may be, the two artists above mentioned are left in a somewhat unkind state of isolation by their defaulting brethren. "Britannia's Realm," by the way, is this year the only picture by a non-Academician purchased by the Chantrey trustees.

Historical pictures (in that narrower sense of the term which would include only illustrations of history) are not numerous this season. Prominent among them is the spirited composition which forms our frontispiece, Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Armada in Sight." The subject is well chosen, for Englishmen have not yet become so cosmopolitan as not to enjoy, with a certain exultation and enlargement of the heart, the thought of that game of bowls, which there was "time to win—and to beat the Spaniards too." Mr. Lucas has a masculine power of drawing a manly figure, and a faculty of posing it in a free and natural action, which are by no means common. Another historical illustration is Mr. A. C. Gow's "Last Days of Edward VI." (page 349). The artist in this instance has chosen to show how a king was harassed with publicity in those last hours which an instinct common to man and the animals would fain conceal; the poor young Edward, wasted with disease, is lifted to an open window that the riotous commons outside may see that he is still living, but the indifference of utter weakness is expressed in his face and attitude. To the *genre* of sentiment, not history, belong Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "For Ever" (page 352) and Mr. Arthur Stocks' "Her Sweetest Flower" (page 349); the one is romantic, the other realistic, but both are very tender and sincere in feeling. Mr. Schmalz's group is posed in lamplight, moonlight shining outside, and consists of a very lovely golden-haired lady and her dark lover, a troubadour, who sits at her feet pausing in his love-songs to mark the paleness of her cheek as she lies on her couch; the two may be supposed to pledge their troth "for ever," whether for life or death. The young artist has a considerable gift of colour, and is master of no little effective power. Busy at her trade of flower-selling, with her back to a grimy London wall, her basket before her, and her fingers at work on her bouquets, sits Mr. Stocks' pretty young heroine, whose mother brings her "her sweetest flower" to kiss. The feeling of the young woman's quiet action is very tender and good, and there is considerable appreciation of baby-character about the figure of the little one.

Very different from these gentle appeals to public sentiment is a wonderful work from the triumphant brush of M. Michael Munkacsy —"The Two Families." It is not too much to say that the "dexterous school" has never achieved such a piece of dexterity as this interior, in the marvellous *bric-à-brac* of which every colour of the rainbow has been introduced with an audacious prodigality but with a magnificent harmoniousness. The execution—if possible finer than the colour—is crisp, fearless, magisterial, and, as we have said, triumphant. The subject is a drawing-room fitted up profusely in the (French) artistic manner, the blues, greens, and yellows of Oriental china being dashed in here and there amidst the Occidental plush and velvet. A lady and three children dressed in the ugliest extreme of the last Parisian fashion, and a brood of puppies busy over a saucer of milk, constitute the "two families" of the title. We would recommend our young artists to admire this picture, but hardly to attempt to imitate it, for to write off such a picture—it has the rapidity and the impulse of handwriting—comes, as Dogberry says, by nature. To compare the furniture here with that in Mr. Frank Dicksee's "House-Builders" is to see at a glance what is and what is not imitable in this branch of painting. To return to the more level ways of English art: "On the Coast of Cornwall," a sunny and very pleasant landscape in the first room, won for Mr. Henry Gibbs the award of the Turner gold medal at the Academy, Mr. Frank Miles having

gained the silver medal by his "Ocean Coast," an exceedingly well-intended and bold (almost obstinate) attempt at drawing waves under an all but impossible aspect. Mr. Peter Graham's "Highland Drove" is a repetition of a subject painted by this powerful artist a hundred times. We have a right to complain of his frequent rendering of a climate which is (to southern eyes at least) terribly repellent; the brown streams, tawny hills drenched in mist, and low chilly skies of his pictures are truthful enough, but Mr. Graham has the rarer ability of painting a happy blue and white sky truthfully also—with a touch indeed of exquisite tenderness and luminosity. Close to this Scotch picture hangs Mr. Yeames's principal work, "The Finishing Touch: Green-room at Private Theatricals;" decidedly too large for the interest of the subject, it is nevertheless grouped with considerable spirit, there is vivacity in the expression of the laughing lady whose admirer is "finishing" her fair cheek with a patch, and the stiffness of the very bad amateur actors who are seen sideways upon the stage is well imagined; but the execution of the work throughout is prosaic, literal, and unimaginative to a quite unusual degree. In the same room hangs Mr. Edward Fahey's pretty landscape with its charming figure, "I'm Going a Milking;" this artist's work is always unmistakable, with its somewhat metallic greens, together with its completeness of manner.

Among the artists upon whose powers Academical honours seem to have an effect the reverse of salutary is Mr. Hodgson, to whose happily-inspired pencil we owed a few years ago that admirable bit of comedy and of colour, "The Rusty Gun"—a debt we cannot forget. But for the assurance of the catalogue, and also for the remembrance of a slighter deterioration during the last two or three seasons, we should hardly believe "Homeward Bound" to be veritably his work. Whereas his colouring had for some time manifested a growing tendency to "hot" tones, this unattractive picture errs in the opposite direction, being pallid, raw, and violet in hue; the subject is as trite as are the lines (relative to the "watch-dog's honest bark," etc.) which accompany the title, and is treated with an unnecessary and yet weak emphasis. Two sailors are climbing the stile over a hill which overlooks a sea-side village; signs of their voyage in the shape of a cage and a parrot, together with the distant figures of a woman and of the watch-dog above mentioned, assist in explaining the situation. We have spoken frankly of Mr. Hodgson's work, because we have full confidence in his speedy resumption of the power and charm which will evoke a praise equally candid. If the painter of "Homeward Bound" quotes a hackneyed stanza which can add nothing to the interest of his work, Mr. T. M. Rooke directs the attention of all lovers of poetry to his little picture of "The Thistledown Gatherer" by means of the name of Dante Rossetti, whose beautiful lines are appended to the title; he has painted a girl, neither young nor lovely, gathering thistledown in autumn by the way-side, and the figure is not without a certain rather melancholy distinction. Very determinedly prosaic, on the other hand, is Mr. R. B. Browning in "Watching the Skittle Players," the portrait—it is such emphatically—of a pig who is in the habit of criticising the afternoon game of the villagers at Dinant on the Meuse. The picture is fairly well painted, and the same may be said of the same young artist's "Solitude," a twilight landscape which seems to wear the tone of early morning rather than that of evening, and which shows a pool, fringed with trees and backed by clear-outlined hills, lying under a serene and limpid sky. Resuming our glance at the pictures in their catalogue order, we come upon a different kind of animal-painting from Mr. Browning's study of the pig; "The Stag at Bay," by Mr. J. Charlton, is, as regards action, movement, and drawing, a quite noteworthy work. Painted and looked at in cold blood the incident forms, however, to our mind, a very painful subject. It is with greater pleasure that we turn to a third study of animal life, Mr. Robert Meyerheim's "Early Spring." This young artist paints meadows in flower with a peculiar charm, and his mastery of form and execution in the painting of cattle is very unusual; the present example, however, lacks the touch of interest (and pictures of cows, it must be owned, need some such aid) which was given last year to his lovely little canvas by the intrusion of a small black pig into a group of curious young heifers; Mr. Meyerheim's landscape accessories are painted this year, too, under a less attractive effect of light. Mr. Storey's "Follow My Leader," which hangs near, is presumably a portrait-composition, and cannot be considered very happy in arrangement; a line of children masquerading in old dresses are defiling through a room; some of the faces, however, are decidedly pretty. Very different in treatment, and showing very dissimilar aims, is the archaic-looking portrait-group of "The Daughters of Charles Santley," by Mr. H. S. Tuke. This picture is one of the

familiar class of modern antiques, but apart from the slight affectation involved in that fact (and indeed the types and costumes of the ladies seem to insist upon the method which the artist has adopted) it is painted with no little strength and directness, the colour being simple and harmonious. Altogether distinct again from these two works is Mr. Charles's very clever canvas entitled "Her Children's Children" (page 348), in which the likenesses of three generations are sympathetically given, and with remarkable technical skill. Our survey of the pictures in the second room must conclude with a word of warm praise to Mr. Leslie Thomson's quiet and beautiful landscapes, as refined in feeling as they are original.

With many of the leading pictures in the *Salle d'Honneur* we have already dealt; but the first in that room is one to which little general justice has been done, its position being bad and its subject unattractive; Mr. J. R. Reid's "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," shows us Southey's heroine wandering through a field, while the gossips of the village observe her pityingly; the principal merit of this picture is its fine and faithful out-of-door tone. Close to Sir Frederick Leighton's lovely but hardly human "Iostephane" is a pretty little group by Mr. Marcus Stone, intended to illustrate the book which has never for a single season failed to supply English artists with subjects; it is true that this "Olivia and Dick Primrose" might be any last-century lady and little boy taking a walk—nevertheless the names bear, and will always do so, an attractive charm. Of Mr. Long's contributions to the Academy three are portraits, that of Mr. Henry Irving as "Hamlet" being the only one of special interest, while one only has any claim to subject, and even this one exception is a study of a single figure and probably a quasi-portrait of a model. This fact will disappoint the admirers of his "Vashti" and "Esther" of last year; but the great beauty of this "Assyrian Captive," the more solid drawing and the finer completeness of the painting, are no slight advantages to compensate for the absence of a story. Little need be said here of the picture which occupies the principal place at the head of the room—Mr. Wells's "Victoria Regina"—except that the subject, serious enough in itself, has acquired in the painter's hands a quasi-comic aspect of which he seems scarcely to be conscious; specially infelicitous is the introduction of the advancing figure of the Duchess of Kent, seen through the doorway. But though absolving Mr. Wells of any intentional joke, we can hardly be so lenient with M. Bastien-Lepage with his whimsical but clever little portrait of the Prince of Wales. From these curious works of very dissimilar art it is a pleasure to turn to the charming "Multiplication" of Mrs. Perugini, which is a study of one of those innocent and beautiful little girls the painting of whom is becoming this clever lady's *spécialité*. Before closing the present article we must put on record our very emphatic admiration for a work which we will not wait to mention in its due order—Mr. Logsdail's "*Vischafslog op de Vischmarkt te Antwerpen*." Seldom in the English school of painting has a study from life been stamped so unmistakably with the unforgeable seal of nature itself; not one of the many figures of this crowded little scene but stands, sits, or moves with that truth the capture of which is a triumph of brilliant talent. Mr. Logsdail is, we believe, a young artist; all who are interested in the realistic developments of modern art will watch his career with true pleasure. Another scene of every-day life is M. Gaetano Chierici's "Desperate Venture"—less striking than Mr. Logsdail's work, but full of intelligence. Nothing could well be more trite than the Italian artist's subject—the first hazardous journey of a baby alone across the floor to its father's arms—but M. Chierici has the gift of giving freshness to the oldest themes by his energy and observation.



FOR EVER.
(*By Herbert Schmalz.*)

THE ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.



OES it ever occur to the praiseworthy gentlemen who form our various anti-restoration committees, and who watch with such jealous care the fate of the parish churches, abbeys, or other mediæval remains—intact or ruinous—which adorn our land, that a whole *class* of buildings, of less importance perhaps, but of scarcely less value to the artist, and of immense social interest, is quietly passing from off the face of the country without a voice raised in mourning or a hand to save them?

I refer to the old English homesteads, not the least among the many glories of our land.

High-farming is cutting down all our hedges, the scientific agriculturist follows "huzzin and mäzin the blessed fields wi' his kittle of steäm," and slowly but surely, "like snow-wreaths in thaw," these homes of our forefathers are fading away, never to return. Within the memory of a young life a marked change has come over these illustrations of our history and our national character. The change is partly from without and partly from within. The inevitable decay wrought by two or more centuries of storm and sunshine, the unfeeling and unskilful nature of such repairs as have from time to time been performed, and the vicissitudes of changing occupation, have robbed them of almost everything that was distinctive and excellent.

But the altered conditions of social life and the growth of luxuries amongst all classes have had the most disastrous effect on our English farm-houses, and have especially wrought sad havoc with their picturesque interiors. The great fireplace, with its blazing hearth, its cosy nooks, and high-backed "settles," is now little more than a tradition. Its place is filled by a lustrous grate, and the hearth is a patch of smart encaustic tiling. The great oak beams and their depending trellis have disappeared from the ceiling, which is newly plastered, and has a huge sprawling arrangement of acanthus leaves in the centre. The dear old wainscoting which gave the parlour (now the drawing-room) such a homely charm, glorious in colour from age and "elbow polish," has been removed and cut up into "Queen Anne" mantels in Wardour Street, or used by the architect in the alterations at "the Hall." The farmer's wife and daughter, nothing loth, have substituted for it a garish wall-paper, "harsh and crude," and the surroundings have, of course, been rearranged in corresponding "taste."

We may be sure that the stone mullions and the quarries have been taken out of the old Tudor windows to be supplanted by sashes and vast expanses of plate-glass, thus destroying at a stroke the *scale* of the building. The exposed fronts of the house have been covered with stucco, lined to look like ashlar—if that were possible—to the loss of the old weather-stained hanging-tiles, so much more grateful to the eye and, for that matter, equally weather-proof. Perhaps the whole side of the house has been blackened over with tar. It is well if the new tightly-fitting joinery has not made the chimneys smoke, and that the massive old Tudor chimney-stacks have not in their ruddy old age been subjected to the degradation of rows of "tallboys."

The above is, alas! no fancy picture. Even while I write, this kind of alteration, or rather destruction, is going on all over the kingdom. I could cite but too many instances. Not fifty miles from town an old manor-house—long occupied as a farm-house—is being divided up into labourers' tenements. The old "house-place" or "keeping-room," with its tile floor, ample chimney-nook, and dark wainscoted walls, is, or was, a study for a painter. Two long three-light mullioned windows ranged on one side of the room admitted a softened southern light through a screen of tender vine-leaves. Seats below the window-sills, cut out of the thickness of the sturdy walls, formed most inviting resting-places after the "busie labour" of the day. The details, furniture, appointments were all in keeping, and all of the highest appropriateness and excellence in their simple style. The tenant and his women-folk, however, found it all "dull," and have migrated to the nearest market town. Mrs. Poyser receives her visitors on a gay (tapestry) Brussels—surrounded by sticky Tottenham Court Road furniture—instead of in that dear old kitchen in the Hall Farm; and you can no longer get a glimpse of pretty Hetty Sorel among her bright pans in the dairy, the guelder-roses peeping at her

through the casement. *She* is in Germany, "finishing her education."

It may be in some respects a national gain that the modern farmers' sons should attend grammar-schools and win scholarships at the universities, instead of "driving their teams afield," as their fathers did before them; that the daughters should spend their mornings in practising Beethoven or painting upon china, instead of feeding the poultry or in the delightful duties of the dairy. But with the loss of the old customs how much of the pictorial side of English rural life is lost also! And *art* is in consequence by so much the sufferer. Every year our painters have to go further afield in quest of subjects. Brittany, Belgium, Holland, are already falling in with the march of progress, and are becoming rapidly more sophisticated and less artistic in all their belongings. The twentieth century will probably find all Europe reduced to a dead-level of insipid and colourless respectability.

The English farmer has already lost his distinguishing marks, and apes the manners and dress of the town, in the ways of which—thanks to cheap locomotion—he is quite at home. As a natural result his home and its surroundings are similarly "translated," and are fast assuming the guise of a Putney villa. A look of fussy, pretentious, second-rate gentility has succeeded the composure and decent homely quiet, the modest but assured comfort of the old home.

The commencement of the present century saw the whole country dotted with picturesque homesteads, of which the next generation will scarcely find an example remaining, and will learn only from a stray wood-cut by Birket Foster, or a few pregnant lines from the pen of George Eliot, what an English farmstead was in its prime, and how great and irreparable is its loss.

There is no need to enlarge in these pages on the artistic value of the old English farm-house and its surroundings. The saddest example which may still be found is the manor-house in reduced circumstances. Once the residence of the lord, it has fallen successively into the hands of the farmer tenant, and has now probably gone to ruin, or has been divided into labourers' tenements. With every stage of its declension some calamity has befallen it from the artist's point of view, until its old age ends in mere neglect and squalor—a stray chimney-stack of exquisite detail and proportion, a coat-of-arms in a curiously carved panel, a Tudor porch, or solitary mullioned window being alone left to testify to the charms of its youth. The imagination reverts to the time when it stood out proudly from its *entourage* of tall elms or noble walnut-trees, its long lines of capacious barns and clusters of golden stacks, its rows of quaint gables and dormers, and the solid or fantastic forms of the chimneys standing boldly up against the sky; the charm of the scene heightened by the drowsy cooing of the pigeons and the measured thud of the busy flail at the open barn. But, above all, the wealth of lovely colour distinguished the older buildings from their newer rivals beyond all other marks. The glowing mellow red of the old bricks and tiles softened and harmonised by a powder of ashy-grey lichen, the intensely brilliant green of the mossy patches, and the bright gold of the stonecrop blended and varied by Nature's own hand, are beauties which are known and dear to all.

Our modern efforts at farm-building in the old style cannot be said to be satisfactory. They are too symmetrical. There is a spick and span mechanical look about them which differentiates them at once. The *naïveté* of the old work, which *grew* on the site, is unproducible in this over-sophisticated age, and the more we affect the bygone fashion, the more transparent is the affectation. The best men are not employed in designing works of this class, which are, as a rule, left to the agent and his factotum.

The common artificers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seemed to do the right thing intuitively, and to have been guided by an inborn appreciation of what was artistically appropriate to every occasion; the works of that day are never disfigured by those uncouth and unfeeling monstrosities which are the mark of the rural builder of the present day. When we shall have completed the series of rectangular concrete boxes, stucco-covered, with square holes for windows, and deficient in everything which can please the eye, our descendants will wonder at the apathy with which we could abandon to decay the work of our forefathers—work which we were so powerless to imitate.

When the last example shall have been hopelessly disfigured or destroyed, a chapter in English Art will have been closed which can never be re-opened. We shall no more be able to reproduce the art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than to revive the picturesque presence of the English farmer of the old school, with his smock frock, his speckled stockings, and shoe-buckles.

> "Thou unrelenting Past!
> Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain;
> And fetters sure and fast
> Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign."

It becomes almost a national concern that

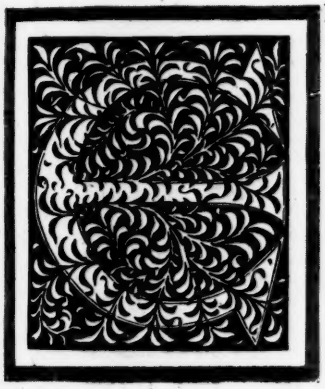
faithful records of the buildings adverted to should be taken before the originals shall have utterly vanished.

We have a National Portrait Gallery. Why should we not have, before it is too late, a gallery for the portraits of the more characteristic of our national architecture? Photographs will not serve, for the charm of an old building lies to a great extent in its colour.

Every encouragement should be given by both art-patrons and the Government to those painters who address themselves to this class of subject. There could be no better training for young students than the faithful portraiture of these old buildings, nor could pecuniary aid from the State be better invested; nor could we set ourselves any work for which posterity would thank us more heartily than that of rescuing from oblivion these fast-departing glories of our land. E. INGRESS BELL.

DECORATIVE ART.—IV.

DOMESTIC DECORATIONS—WHAT OUR HOUSES ARE—WHAT OUR HOMES SHOULD BE—CHARACTER IN DECORATION—ITS POSSIBILITY—THE DIFFICULTIES IN ITS WAY.



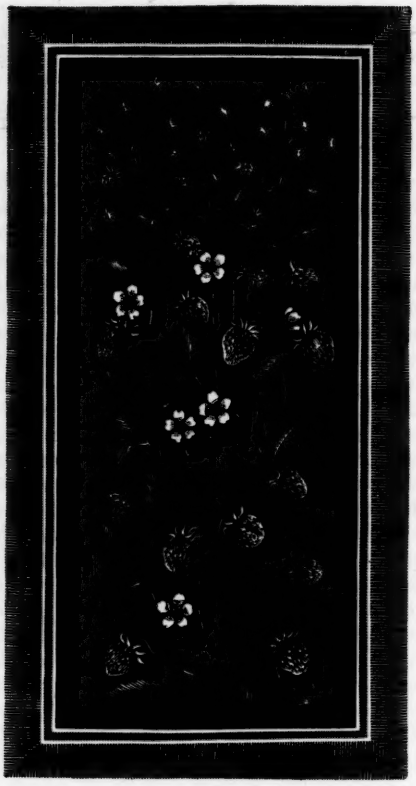
ENGLISHMEN boast that they are proud of their homes and attached to them. They may be so. Only few homes look as if any one had any intelligent interest in them. You may go from house to house among your neighbours, and from no one dwelling shall you be able to gather a distinct impression of its owner. Each reflects the others, or rather they are all reflections, paler or more pronounced, as the case may be, of what is, or was, the prevailing fashion. The exceptions to the rule will be few, and these shall betray, not the more loving householder, but the more "advanced" decorator. If by chance some particle of the personality of the man whose house it is peeps out, the odds are that it strikes a false note in the general effect. Those who have heedlessly succumbed to the decorative mania often begin too late to find that the little comforts and conveniences to which they were accustomed are out of keeping with their "fine art" furniture, and they blindly attribute to the fault of art what is in fact due to the thoughtlessness with which they adopted a fashion altogether out of accord with their individual wants and ways. All the railing against "æsthetic" furniture and its inconvenience, all the sneers against art that is uppermost in the house, all the protests in favour of usefulness and cosiness and comfort (implying unquotable maledictions on art and its unserviceableness), resolve themselves into so many unconscious confessions of ignorance concerning the relation of art to every-day life. The furniture that is inconvenient, no matter what the waste of workmanship, sins against taste as well as reason. To revolutionise the household is very far from being the function of art at all. And if use, cosiness, and comfort cannot be reconciled with beauty, blame the artist for his incompetence, but do not condemn art because its votary is unequal to the occasion.

It is at the starting-point of decoration that the most fatal blunders are made. Some effect that we have seen, some "style" that is in fashion, something that may be quite contrary to our way of life, catches our fancy; and we proceed to revolutionise the house, and, in the name of art, to render ourselves uncomfortable, dragging that name into the contempt of all who have retained their sober senses.

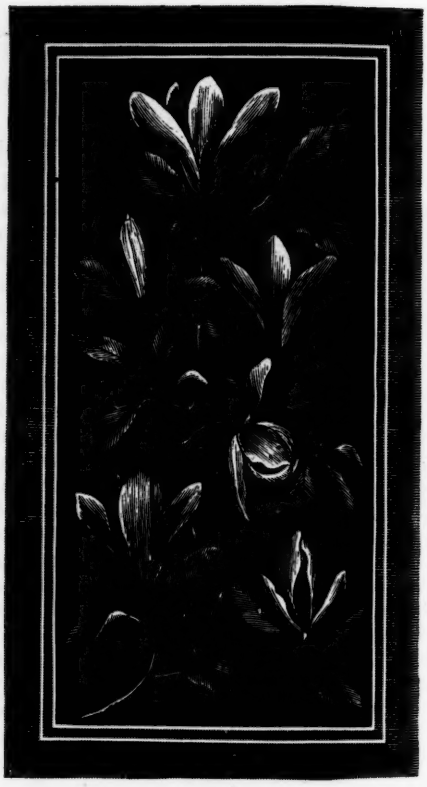
How happens it that the word "homely" is associated with ugliness? A certain simplicity and sobriety are, rightly enough, in character with the life of simple, sober people; but the Puritan protest against luxury, looseness, and extravagance was more earnest than discriminating. The arts, whose highest development was naturally found in princely palaces, fell into disrepute along with their royal patrons, and to this day they have scarcely regained their prestige among the sterner and more matter-of-fact—I will not say more Puritan—Englishmen.

The abuse of art does not condemn it. There is nothing incompatible between homeliness and beauty, unless, indeed, a man love ugliness, and then beauty is out of her element within his walls. A man's home should seem to have grown round him like a shell; it should fit him

as naturally; and there is no reason why it should not be as beautiful as any shell that ever housed fish. It does not seem much to ask that a man's home should appear to belong to him; but the modern manner is to rub down all personal and characteristic angles to a dead-level of polish that reflects just what happens to come in contact with it. To be individual is to be in continual danger of offending against



STRAWBERRY PANEL.



MAGNOLIA PANEL.

social *convenances*. Thus it comes to pass that persons of real taste fit up their houses tastelessly, intelligent people senselessly, and men and women of refinement satisfy themselves, in this one respect, with something very much like vulgarity.

Too much is left to the decorator; too much is expected of him.

It happens frequently that the persons who apply to him have formed no notion of what they want in the way of decoration. I think they should have something more than a notion. What your ideal of a room may be it is quite beyond the province of any one but your most intimate friend to divine. Whether you prefer a light room or a dark one, a rich decoration or a delicate one, is a matter of choice—of temperament perhaps, or of eyesight. If you leave it in the hands of an artist, he may succeed in producing something very admirable indeed, but which you cannot in the least admire, because it is not in the direction towards which your sympathies tend. If you leave it in the hands of a tradesman, he too (having an artist in his employ) may do something equally good, or something very bad; but, in either case, what character there is in it belongs to the particular workshop whence it was derived, whereas what is wanted in domestic decoration is the character of the inhabitant. This will possibly not be very readily conceded; but it is acknowledged by implication in the common remark that decoration gives to a house an air of discomfort. The decoration that does so was from the first ill-

advised. What else is to be said of decoration, when it is not till the novelty of it begins to wear off that folks dare to be themselves in their rooms, and to admit those familiar and necessary conveniences and comforts that make home homely? The mistake was in ever thinking to exclude them. The decorator should take those very personal and individual wants into consideration from the first, and, indeed, found his scheme of decoration upon them. He should begin by consulting his patron and finding out what he wants, advising him against that which is impractical, protesting against that which is tasteless, and striving always, not to carry out some fine ideas of his own, but to put into working order those of his employer. His business is not so much to think for his patron as to put his thoughts into artistic form. A mean ambition, you say! Perhaps. And yet the poets we most esteem are not those who tell us something that is new to us, but those who most perfectly express for us the thought that was ours before — vague and bodiless hitherto, henceforth and for ever now a definitive delight.



WILD CLEMATIS PANEL.

Decorative art may very readily be associated with every comfort and convenience; it will add to, instead of detracting from, homeliness, oneness, and character; if only we begin *from ourselves*, if our art is based upon our wants, if our single aim is honestly to express our best selves in our surroundings. The veritable demons that come between art and homeliness are Insincerity, Half-heartedness, and Brag.

The circumstances under which our houses assume their incongruous appearance go far to account for it. Before ever the tenant came into possession the walls were hung with paper selected by the builder, in whose eyes those patterns are most beautiful on which the largest trade discount is allowed. The dining-room, of course, is red, the wood-work wainscot or walnut; the drawing-room white and gold, with folding-doors of most marvellous maple. The bedrooms have been painted with a cold greyish-white, and papered with a view to smartness and without regard to repose. Even if we were in time to have a voice in these things, and chose them with some taste, they were most likely determined without any forethought for the further furnishing of the rooms. Each individual item of decoration was chosen for its intrinsic excellence perhaps, more likely for its cheapness, possibly for no better reason than that it was novel. The carpet owes its selection to the effect of a yard of it seen amongst a distracting variety of patterns by a purchaser who could have but a faint conception of what its effect *en masse* would be. It bears no sort of relation to the rest of the furniture, most of which was rashly ordered on the ground of its effectiveness in the showroom, and remains ever since a reproach to our indiscretion. The pictures are such as chanced to catch the fancy of the owner, who did not pause to think how they would look on his walls, or where he should find room for them. The ornaments of bronze, brass, ormolu, ivory, alabaster, china, terra-cotta, lacquer, wax-work, or embroidery, are more ill-assorted than all; being, for the most part, the gifts of various kind friends of very various tastes, each of whom

presented what he or she thought "pretty." It would be difficult to imagine more unfavourable conditions than these for the introduction of art into the house. It is only after years of gradual weeding out of the inappropriate, and gradual introduction of what is really fit, that many a home begins to assume its homely character. Habit and convenience effect, perhaps, at last what it should have been the first object of art to produce—oneness and repose.

How are we to arrive, in our dwellings, at that repose which is so essential? Certainly not without careful thought and earnest effort. The progress of art is no royal procession, but a stern and often painful march. Still it is in the power of most of us to make our home a fit background to our daily life, if only we care to do it. The point is just that we should care; and if we really do, we shall surely impress upon all about us the stamp of our individuality. Where the builder, the decorator, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, the householder, and his kind friends are all pulling in independent, if not opposite directions, hopeless confusion is inevitable. Unity can only be secured under the direction of some one person, and that one should have absolute authority. The proper person would be, of course, the man or woman who is to live in the house. But no one must be allowed to imagine that the responsibility is a light one, or the task easy. It will tax his time, temper, and taste, and even then he will have often to retrace his steps, and often to confess his failure. Here, as everywhere, experience counts for something. The game is well worth the candle, but it is not an easy one; and unless you mean to play it out, better not begin. Let us hope that many a man will play it out. In order to do so successfully he must first make up his mind what it is that he wants, and then keep that object in view. His ways and wants, and those of his household, must determine the decoration of his house. If his single aim is a home that shall fit him and his, it need not involve any extraordinary difficulty or extravagance; but if he cannot find it in his heart to forsake the paths of tradition or of fashion, to break with pretence and ignore Mrs. Grundy, let him not offend them by a half-hearted desertion, but rather make friends of the mammon of their unrighteousness.

Having made up your mind what it is that you want, the next step should be to put yourself into communication with the man who is to carry it out. Assuming that the latter is of ordinary intelligence, a couple of hours' conversation with him will in all likelihood bring to light the unwelcome fact that some of your ideas are impracticable, or involve expense which you are not prepared to incur. Other ideas will be perhaps neither quite out of the question nor ruinously extravagant, but will yet carry with their execution dangers which deserve consideration. In either case your clear purpose, striking against his practical objection, should suffice to elicit some spark that will show the way out of the difficulty—whether it be wiser to retire discreetly, to override the objection, or to try some other path. It will always resolve itself into a question of give-and-take. There is so much that the lay decorator does not, and cannot, foresee in the carrying out of his notion. He proposes, for example, to decorate some panels with floral decoration, and he sets his heart upon certain flowers for these. Now it is obviously quite the right thing that he should introduce into his scheme those flowers that he himself happens to prefer. But he is probably quite unaware of the difficulties in the way of working those units into a decorative whole. A decorator chooses from the first the elements of his design with a view to their combination. He, on the contrary, has chosen his flowers entirely from sentimental reasons—and it is most probable that their association will involve some loss of unity in the general decorative effect, possible that they will ruin it altogether. Still, if he prefer sentiment to repose, he is quite right to insist upon having it, only it is well that he should know from the beginning what he sacrifices to his idea. Many a man has lost the unity of effect that he really valued for the sake of an idea, to which he attached infinitely less importance, simply that he did not know the artistic cost of his fad. He preferred to have the flowers he liked to those preferred by the decorator; but if the objection to any of these had been pointed out to him at the time, he would readily have suggested others that were more available. One may wish to gratify a fancy, without being prepared to make everything subservient to it. If, here and there, there should be some distinct reason, symbolic or other, why some particular plant is desired, which yet cannot be brought to range itself in decorative order, it becomes clearly a question of the relative importance in your mind of the idea and of decoration. Should it be asked why one plant is less available than another, there are numberless reasons why one may be fit for a given purpose and another quite out of character. To begin with, some are in them-

selves beautiful, some not at all so. And of the former some are ornamental and others ill-adapted to ornament. Then there is the material to be taken into account. The beauty of one flower is in its colour, and we are working, let us say, in ebony or ivory; of another in its refinement of form, and we are employing a heavy and clumsy substance. Certain forms inevitably lose their character when adapted to execution in certain materials. Again, the position may determine that boldness is to be desired, or that delicacy is essential, and of course only the bold or delicate flowers, as the case may be, are appropriate. Further, the relation of the various forms one to another is to be considered. Suppose three panels each ornamented with the design of a flowering shrub, a lily for the fourth would look rather foolish. The relative scale of the various flowers is also of importance. The sunflower is superbly ornamental, but if you determine upon that for one, you restrict your choice with regard to the companion panels.

The magnolia and strawberry panels (page 356) were designed to form a pair, but the result scarcely justifies the pains. Each might have been more characteristically treated if there had been no occasion to consider the other. Similar difficulties occur with regard to colour. Three or four delicately tinted flowers seem to insist that the rest shall be in the same key; a vivid blossom among them is impertinent. All may be rich, or all tender, or the two qualities may be balanced; but a series of flowers chosen without regard to decorative treatment will, very probably, be exceedingly difficult to combine into a decorative whole. The clematis (page 357) suggested itself at once to go with some Florentine mosaic of the usual jasmine pattern—not every flower would answer that purpose.

It will be seen that in such a simple matter as the choice of flower forms, there is more to be considered than is thought of in the philosophy of the inexpert. Similar difficulties crop up continually, none of them insuperable, but most of them stubborn. Do not flatter yourself that you will not have to give way at all, but see that you know the reason why you give way. If you adopt that line of procedure, the result of mutual compromise between yourself and the practical man will probably be a balance in favour of your own fancy—more or less, according to the reasonableness of your original idea.

One more word of caution. If you feel yourself incompetent to control the work, or if you are too much engaged, too uncertain, or too lazy, make one first effort to find the man whose work you like, and who may be expected therefore to be able to satisfy you again; instruct him fully, tell him your pet ideas as you would confide your symptoms to your physician, and then trust him. He can anticipate the effect of what he is about much better than you can. It may not turn out all that you could desire, but if you meddle with him continually it will certainly be a failure. "Children and fools should never see things till they are finished," said a great painter—a truth none the less true that it is untrimmed. We may none of us be fools, but the wisest of us must pass through that phase of art which is most simply described as babyhood.

LEWIS F. DAY.

ON THE ART OF ILLUMINATING AS ORIGINALLY PRACTISED.—I.

ILLUMINATION is one of the many branches of decorative art, and a beautiful and effective means of augmenting in value manuscripts and literary works of all kinds. It is to a certain extent reviving, after having remained for many years in a state of disuse.

Illumination in connection with heraldry was formerly considered a necessary portion of the education pertaining to people of position; and with respect to heraldry, even in the present age it is considered necessary to acquire at least some knowledge of that "noble science," as it is frequently termed, which has existed from time immemorial, and must continue so long as pride of ancestry forms part of human nature.

In the very early times pictures drawn by hand were the only means within the reach of the priesthood of typifying to the minds of the ignorant populace the truisms of Biblical history, and of stimulating the eye of faith by exhibiting to the material eye pictures of those incidents in the lives of saints and martyrs, on which the Church of Rome, during the Middle Ages, based, if we may so term it, its assertion of supremacy; and lives were spent in the monkish cells labouring and

inventing in quiet seclusion many exquisitely beautiful specimens of ornamentation.

In the early Christian epoch the seminaries of art, as then known, were the monasteries, and the books produced therein were invariably of a sacerdotal character. In the more wealthy establishments no amount of labour or cost was spared in their production. The artists who produced the ornamental embellishments displayed the greatest ingenuity, patience, and invention, and the most skilled scribes available were employed on the texts; and so precious were these volumes, and the reverence with which they were regarded was so great, that the bindings were in very many instances formed of carved ivory and beautiful enamels, and sometimes of plates of gold and silver enriched with precious stones, gems, and crystals. They were often preserved in caskets worthy of the labour bestowed on their execution.

As education spread from the cloister to the castle, books of an amusing as well as a devotional character naturally became an acquirement, such as romances and tales of chivalry and love, works of that description generally being embellished with pictures of the principal events therein recorded. The costumes of the period were naturally represented as well as the appliances and accessories; thus the illustrations are authentic records of the various details of religious observances, and of those connected with military operations, as well as of the habits and customs of domestic life.

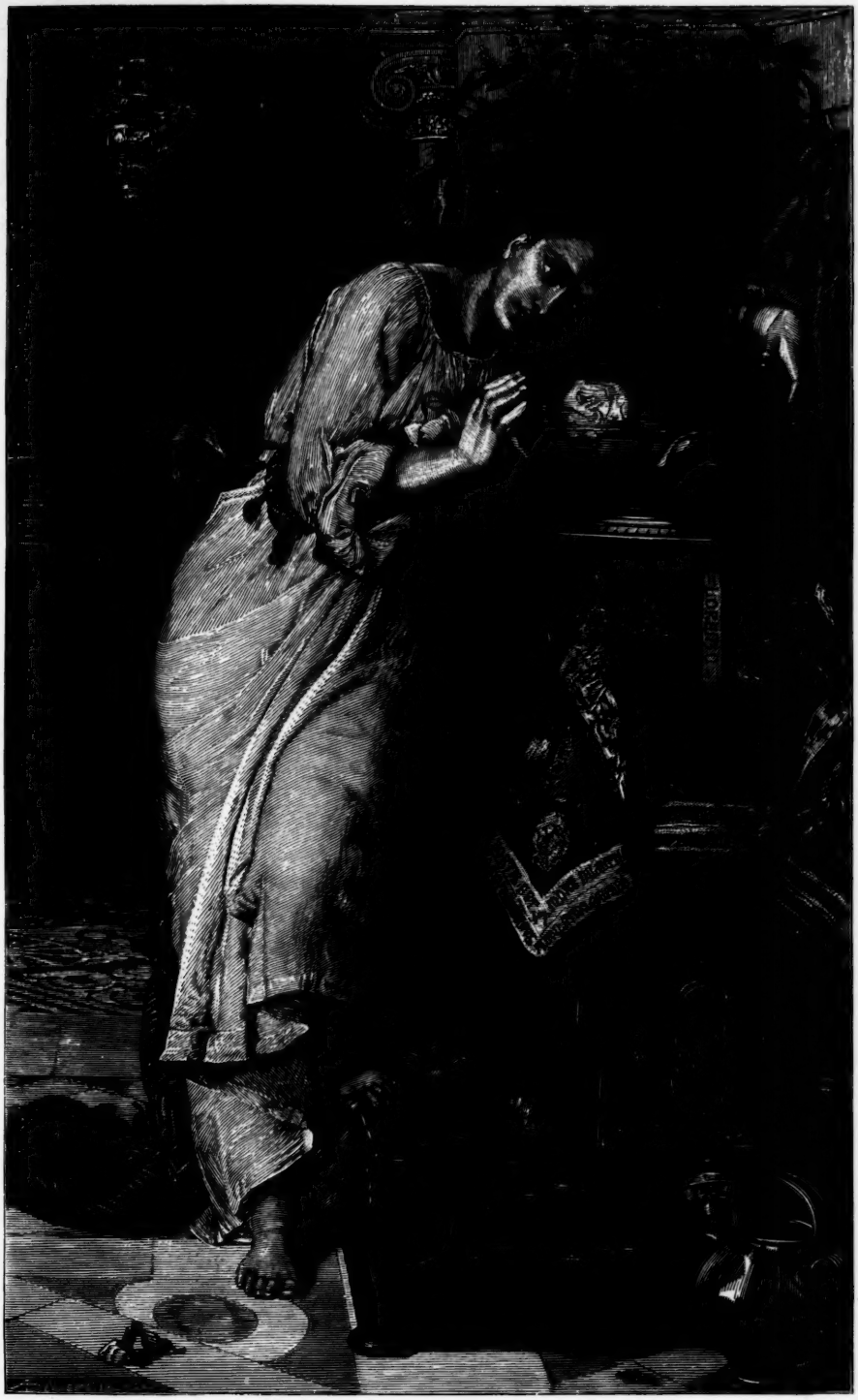
By the term illumination we understand a combination of colours, gold, silver, and metals of many kinds applied to any medium, such as vellum, parchment, paper, wood, and in fact any surface upon which colour can be superposed to adorn or decorate.

What was primarily termed illumination was the application of minium (otherwise red-lead) to mark or emphasise any words in the general body of the text, which was usually in brown or black ink. Minium gave its name to the artists who used or worked with that material, as they were called "miniatores;" and miniature, whether referring to the lesser style of painting or not, was applied in the first instance to lettering only.

The term illumination was still applied long after the original minium was superseded by the purer cinnabar, or vermilion. The application of minium may be commonly found with other colours in the hieroglyphics on the Egyptian papyri, the most ancient manuscripts extant. Red letters were generally used as titles and commencement of pages only. In Egyptian, Greek, and Roman MSS. this is evident, but in the manuscripts disinterred at Pompeii, some hundreds of which were unrolled, no evidence of ornamentation is observable. The more ancient classical authors, however, state that books in their time were embellished with pictorial representations, and they were accustomed to rubricate their manuscripts. The introduction of gold and silver is attributed to the Oriental nations from the most remote antiquity, and it is generally supposed that the Greeks acquired from Egypt or India their method of thus ornamenting manuscripts; and among the later Greeks it became so usual, that the scribes or artists in gold formed a distinct class, and their works, written in gold upon vellum stained of a purple or rose colour, were thus augmented in value, and were remarkable for their chaste and beautiful effects—the earliest instance of which is recorded by Julius Capitolinus in his life of the Emperor Maximinus the younger, to whom his mother presented the poems of Homer, written in letters of gold on purple vellum, at the commencement of the third century. The "Virgil" in the Vatican is attributed by the best palæographers to the same century, and this volume is enriched by miniatures, some of which are engraved in D'Agincourt's "Histoire de l'Art par les Monuments."

One of the most ancient existing specimens is the "Codex Argentinus," written about A.D. 360, in gold and silver letters upon purple ground. The use of coloured vellum appears to have been discontinued about this period, but revived again in the fifth and sixth centuries. The text at this date was written in capitals, with a larger letter commencing the chapter or page, and this general arrangement continued till the seventh century, when letters of a more elaborate description were introduced. Human figures, beasts, birds, reptiles, and flowers were then, and during the two following centuries, commonly introduced intertwined with the ornamentation. The peculiar characteristics of this style are extreme intricacy of interlacing patterns; and the most extraordinary example of the skill of the manipulators of this school, which was of Irish origin, and practised in that country as early as the fifth century, is the "Book of Kells," so named from having been preserved in the Great Abbey Church of Kells, in the diocese of Meath, and is now in Trinity College, Dublin.

ALBERT WARREN.



ISABELLA AND THE POT OF BASIL.

(From the Picture by W. Holman Hunt, by permission of Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefevre.)

VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.—V.

By R. H. Soden-Smith, M.A., F.S.A., &c.

IT is not many years since a Spanish muleteer was traversing one night with his string of mules a rather wild track in the neighbourhood of Guarrazar not far from Toledo. The moon was bright, and the torrents of La Fuente de Guarrazar had recently been swollen, but had now shrunk low in their beds. Something glistening in the path of the moonbeam caught his eye, or that of a woman who rode one of his mules. They stopped; it was something of bright metal. They scraped the loose, washed-up soil away and disinterred a golden jewelled crown. This is no fairy legend, but a fact of our own day. They found a royal crown of gold and precious stones.

The effect on these rude peasants' minds of such a sight, at such a moment, must be left to the reader's imagination to realise. Their disinterred treasure, moreover, was not alone; a buried hoard of untold value, hastily hid away in some moment of peril and never recovered, had come to light after more than a thousand years of oblivion. Ten crowns, circlets of gold with pendants of precious stones, were ultimately exhumed, together with other objects. Another and most important one afterwards rewarded the sagacity of some patient searcher, who suspected that the torrent might have swept part of the golden spoil further down its bed.



VOTIVE CROWN OF KING RECESVINTHUS.
(A.D. 650—672.)

At first these precious relics were shared among the peasants of the district; a few objects were sold and melted at Toledo; but, happily, there was near the spot some one keen enough to suspect their importance. A Frenchman in the neighbourhood heard of the "find" and saw some of its produce; this, as may be supposed, whetted his curiosity; by degrees he obtained nearly all that had come to light—eight votive crowns—and these he carried to Paris, and offered them for sale at the Museum of Antiquities in the Hôtel Cluny, Paris. The director purchased them at once, and there they are now exhibited, chief among the treasures of that rich collection. They are rightly called "votive" crowns, that is, objects not for personal wear, but intended to be offered at a shrine and to be suspended near the altar. Their peculiar form would prove this, the circlets being of dimensions unsuited for wear—some too large, others too small in diameter, and having long pendants descending from them; some enriched with perforated precious stones, sapphires, amethysts, etc.; moreover, the votive inscription, presently to be mentioned, leaves no doubt about their original destination.

In all probability they had been so suspended as an offering at some shrine—a Christian sanctuary existed in the Visigothic period near the spot—and at some dangerous crisis had been carried away either by a spoiler, or more likely, from their perfect state of preservation, by one seeking to save them. Thus they may have been hidden rudely in haste and fear in the first remote spot that offered a chance of secure concealment, for in their placement there was no sign of the deliberate care and precaution against injury occasionally evinced in the discovery of treasure-trove, as, for example, in the wonderful find of antique Roman silver vessels exhumed a few years ago at Hildesheim, in Hanover.

Those who in the wild and rugged district of Guarrazar buried this treasure no doubt themselves perished, and their secret died with them. Thus the silent and forgotten grave of these kingly offerings seemed to have closed over them for ever, till some such cause as probably aided their entombment, the action of a mountain torrent, at length sufficed to disclose them, and they have come forth from their hiding-place, to be set up for the gaze, more curious than reverend, of tens of thousands.

The date of one of the crowns is fixed pretty

closely by its own evidence, and that of the others approximately. The largest and most elaborate has, happily for antiquaries, its pendants, which hang from the rim by gold chains, very perfect, and these consist of letters shaped in gold and inlaid with thin slices of garnet or garnet-coloured glass paste, a frequent ornament of Gothic goldsmith's work; these pendant letters form the words *Rescesvinthus Rex offeret*, showing that the crown was dedicated by King Rescisvintho. This monarch was a Gothic ruler of a portion of this region of Spain, and died in the year 672; thus the date of the work is pretty closely determined. The benefactions of Rescisvintho to churches were many, and



PENDANT LETTERS OF THE VOTIVE CROWN OF KING RESCESVINTHUS.

thus, wise in his generation, he is recorded by those who were the only chroniclers of the time, and accordingly held the key of history, as a prudent and enlightened ruler.

S. Ildefonso, or Alanso, abbot of Agaliense, in a suburb of Toledo, was afterwards archbishop of that city to the eighteenth year of King Rescisvintho, and it has been naturally enough conjectured that the offerings were presented to the church rendered venerable by his sanctity. The crown to which allusion has already been made as having been discovered subsequently to the others bears the name of another Gothic king, Swinthila, also of the seventh century. This and another crown with the name "Theodosius," a pendant cross, and some fragments of others, remained in their native land, and are at present deposited in the Royal Museum, Madrid. It would be hazardous to conclude that their vicissitudes are yet over.

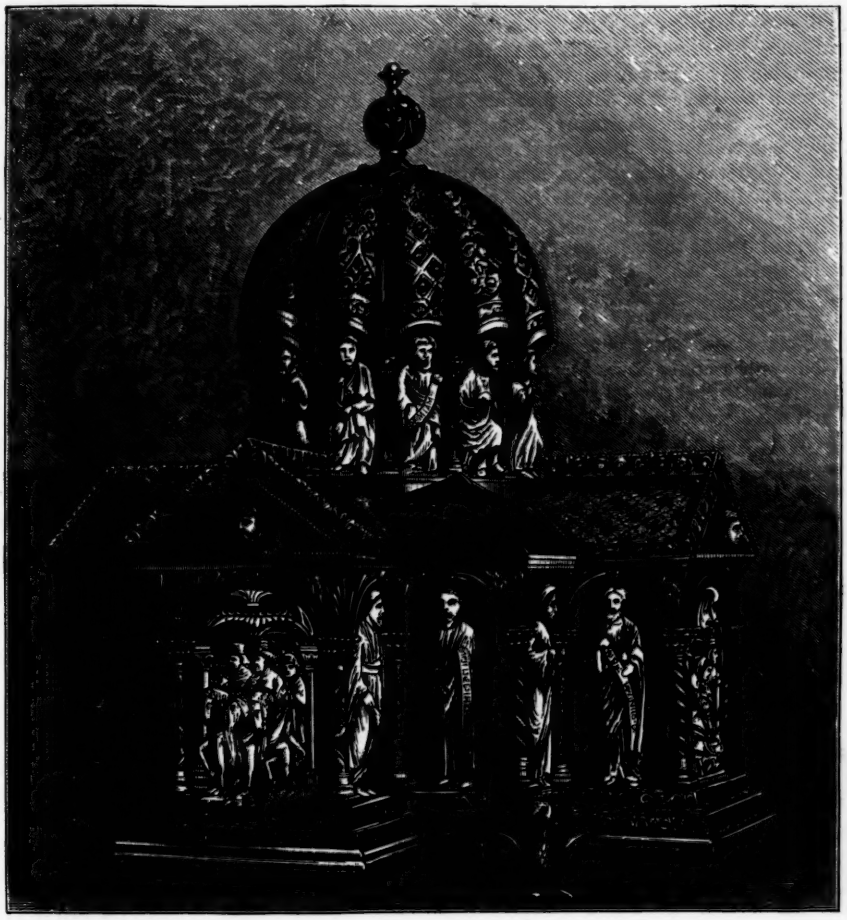
Among the most remarkable objects of its special class which have ever been acquired for the museum at South Kensington is the large reliquary which came from the celebrated collection of Prince Soltikoff. It was purchased for the sum of £2,142 at the dispersion in Paris, by public auction at that wonderful private museum. Dating from the eleventh century, it is a work sufficiently conspicuous and striking in appearance to fix the attention even of such as do not understand its art or its object, while it is a most interesting study to those who can appreciate the characteristic and effective workmanship of which it offers an instructive example.

The general design is that of a cupola-crowned church, cruciform in plan, with round-headed arches, and otherwise constructed in the Rhenish-Byzantine style. The lapse of seven hundred years has left it so uninjured that there was happily but little on which the expert restorer who repaired it when in Prince Soltikoff's possession could display his skill.

Some of the carved figures wrought in walrus ivory that originally filled up the niches in the lower portion, and had fallen or been removed from their positions, were unfortunately sold separately, and have now disappeared. These have been imitated, and here and there a piece of enamel inserted, but nothing of the original effect of the work has been marred or changed.

As an example of decorative art, it chiefly derives its effect from the enamels with which it is everywhere enriched. These are of the kind of encrusted work known, for want of an English expression, as *champ levé*—work in which the metal ground, usually copper, is hollowed out in compartments, with partitions to form the outlines of the design left standing. These hollows receive the variously coloured composition, which melts in the furnace like a very fusible glass, fills up the compartments and adheres well to the copper; the surface is afterwards ground smooth and the edges of the partitions gilded. All the enamel used in the present specimen and others of similar origin is opaque. From Limoges, the chief seat of the art in France, it was known as *opus Lemoviticum*, while on the Rhine another centre of art existed. Thence came the *opus smaltum Coloniense*—enamel-work of Cologne—which was justly celebrated, and the reliquary whose history we propose to relate is a fine example of its use. The monks of S. Pantaleon—many readers will

remember their ancient church as it still exists in the Rhenish city—were known for their skill in the production of such works in metal and enamel; the name of Frater Eilbertus, or Engelbertus Coloniensis, perhaps one of the Fratres Laici of that abbey, occurs on a portable altar of similar style and period to this reliquary; moreover, two remarkable works attributed to the Pantaleon workshop are still preserved in the Santa Maria Church at Cologne.



SHRINE OR RELIQUARY OF COPPER-GILT, ORNAMENTED WITH ENAMEL AND CARVED IVORY.

In the middle of the twelfth century the art of these laborious monks had attained great perfection, and about that date the present reliquary was made; another of the same general form but less elaborate exists, and now forms part of the treasure of the ancient church of Hildesheim, in Hanover, seeming to have escaped the hazards of that of which we write. Whatever valued memorials of saint or martyr our costly shrine was designed to contain have long since disappeared and their memory perished; the shrine itself has experienced strange vicissitudes; it has been shorn of its pious fame, and is at length wholly secularised.

The first home for which it was destined when coming in its original splendour from the Cologne workshop was the monastery, ancient even then in the twelfth century, of Hoch Elten, near Embricha, now Emmerich, on the Rhine. There it was doubtless shown on the high altar on occasion of the great church

festivals, or if not too large may have stood permanently on the beam behind. At all events, it remained in this custody undisturbed, as far as is known, for upwards of six hundred years, till at length the surge of the French Revolution swelled even to the height of the lonely Rhenish convent.

Republican soldiers, reared in the religion of pure reason, were apt to show a convenient disregard for old-fashioned notions of morality, and a profitable sacrilege was especially pleasant in their eyes; wherever their hated presence was felt, whether in Belgium, Germany, or later in Spain, they left infamous memories of robbery, and often of ignorant and wanton destruction. Here they hoped to possess themselves, besides other rich plunder, of the sacramental vessels; but the then abbess of the convent, the Countess Salm-Reifferscheid, hid these last at the risk of her life in the chimney of her house at Nieder Elten.

The reliquary not being composed of silver or gold, but only rich to some for the sake of the relics it enshrined, to others for the sake of the art more precious than gold or silver, of which it is a memorial, was probably disregarded by these practical robbers. It came into the possession of an old priest named Poel, of a religious house at Emmerich. He ultimately parted with it to a certain Jew at Anholt, who called it his *antique de cuivre*, but nevertheless knew how to make profit thereby, and sold it accordingly to Prince Florentin Salm-Salm for the sum of two hundred *écus de Prusse*. The prince bequeathed it to his son Prince Alfred, who parted with it for about £150 to a dealer in antiquities of Cologne named Schmitz.

The fame of this ancient treasure was now spread abroad, and had reached Prince Soltikoff, then the possessor of one of the finest collections of objects of art in Europe. Schmitz gladly parted with it to him at a great advance of price; and so much importance did the prince attach to its acquisition, that he did not confide its transmission to an agent, but came himself to Cologne to ensure its safety. And so from the city where it had been made some seven hundred years previously it again passed out, this time into the hands of strangers, no longer with pious reverence, and yet treasured, it may be, more than ever.

One more change awaited it. The Soltikoff collection was fated to be dispersed; it came, in dealer's phrase, "into the market"—£60,000 was offered by an Englishman for the whole, and refused. Accordingly at the Hôtel Drouot — the Christie's of Paris — day after day its treasures were disposed of; many of them were secured for this country—among others this famous shrine, whose home is now in the museum at South Kensington, conspicuous among many examples of the skill of the early workers in enamel, an art that may be deemed, if only it can escape the iconoclast, to be among the most enduring.

THE OUTER COLOURING OF HOUSES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the large amount of advice which, during the last five years, has been freely offered to the public about the character of the art which decorates their daily lives, there is a very prevalent indocility, intractability, and wilful private judgment on subjects which the best authorities long ago made matters of dogma. In spite of the many excellent codes of the laws of colour tabulated for the guidance of those who are by nature deficient in the necessary sense, wild things are being done inside and outside the houses of London, and this with a cheerfulness, a confidence, and a defiance which were certainly absent from the unenterprising days when our upholsterer fitted up our drawing-rooms and our builder painted our houses, in their own established manner, unquestioned by our unobservant eyes. It is strange and instructive to pause and consider how large a part of modern existence is composed of that inevitable and traditional ornament which is a *banalité*—a weariness and a dreariness, far more depressing than the frank uglinesses of utility. Let us glance at the details of an ordinary house—a house in which some builder has taken a certain pride—a house, we need hardly say, which is not æsthetic; from the cornice of the plaster ceiling to the blunt cast-iron work which decorates the ghastly black stove, the panelling of the doors, the turned legs of the dining-table, perfect in finish and vicious in design—nay, to every knob and every button, every handle and every rod, all is overwrought

with the intense commonplace of unnoticed inevitable ornament. We owe it all, or nearly all, to the Greeks, through the Renaissance. What the unintelligent reproduction of centuries has made of the lines of Doric and Ionian architecture and of the decorative scrolls of *dilettante* Italy may be seen in utmost bathos in the British fireplace. It is an utter impatience and fatigue at all such things that has caused the present movement in the direction of art; we are asking that our ornament may be largely reduced, and that such as we have shall be the result of some feeling, some vivid intention, and shall cause its proper interest and give its proper pleasure. We had drifted into the traditional use of debased forms and of bad colours from habitual inattention; the whole thing had been considered as belonging to the tradesman's province. When, however, personal and individual taste began to rule, it needed instruction; custom had softened for us all the bad things of long tradition, but those of reform were sure to shock and startle us—not because they were worse, but because they would naturally be noticed. Hence the desirability of a little teachableness on the part of the public which was taking so much into its own hands. Unfortunately, as we have said, there have been many handbooks but few disciples; where individual taste has chanced to be good—and the large amount of really excellent taste in England, especially in the particular of colour, is a matter for surprise, for no other country can show the like just now—the result is admirable; distinctive character expresses itself as it could not do by rule. But when taste fails, the disregard of rules produces results which are grievous indeed.

Our chief complaint just at present concerns the fashion of painting houses, introduced by one lady into the artistic and by another into the fashionable world. The painting of houses in oil-paint at all is a modern abomination, which is of course only tolerated by anybody with pretensions to taste because, while such houses are standing, there is no help for it. An aspiration towards the artistic unfortunately does not imply an unlimited store of this world's goods, otherwise many a porticoed quarter of London would be quickly levelled with the ground. By the many, things must be accepted as they are, and shiny houses, unpleasant in surface, unctuous, smooth, unlike anything else under the sun, must be endured as a penance for our fathers' æsthetic offences. Whether houses should be coloured in any way whatever—whether in oil or fresco or distemper—is a question; the Italians settled it in their own way, with their free and generous impulses towards beauty, by staining the stuccoes of their square stone palaces with dull red, warm rose, and yellow. Never with a cold colour, observe. Nature shows us to which *her* taste inclines—the warm tints or the cold—by having in her prism an unequal number of primary colours—three, and making two out of these warm; of her six secondaries, one is fiery hot, and can never be otherwise by any modification (while not one is invariably cold), and the others may be cooler or warmer according to their composition; and he is a wise colourist who takes this hint from nature. The Italian palaces, then, are (or were, for the change of late years is complete) tinted in mellow colours—the colours of sunshine and of sunset, and precisely the colours which time treats with felicitous effect, softening them until they look more like the traces of old sunshine than the deliberate work of man. In truth, we are inclined to doubt whether our taste could well spare that touch of time; a brand-new Genoese house, done in red and yellow, might seem a little violent. The stucco underlying this distemper painting has also a happy way of crumbling somewhat with age, so that unevenness of surface and breaks in the colour add to the charm of these time-worn tints. The contemporary Italian, however, being a creature wholly without the instinct of art, though having such perfect models before his eyes, paints his fantastic villas with a cold grey, a dark hot chocolate, and a terrible violet-blue by preference.

Would these hints from the South avail us here in London? There are three important differences between the circumstances of Italy and of our metropolis which make the question a doubtful one. These are, the climate proper, the local smoke, and the lamentable necessity for oil-paint. In the first place the effects of climate and smoke combined are such that whatever colour is put upon any surface in the open air must be from year to year renewed. There is no beauty in the touch of time when his finger is corrosive with damp and grimy with soot. The charms of time are therefore out of the question, and, as we have said, the effect of rose-colours and yellows without that charm is doubtful. Besides, even supposing that such hues could be preserved, which is impossible, their glow, under our dull skies, would not be suggestive of old sunshine. For us, then, this is a necessity—a colour which will look well when new; for we are condemned

to newness. We must also choose a colour which is adapted to the smooth characterless surface of oil-paint, and which will not depend upon the chances of broken stucco, upon the almost imperceptible lights and shadows of an old Italian wall, for its tone; to fulfil this requirement we must decide for a colour which is in itself mingled and full of tone.

It is easier to decide what is not, than what is, a fitting hue for the painting of London houses. A glance at what has already been done helps us as to what we should avoid. So far as we have observed, no kind of blue has been attempted; and this is well. Light blue is the shibboleth of colourists; and it is quite a fatal colour to put into the house-painter's hands. Artists who might otherwise be considered fair colourists have condemned themselves by the violet inclination of their blues, while a sweet and sunny tendency to green has in many cases revealed a true artist's eye and taste. But even supposing a good blue might be caught, this colour with all its varieties is out of place in house-painting. As already stated, the older Italians never used it, while the moderns employ a horrible tint in perfectly painful combination with the hue of the sky. And this is the principal reason why blue should be banished—it is sure to make discords with a clear sky, if not on one day on another. For the blue of the sky varies sensibly; sometimes it has a tinge of purple and yet preserves warmth, or rather increases in warmth by it—and this is one of nature's secrets, for all purplish-blue in pigment is cold; at other times it is mixed with an exquisite grey, even when free from cloud; in different conditions of the atmosphere, again, it is distinctly greenish; in others a simple primary blue; but *always* warm. Perhaps our artists, as a body, hardly realise that a blue sky—that great mass of the single cold colour in the prism—is so full of the golden light of day that without ceasing to be blue it is really warmer than the red and yellow of their paint-boxes. But badly as blue goes with a serene sky, it accords still worse with the commoner greys of London; therefore we dismiss it altogether. We also dismiss the heavy dark grey which has been used in several instances on both sides of the park, as a needless addition to the burden of existence in an age which asks itself whether life is worth living, for this colour is intolerably dismal. We must also condemn for the same reason the black which has been tried in the neighbourhood of Brompton; neither is the red of Herbert House, Belgrave Square, so largely imitated, precisely felicitous in effect. And yet it is to red that we must turn for the principal solution of our difficulty. How happy is the effect of the red-brick houses which are springing up in all directions, and promise to be soon numerous enough to leaven the mass of London mud-colour, all who have an artistic sense must feel. They warm up the very chills of a November sky, they form strong but pleasant contrast with the trees in summer, and combine really well with the greys and browns of winter boughs, pavements, and mud; there is no sky with which they can form discords; they suggest warmth and charming furniture within; and if uniform paint could give the same effect as the dull broken surface of brick, we should recommend that houses which are unfortunate enough to be dependent upon paint should imitate the tint, though of course not the appearance, of honest red brick. The colour in oil-paint must, however, be lighter, duller, less positive, and more mixed—the dire necessity of constant newness and the heavy unctuousness of surface being borne in mind. In no case and under no possible circumstances should a house be painted red without the relief of cream-white dressings to the doors and windows. The effect of a block of London houses coloured with the right red and the right white would be as excellent as is consistent with inartistic architecture; and if the inhabitants would once for all exchange every sash-window in the block for French casements, large or small paned, and have their doors painted a good dull dark green (composed of black and white and yellow *without any blue whatever*), with brass appointments, they would have dwellings as good as adverse circumstances allow. Another block might be painted in a warm creamy yellow, much toned down in the mixing by means of white and grey, yet decided enough to be relieved with warm white lintels. Next, an experiment might be tried with sage-green. Why should the colour which is so pleasant to live with in-doors not help to make our streets agreeable? Much taste, however, or, failing that, much docility under advice, is necessary in the choice of sage-green; for a good sage-green is at least a tertiary colour, and of course the more compound the tint, the more room for diversities. Following our rule, we would have no cold greens; the colour should at once be warm and greyish; as in the other cases, we would not use it in one mass, but break it slightly with cream-white lintels, and the doors should decidedly be black with brass appointments.

Beyond these three colours, the modified red, the yellow, and the sage-green, we have nothing to recommend. The curious stripes, the untoward combinations which have astonished, the ponderous dark reds which have oppressed, and the livid greys and blacks which have depressed us, are all badly chosen. It cannot be too often insisted on that there must not be too much private judgment and private caprice in the matter of coloured houses. If the fashion for external colouring is to become general, it will assume a character of civic interest. A householder may do what he likes with his drawing-room and his staircase; if the one is papered with glazed white and gold, and the other distempered with a ghastly blue and dadoed with chocolate, the offence is limited to the small circle of the friends of the house; but the exterior of his habitation forms a part of the scenery of the world, and he has no right to make (as a few eccentric private individuals have the power to make) the metropolis of his country ridiculous, nor to inflict discords upon sensitive eyes. Much liberty means much tyranny. Just as we are compelled to hear painful sounds, incorrect basses to popular airs, and music out of tune, so also are we forced to see sights which hurt us by their ugliness. These are things we cannot escape. Yet they cause us to the full as much petty annoyance as though a stranger should waylay us and force us to eat something with a revolting taste. It is only by this comparison that those who are callous in eye and ear can understand what the more sensitive endure. Again and finally, therefore, let us recommend a little humility, a little self-diffidence to all those (like the owners of painted houses) whose private tastes are matters of interest to the public. A. C. MEYNELL.

TREASURE-HOUSES OF ART.—VIII.

WILTON HOUSE (*continued*).

ON either side of the great picture of "The Pembroke Family Group" are two quarter-length portraits of Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta Maria, by Vandyck. The former, which is exceedingly fine, represents the king in armour, with full face to the spectator, his right hand grasping a baton, whilst his left rests upon his helmet, placed upon a table, whereon are his crown and sceptre. The monarch's face wears an expression sad, at the same time stern almost to obstinacy, and is solidly and finely executed. The Queen Henrietta Maria is also in standing posture, looking towards the spectator, her hands resting easily in each other across her body. She wears a yellow satin dress cut low at the neck, with lace sleeves and lace over the bosom, natural hair worn rather long and curled. Close at hand is a table, on which is the crown, and in the background a dark pillar and glimpse of sky.



FIREPLACE IN THE DOUBLE CUBE ROOM, WILTON.

Of the remaining portraits in this apartment, all, as previously stated, being by Vandyck, brief allusion may be made to two or three of those appearing to be the most interesting, and first we will notice a whole-length in standing posture of William, Earl of Pembroke, leaning with his left arm on a pedestal, and his right hanging down at his side; he wears a large frill and ribbon of the garter, and has a rather full face and pointed beard — red curtain background. This is the celebrated Lord Pembroke of whom Aubrey says, "He was of a most noble person and the glory of the court in the reigns of King James and King Charles." Chivalrous and a scholar, generous and open-handed, the earl was exceedingly popular, and held many posts by favour of the king—was a Knight of the Garter, Governor of Portsmouth, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household, and Warden of all the forests south of the Trent, and also of the Stannaries. The rather amusing little anecdote is related of this nobleman, that on one occasion when playing cards with Sir George Wharton, the latter showed so much bad temper that the earl, addressing him, said, "Sir George, I have loved you long, and desire still to do so; but

by your manner of playing you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore choosing to love you still, I will never play with you more." A determination, we believe, he adhered to, whilst quarrelsome Sir George Wharton was slain by Sir James Stuart in a duel the following year.

An attractive group, "The Three Children of Charles I.," is probably a replica by Vandyck's own hand of the picture in Her Majesty's collection. Another work of exceeding beauty is a whole-length of Penelope, daughter to Sir Robert Naunton, and first wife of Philip, fifth Earl of Pembroke; she is in white satin dress, with three-quarter view of both figure and face, left hand holding her dress, and right resting upon a table, dress cut low, and necklace of pearls, the face sweet in expression, and figure full of graceful dignity. Two other portrait pictures which should not be passed over are a whole-length in standing posture of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, wearing his sword, and dressed in black silk breeches and stockings, with large lace collar, ribbon of the garter, and long curling hair. The duke's armour is placed upon the ground at his side, and in the background are a pillar and landscape. Upon the other canvas are whole-length portraits of Lady Mary Herbert, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, and that curious character Mrs. Gibson, the dwarf. Lady Mary is standing with face in three-quarter view towards the spectator, and body nearly in profile, her costume being a blue satin dress lined with brown silk, necklace and ear-rings of pearls, left hand hanging at her side, whilst with her right she takes a pair of gloves held up to her upon a tray by Mrs. Gibson; pillar and dark background. The work is remarkable for fine colouring. Mrs. Gibson, the dwarf of about three feet high, married Richard Gibson the artist, who was also about her own height, and she died at the advanced age of ninety years in 1709.



THE LIBRARY WINDOW, WILTON.

Whilst the twelve busts arrayed round this noble apartment certainly tend to complete the general artistic effect, their authenticity as to the personages they purport to represent should in some instances be accepted with caution. The practice, which was so common in Rome, of taking away the heads of statues and busts, and replacing them with others, has certainly had the result of making more than questionable, *as portraits*, many of the works handed down to us, so that whilst some of the busts in this room are of admirable workmanship, it would appear wiser to consider them with regard to their value as works of art, rather than with any reference to the names they bear. One, however, of the finest of these, and one, moreover, carrying with it evidence of authenticity, is Cicero, the head being in black marble, and mantle and termini in marbles of various colours. Full of a keen and earnest intelligence, the face of the great orator is lighted up as if he were in the act of addressing an audience. A finely-sculptured head, bearing the name Horatius, is in porphyry, with drapery in coloured marble. Marcia, not if there be any truth in physiognomy, the cruel wife of Regulus, is a beautiful and refined looking female head, with hair wound round in a plait, tunic of alabaster, over which is a pallium in yellow marble; whilst the remainder are Horatius, white marble, with face looking down; Drusilla, partly restored, features of Greek character, coloured drapery; L. Cæsar, a fine head with drapery in marble of three colours; Julia Mamæa, daughter of Julia Mæsa, sister of Sœmias, mother of Heliogabalus, tunic of alabaster, and pallium yellow marble; Marcus Brutus, head in white marble, drapery alabaster and marble; Antinous, also white marble head, but variegated marble drapery, pedestal and column; Lucius Verus, drapery alabaster and marble; and to complete the list two others in Constantinus Magnus and Marcellus the Consul.

As regards the remainder of the pictures, if the collection was larger it might be desirable in referring to them to classify them according to the different schools—Italian, Spanish, German, Flemish, French, and British; but it may be more convenient in the present instance for those looking over these notes, or possibly visiting Wilton, to take the works in the order in which they present themselves in the different apartments. And here may be noted that what appears to be the un-

fortunate rule in most of our private collections, the having no catalogue of the works, applies also to Wilton—and it can scarcely be doubted, art-students and visitors to galleries are from this circumstance deprived of more than half the gratification they would experience if assisted by an ordinarily intelligent descriptive catalogue in place of the mere bald list of pictures handed to them in some of the different rooms. Owing much as we undoubtedly do to private collectors for the generous courtesy which permits an inspection of their art-treasures, the privilege is robbed greatly of its value from the fact above mentioned.

In the first room, called the ante-room, entered by the visitor, is a small, very highly finished cabinet portrait of De Witt, by the accomplished painter of elegant social life, Gasper Netscher. The pensioner, nearly in profile, is seated in an arm-chair, with right hand and arm across the body, and the left resting upon his knee, both face and figure being expressive of calm dignity, the colouring dark and unobtrusive; red curtain in background.

A group, the Virgin, Christ, St. Anna, and an angel, the infant Saviour with right arm round the neck of His mother, who is seated, and St. Anna in the background, is stated to be the work of Raphael, but it may be questioned if it be really by that great master. Here is a large and strikingly characteristic example of Spagnoletto in a life-size study of "Democritus." The philosopher, clad half in rags, with legs and feet partially bare, is seated, turning over the leaves of a large volume, and he looks towards the spectator with countenance wearing a singularly sarcastic half-smiling expression. The face is that of rather a youngish man, not ill-looking, with dark hair and beard, and the colouring of the work generally of a fine grey tone. Two battle-pieces by Borgognone, very spirited in drawing of both men and horses, are also suggestive of the artist's early military training. In one of them several horsemen, principally in armour, and armed with swords and pistols, are engaged fighting, a conspicuous figure being a mounted knight with red plume and sash, who is charging down upon a man on a grey horse, which is overturned in the *mêlée*. In the distance the tents and camp of one party of the combatants are seen. The other scene shows us a number of mounted officers near their commander, who, seated upon a grey horse standing on some rising ground, and sword in hand, watches his troops file before him on their way to the distant battle; in the immediate foreground two trumpeters in red coats, wearing plumed hats, one with his horse facing and the other with his back to the spectator, appear as if blowing their trumpets in competition with each other. Here also are a picture of the three children of Henry VII., Arthur Prince of Wales, Henry, about three years old (afterwards Henry VIII.), and Mary, who married the King of France, the work of the elder Holbein; a small oval of "A Man Smoking," in a red cap, with peasants playing cards in the background, a beautiful example of Teniers; and an "Old Man and some Children," by Francis van Hals.

In the next apartment, forming the south-east corner of the mansion, is a fine oval three-quarter portrait of Prince Rupert, which has been variously ascribed to Vandyck, Jansen, and Gerard Honthorst, and probably with more truth to the latter master. The prince is represented when quite a young man, with long naturally curling hair, face turned to the spectator, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat, large Vandyck collar, slashed doublet—the face placid in expression, and colouring sombre and grey. In this room many of the pictures are of necessity unfortunately in such a bad light as to be barely distinguishable, and of these are "A Dead Christ," said to have been painted by Michael Angelo for Henry II. of France, and given by him to Dian de Poictiers, whose monogram appears in many parts of the work. Near at hand, and labouring under a similar disadvantage as to light, is a little panel by Andrea Mantegna, "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," of which the visitor can just see sufficient to be able to say that it bears strong evidence of being by Mantegna, and deserves a far better position. A grand half-length portrait of Judge More (father of Sir T. More), by Holbein, pictures the judge holding a paper in his left hand, whilst his right is pointing towards the spectator. The face is thoughtful and intelligent in expression, and the costume, consisting of cloak deeply bordered with fur, red under-vest, and flat black cap, is characteristic.

The "Dusseldorf Gallery," an excellent interior with many objects of ornamental furniture, the work of old Franks, is so microscopically exact, that in the representations of pictures upon the walls even the style and colour of various masters may be traced. The ceiling of this apartment bears a grandly decorative design, "The Conversion of St. Paul," by Spagnoletto.

The succeeding, or, as it is designated, "Colonnade" room, is rich in examples of Sassoferrato, Annibale Carracci, Rubens, Rosa di Tivoli, and Dobson. To remark first upon the famous picture (which we engrave) by Rubens, a group of "Four Children," representing our Saviour, an angel, St. John, and a little girl. The angel is in the act of lifting a lamb towards St. John, who, placing his hand upon it, is discoursing with our Saviour as they are all sitting close together upon the ground. The little girl, representing perhaps symbolically the Christian Church, is holding the vine in front, and a garland of flowers of various kinds, splendidly painted by Mario da Fiori, surrounds the figure. Probably few would care to see a revival of those times when art found expression principally in pictures of the Virgin, or saints and martyrs, and yet it is impossible, when meeting with examples like the one we are referring to, not to feel greatly impressed by the earnestness and strong religious feeling of which they are evidently the outcome. "Soldiers Contending for our Saviour's Garment" is a most spirited example of Annibale Carracci, showing four soldiers, two



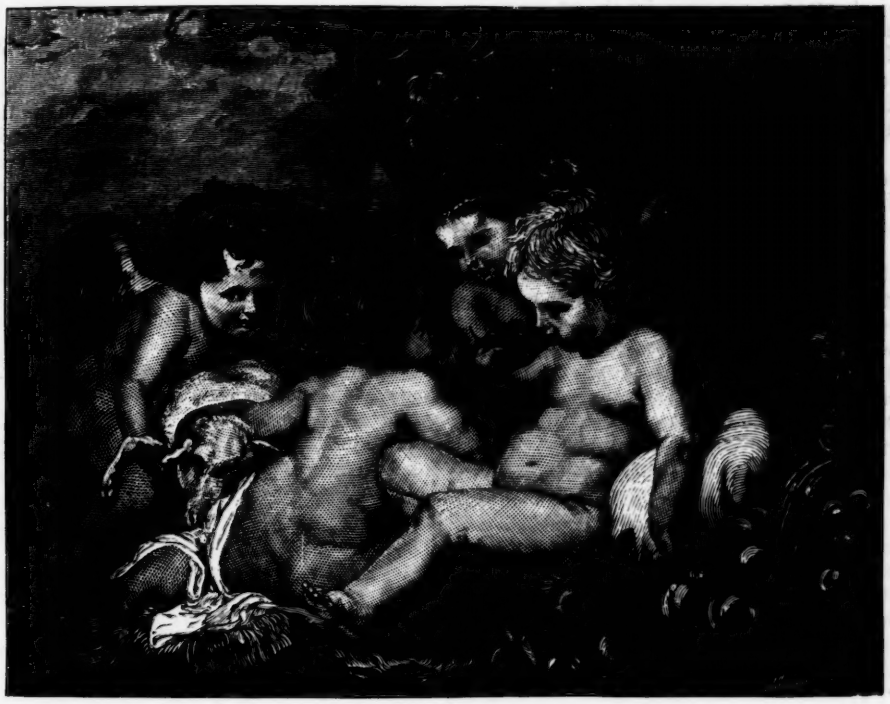
THE LIBRARY, WILTON.

with one hand, and with the other offers a bunch of grapes to our Saviour, who leans with his left arm on a pillow, whilst with his right hand he touches caressingly the face of St. John. In the right foreground is a quantity of melons, pears, plums, and other fruits. The work is, even for Rubens, sumptuous in the colouring, and the figures finely modelled.* Quite a gem in the pictorial decoration of this gallery is one of Sassoferrato's "Madonnas," full of deep feeling, sweet in expression, and finished with greatest care. Round the face, which is looking downwards, is some dark blue drapery, the hands clasped

* There is a duplicate of this picture in the country palace of the King of Bavaria at Schleisheim.

of them in armour, fighting for possession of the coat. The quarrel is a terribly suggestive one; the picture is in a fine state of preservation. Other works to be alluded to here are a noble-looking single female figure of "Ceres," holding a basket of corn, by Parmigiano, the picture having been given to Lord Peterborough by the Duke of Parma; a portrait of Titian, by himself, head and shoulders only, with face nearly in profile, grey beard, black cap, very dark background and effect generally; a pair of Vandervelde's in "A Gale" and "A Calm;" "Beheading of St. John," by Dobson, a torch-light effect with four figures—the executioner on the left with the Baptist's head in his hand, which the daughter of Herodias is about to

receive in a dish. Her mother is behind, and a boy with a torch in the foreground; colouring of parts a good deal faded. And lastly, "Charity," by Guido, a large picture of a woman with three children, one at the breast, another sleeping on the mother's lap, and a third, to whom the woman's face is turned, seated pointing to the child at the breast. This work, in which there are fine points, belonged to King Charles I., and was sold during the Civil Wars. The ceiling of this room is embellished with a light and graceful design of fruits, flowers, animals, and birds.



FOUR CHILDREN.
(*By Rubens.*)

In the "Great Ante-room," of fourteen pictures, three are by Vandyck, and a like number by Reynolds. Portraits of Elizabeth, Countess of Pembroke, and her son, George Augustus, eleventh earl, by the latter master. Her ladyship is seated, with her son standing at her side, the face of the little fellow singularly pleasing and childlike in expression; the colouring much faded. Vandyck, by himself, is a splendid portrait of the painter, equal, we think, to the one in the Uffizii. He is seated in an arm-chair, wearing a green velvet doublet open at the neck, with slashed sleeves, and has his face partially turned towards the spectator, his left hand on elbow of chair and right holding a paper, deep white cuffs, and plain dark background, the action of the figure simple, dignified, and easy. Here also are several most excellent portraits. "Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke," a three-quarter life-size in standing posture, fine in colour, and in admirable state of preservation, by Reynolds; "Charles, Duke of Marlborough," a half-length, in armour, face turned to the left, rather stern expression, grey hair cut close; "Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke," by Vandyck, and an exceptionally fine example of his work. The earl has his left hand on his hip, and right arm across the body, with hand holding his scarf, whilst he is looking towards the spectator; fair face, and naturally curling long hair. He wears a breast-plate, red costume, short coat and breeches, slashed sleeves over white satin, large pointed lace cuffs, and white muslin tie round the neck—dark brownish background.

Both face and figure are expressive of quiet grace, and the modelling of face and hands is excellent. In this apartment also is Van Leyden's well-known picture, "People at Cards," a group of nine persons round a table, on which are small piles of money. Van Leyden, as we are aware, was in the habit of dressing his figures in the costume of his time, regardless of what he was representing, so that his works are a record of manners and customs, and in this respect the subject we are noticing is singularly quaint and characteristic, the colouring being as fine and brilliant as when the picture was first executed.

In the single cube room, billiard-room, and library are portraits and sporting scenes on panels, by Lely, Vandyck, Wissing, Kneller, Dahl, and others, scarcely perhaps calling for any special comment, with exception of a grand whole-length in the library of "William, first Earl of Pembroke," by Holbein. The earl, wearing a ruff, is in black costume, holding a wand in his right and gloves in the left hand, has a dog at his side, and looks every inch the valiant soldier and high-minded gentleman history declares him to have been. This necessarily imperfect sketch of Wilton, with its collections of antiquities and pictures, the character of which can, within the limits of space at disposal, only be indicated by brief allusion to a few of the leading works, would be still more incomplete without a word or two of reference to the noble room in which this portrait of the first Earl of Pembroke hangs. The library, a large, lofty, oblong apartment facing the west, is *unique* in the perfect taste with which it is arranged; the oak panelled ceiling, appropriately coloured furniture, splendid collection of volumes, and wall-decoration of pictures suitable in subject to their surroundings, being delightful; as assuredly is the view westward from the great window and library terrace, from whence the eye dwells upon charming pleasure grounds, laid out in the Italian style from designs by a former Countess of Pembroke, until after traversing a lengthened vista, the scene is terminated by a porch designed by Hans Holbein. Under the bright influence of a summer's day—the tender scent of rare exotics pervading the apartment—of the lovely prospect from the open window, and the appropriately just and tasteful appointments of the interior, the visitor to the library at Wilton can scarcely fail to carry away with him a keen and lasting impression of pleasure.

In these few particulars concerning one of the many stately homes of our nobility, it may not be unfitting to say a word or two concerning the noble owners of Wilton, of whom in a long line, extending over many centuries, it is pleasant to be able to record that they have been distinguished as men of learning, as soldiers, or as politicians. William Herbert, first earl by creation, who enjoyed the favour of four successive sovereigns in Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, was related to King Henry, having married Anne, sister to Katharine Parr, and was appointed by the monarch one of the executors to his will.

The earl, dying in March, 1569, was interred with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. Henry, the succeeding earl, married Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, a celebrated beauty and otherwise famous character of her day, for whom her brother Sir Philip wrote his "Arcadia." She died at a great age in 1621, and her epitaph, erroneously attributed to Ben Jonson, is quaintly original enough to be worth repeating:—

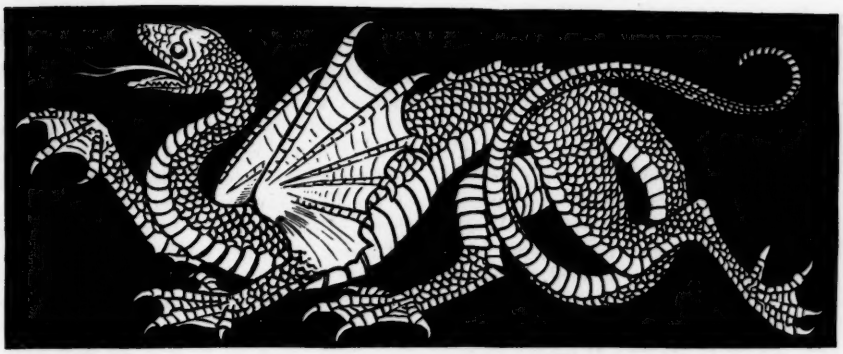
> "Underneath this sable herse,
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
> Death, ere thou hast slain another,
> Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Of the third earl, William, the leading personage of the courts of Kings James and Charles, and of those who followed him, it may be only necessary to observe that they appear to have been possessed of those qualities of heart and mind which caused them to be singled out by the sovereign for marks of the highest distinction, until even in the present day we have as a record at the War Office, Pall Mall, one of the few ornamental pieces of sculpture in the metropolis, the very fine statue by Foley of that great and good man, Lord Herbert of Lea, who, although he did not live to succeed to the earldom, played a conspicuous part in the ministry of which he was so eminent a member.

The present public-spirited owner of Wilton, the thirteenth earl, conscious apparently of the great boon the permission is to those desiring self-culture in art, generously opens his mansion one day in the week for inspection, when sculptures, paintings, and other priceless art-treasures may be freely examined and studied by all.

M. P. Jackson.

At page 220 of this volume the chimney-piece in the dining-room at Chatsworth was erroneously ascribed to Westmacott. It is the work of Sievier.



HERALDIC DRAGON.

DRAGONS.



THE dragon is, perhaps, the most venerable symbol employed in ornamental art. He is akin to the antediluvian monsters that modern science has put together for our edification. It is more than probable that he is a relic of the early serpent worship, which, according to Mr. Fergusson, is of such remote antiquity that the religion of the Jews was modern in comparison; the curse laid on the serpent being, in fact, levelled at the ancient superstition which the new religion was to supersede. However that may be, we find in all the ancient monuments of the East the ever-recurring serpent symbol, and it is from the East that he has crawled, by degrees, to the westernmost parts of the world. Everywhere, too, notwithstanding the multitudinous forms he has assumed, he retains something of the serpent about him, if no more than the scales with which his body is covered. In the mediæval devil, too, the tail reveals his descent.

Whether as an object of fear or of reverence, then, the serpent has been worshipped, perhaps, from the dawn of civilisation; and being worshipped, he has been represented in art, which was always religious, both in his simple snake form and many-headed, like the Nâga of Indian art and the Hydra of classic fable. By the time, however, that he had developed wings and claws, he may be taken, certainly, to symbolise the spirit of evil—a sort of devil, whom it was the glory of the heroes of mythology to conquer. Hercules, Apollo, and Jason were all dragon-slayers. Siegfried and our own St. George, and a host of other heroes, slew each his dragon, according to tradition; until, in mediæval times, a favourite heraldic device among the knights of Christendom was the dragon—emblem of their prowess, or that of their ancestors. As a Christian symbol the dragon represents the evil principle—St. Michael triumphs over sin: and here, of course, the dragon and the devil are one.

It is a remarkable fact that even where symbolism has predominated over art, the prevailing symbols in use have been those in themselves ornamental. Either their beauty has recommended them, or they have been gradually modified by successive artists till they assumed something like beautiful forms. One can scarcely help suspecting that the unmanageable symbols have been quietly allowed to drop out of use by the artists of all times, and so only the ornamentally available were allowed to survive to our day. Anyway, the lotus of Egypt, the cross of Christendom, the crescent of Islam, are alike in this, that they lend themselves kindly to ornament. And in like manner all the multitude of dragons, diverse as they are, reflecting the fears or the fancies of the most different races, agree in fulfilling certain decorative conditions that render them exceedingly useful in ornament. Even where no beauty of form or colour can be ascribed to

them, at least they add life and interest to ornament; and if they do no more than form a focus in the design, breaking the monotony of mere pattern-work, that is no slight service that they render to decoration. It is, of course, always possible to supply the place that a monster would occupy by some natural figure, but the real creature is not nearly so manageable as the imaginary one. Whatever liberties the designer may allow himself to take with the form of bird, beast, or fish, there is a limit to his licence. He may modify or even omit much that is contrary to his purpose, but he is scarcely at liberty to add a feature. He may curl the mane of his lion among the purely ornamental arabesques of the Cinque-cento always seem to me out of place. They suggest that the artist was not quite content with his art of ornament, and must needs relieve himself at intervals by indulging in a bit of naturalism. On the other hand, the grotesque and fanciful creatures that grow out of the Renaissance arabesques, or out of which these grow, seem to belong to the fanciful foliations of the scroll; they give variety and life, without disturbing the oneness of the decoration. If, then, the dragon has lingered in art long past the time when we have any faith in him, it will be seen that there is a reason for his prolonged existence.



JAPANESE STORM-DRAGON.

fancifully, develop his tongue and tail unduly, and display his claws in a manner for which there is little or no authority in nature; but if he add wings to him, or endow him with a plurality of tails, the beast becomes merged in the symbol, and obeys, like the dragon, the laws of art, not nature. The actual creature, whatever it may be, must be considered to some extent from the point of view of nature; but the monster leaves the artist free—neither form nor colour is prescribed, and decorative considerations may be allowed to determine both. This is an incalculable convenience in design, and enables the artist to arrive with certainty at the effect at which he aims. There is a kind of keeping, too, between the ideal creature and the ideal ornament. The natural birds and other living creatures that occur at intervals

In the East particularly the dragon has always been associated with the idea of sovereignty. It symbolises alike the supreme spirit of darkness and evil, and the ruling dynasty of the Celestial Empire. The representation of an eclipse by the figure of a dragon striding energetically among convenient clouds to swallow up the earthly ball is as familiar in Chinese and Japanese art as the Imperial dragon. However, the sacredness of the symbol has not restrained the artists from turning it to decorative account. Rather the reverse. Priestly or imperial patronage may have given occasion for the representation, but, once they had it in hand, the painters and sculptors looked at it, it may be supposed, very much from painters' and sculptors' point of view, and considered it chiefly as opportunity for colour, form, and fancy. In the

same way European artists since the Renaissance have usually been ready to accept commissions for religious paintings, so called, because the Church was a patron worth having. But they seldom entered very deeply into the spirit of the subjects they depicted. A "Pietà" gave scope for the display of anatomy; a "Marriage at Cana" for a feast of colour; a "Descent from the Cross" for flesh-painting and effects of light and shade; "Christ Blessing Little Children" for the indulgence in the most ignoble form of realism. A Madonna was almost, as a matter of course, the idealisation, if even that, of the artist's very earthly mistress. The artistic tendency of the painter, whatever it might be, has usually determined the treatment of the subject, because, though the patron may suggest the subject, the artist, when once he is engaged upon it, inevitably treats it from his artist's point of view. If, for example, the priestly point of view had been more to him, he would have become a priest instead of a painter.



DRAGON-CRESTED HELMET OF THE CINQUE-CENTO.

Symbolism has hardly interfered with the ornamental treatment of the imaginary creature. The seven-headed snake of the Hindu religion has his seven heads so ornamentally arranged that they suggest the honeysuckle ornament of the Greeks.* The Japanese storm-demon (page 376) is himself more or less ornamental, and the clouds from which he issues are curiously conventional; but they convey the idea of darkness most impressively, and the picture is, to me, more grand than grotesque.

Sphinx, chimera, griffin, and other monsters occur frequently in Greek art, still more frequently in Roman; and in what is known as Pompeian decoration the fabulous creatures form a marked feature.

Mohammedan art, of course, excluded the imaginary along with all natural creatures; but Eastern influence was not allowed to exclude the dragon from Byzantine sculpture, where it asserts itself in all manner of forms. It is in the Celtic ornament, however, the germs of which were probably derived from Byzantium, and in the kindred art of Scandinavia, that the most ingeniously elaborate monsters are to be found. The intricacy of the interlaced creatures which form the chief ornament of the ancient Irish crosses, and in the initial letters and borders of the earliest Irish manuscripts, is such as to lead one to infer that the artists must first of all have invented the interlacing patterns, and then have endowed them with the animal extremities which constitute their title to monstrosity. To have conceived the creatures all complete, and then to have tied them up together into those elaborate knots, would seem to be beyond the limits of human ingenuity; it is enough to unravel them. In connection with the serpentine character of Scandinavian ornament, it may be noted that the Northmen of old were fond of "dragon-prowed" vessels, and that the famous war-ship of King Olaf was called the "Long Serpent."

The mediæval sculptors, being but men, must have found it tedious, after a time, to repeat always the same symbolic trefoil, or the same conventional grape-vine. It is true that they managed to introduce wonderful variety into

* This is less apparent in the Nâga given on page 378 than is often the case.

their treatment of these well-worn themes; but still there was not in them scope for all that goes to make a man alive. What a safety-valve for the escape of his humanity must the gurgoyles and other grotesques have opened! He could put some passion into them—some humour, too. That vein of humour helps to hold together the poetry of Gothic architecture—helps to connect it with humanity. I must confess that the grinning gurgoyles and other grotesque monsters that overlook the parapets of Gothic buildings, the creatures half hidden among the foliage of ceiling bosses and under the seats of the choir-stalls in country churches and cathedrals, have a particular charm for me—the artist so *evidently enjoyed* that portion of his work; you feel that, while he was engaged on them, he was not merely a monk or a mason, not even merely an artist, but a man like yourself, who had in him life and energy, passions strong for good or evil, who could laugh and play the fool perhaps.



GOTHIC ORNAMENTAL DRAGON.

From the first the dragon was always a favourite device in heraldry. What more frequent than the dragon-crested helmet of romance? Readers of the "Idylls of the King" will remember "The Dragon of the great Pendragonship," and the helmet of Arthur,

> "To which for crest the golden dragon clung
> Of Britain."

The heraldic dragon conforms, after the manner of his kind, to decorative necessities. His business is to look full of energy and angry power. His jaws are wide; his claws are sharp; wings add to his speed and to his terrors; he is clothed with scaly and impenetrable armour, and he lashes his tail in fury; and all the while he is careful so to spread himself out, on shield or banner, that all his powers may be displayed. In his fiercest rage he is not forgetful of the fact that it is desirable that he should occupy ornamentally the space allotted to him.

In the days before the invention of the term "fine-art," when no distinction was made between one kind of painting or sculpture and another, the dragon was frequently introduced into pictures of sacred and legendary subjects, and it invariably formed an ornamental feature in the composition. The fight with the dragon was a very favourite theme. St. Michael and St. George were habitually represented triumphant over the evil thing; and, in like manner, the virtues trampled tranquilly each on her complementary vice, embodied in the form of some impossible creature. And if the rigid virtues were sometimes insipid, it must be allowed that the demons were usually grotesquely characteristic, and often delightful in colour. The grim humour of the mediæval Germans found its latest exponent in Albert Dürer, some of whose imaginary creations are very remarkable. They belong half to Gothic tradition, half to Renaissance influence, but yet they are wholly German and wholly Düreresque. The creatures of the Italian cinque-cento partook, for the most part, of the grace of the ornament of which they were a part, though occasionally there lurks among the beautiful and fanciful foliation a monster that is inexpressibly loathsome. Art might well dispense with such imaginings. If the fabled creature is to live in ornament (and why should it not?) let it be on the supposition that it is a thing of beauty. Character has its place in ornamental art too, and even in beauty. The inherent sameness that belongs to such a style of decoration as the Moresque more than counterbalances, in Western eyes, its absolute grace and perfection of distribution. It is a bulk too



INDIAN NÂGA.

perfect to appear perfectly beautiful to us; and we would welcome, now and then, among those faultless scrolls, any monster that would only disturb their too complete repose, even though he were ugly. Insipid he would not be. Compare Persian or Indian ornament with Alhambresque, and you will see that monsters in themselves even gross and ungraceful may do good service in design by relieving the monotony of a sweetness that would else soon sicken us. Certainly the graceful creatures begotten in all times of the artistic fancy more than justify their place in ornament.



A CHINESE DRAGON.

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE GIANTS AT THE GATES.

SHRINED in the very heart of Florence is the ancient Palace of the Signory, with its Moorish cortile, its machicolated battlements, and airy bell-tower rising flower-like on its slender column. For many centuries these walls have sheltered the rulers of the city. During the Republic, Ghibelline and Guelph alternately held sway here. Mediæval Gonfalonieri, with their train of Priors and Signory, gave way to the more despotic Ducal rule. In more modern

days the Italian Parliament was held there, and now it is merely a provincial municipality. And steadfast to their post, whatever may be the ruling power, the three colossi that guard the gates have stood firm and unchanging as rocks in a surging sea. Thus immutable through several stirring centuries, these giants, the David,* the Hercules, and the Neptune, have grown into the inmost heart of Florence, and become part of her story.

The piazza is like a house where death has left a vacant place, since the removal of the David from its post. Taken as mere statues, these colossi are only works which occupied a few years in the sculptors' lives, and a few pages in their memoirs, amongst many other works perhaps more important; but taken in a group, as signs of the times which produced them, they are a very significant trio. Scarcely fifty years elapsed between the commencement of the first and the completion of the last; but what a half-century of changes and revolutions it was! When the David came into being, Florence was a town of flourishing burghers, whose complaisance had recently been shaken into religious fervour or obstinate disbelief by the fermentation of Savonarola's enthusiasm and his opponents' rage. What more appropriate than that Michael Angelo, being called on for a great national work, should emblematise his city as a youth triumphing over a giant foe by the aid of divine power.

Thirty years later, when the Hercules was placed as a pendant to the David, the Medici were again in supreme power. A Medici Pope (Leo X.) gave the order to Bandinelli, and he could think of no more appropriate emblem of his city than Hercules, the man-hero triumphing in his own power—a tribute to the irresistible sway of the proud dukes. Later still, when the Medici power and magnificence had reached their height, Florence came out from the hands of Ammanati emblematised, not only by human strength, but by that of a god commanding even the elements.

Apart from these historical significations, it is also interesting to read in the two first statues the mind and character of the sculptors. Michael Angelo, greatest of artists, but still humble before the mighty grandeur of Art itself—often abandoning his works unfinished because he could not give them the divinity his soul had conceived—chose as a subject a youth inspired with the divine spirit, and trusting not at all in his own power. Bandinelli, on the contrary, arrogant and self-asserting, chose the man-god Hercules, whose power was in himself, and did not come from an inspiration of divine art. The Neptune not being the independent choice of the sculptor, but taken merely as appropriate to a fountain, is not, like the others, emblematic of its maker.

I propose, therefore, to follow these three giants into life, step by step, from the very marble quarries. The story of the David is, I am aware, an oft-told tale; but in that, as in the two less known works, the account given in the life of the artist is but a small part of the story of the statue, which enters into the biography of others besides its maker.

THE DAVID.

In the Middle Ages, from the time when the building of the cathedral began, an institution existed in Florence, called the "Opera del Duomo," or, as it may be anglicised, "Company of Works of the Cathedral." This company consisted of all the famous architects, artists, and men of skill of the time; in a large building on the Piazza del Duomo they had studios for the sculptors, carvers, and decorators engaged in the building of the church. They superintended the building, and were, besides, the great patrons of art in those days, most of the public works of art being the fruit of commissions given by them.

On April 16, 1463, we find the Opera giving a commission to a certain "Agostino di Antonio di Ducci," sculptor, to make a giant similar to one standing above the door of the Church of the Servi—"or better," as the original document says—and for this they proposed to give him 321 lire (the lira of that time was worth 84 centimes, or 8d.).*

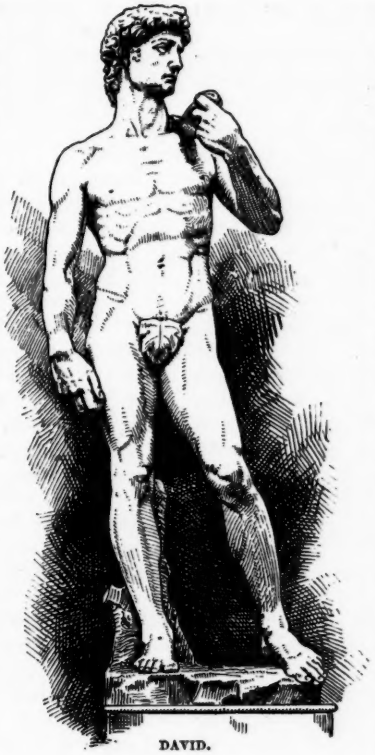
The books of the "House of Works of the Duomo" contain also an entry on the 23rd of November, the same year that "the giant made by Agostino di Ducci being finished in perfection, they paid him 265 lire, 13 denari, being the remainder of the sum due to him."

So pleased were they with this work, that in 1464, when a huge block of marble, of nine braccia long, had been excavated at Carrara, the Opera commissioned the same Agostino Ghucci, or Ducci, to make a figure "in the form of a giant, in the name and place of a prophet"—I give a literal translation of the old document—"to place on a sprone, or buttress, of the Duomo, as the Company of Works should choose, the which figure he has promised to make in

* The David, at least, has seen many changes; the other two were placed during the Ducal government.

* Stanziamenti dell' Opera, 1463. Gaye, ii. 466.

four pieces—that is to say, one piece the head and throat, two pieces the arms, and all the rest one piece."* This quaint commission is dated August 18, 1464. There is a question whether the "Arte della Lana" or the "Opera" gave the order, but however it was, the figure was never finished. The very Fates forbade the birth of a giant whose head and arms were to be patched on; and instead of poor Agostino earning 300 florins by making a better statue than the former, his bare expenses of 100 florins were paid to him, and he was excluded from being one of the workmen for the Duomo. The block he had nearly spoiled lay useless among the marbles in the great courtyard of the works, and nobody either made or marred it for nearly forty years. Vasari says Simone di Fiesole worked at it—indeed, he gives him the credit of spoiling it; but the documents we have mentioned prove without a doubt that Agostino was the culprit. It had once been offered to Donatello, but he, despising Agostino's inartistic chippings, refused the questionable honour.



DAVID.
(*By Michael Angelo.*)

In 1500 Andrea Contucci del Monte Sansovino, a sculptor who had studied with Michael Angelo in his boyish days in the Medici gardens, returned to Florence from Portugal, and seeing the giant stone, begged to have it. He would have pieced it out, and this the Opera objected to. Then Pier Soderini, the Gonfaloniere, offered to buy it to give to Leonardo da Vinci; and while all this was going on, Michael Angelo came upon the scene. The manner of his coming is a doubtful question. Vasari says that his friends wrote to him in Rome to tell him that the marble was going begging, and he who had long wished to obtain it came and made every effort to get the commission.†

Grimm tells the story another way. He writes that, on the request of Sansovino for the marble, the consuls of the Arte-Lana, not liking his scheme of piecing it out, wished to obtain Michael Angelo's opinion as to the possibility of his producing anything out of it himself.‡ He came, saw, and decided to conquer this stumbling-block. In the deformed giant he beheld the germs of the David which was afterwards to astonish the world. He had on hand a commission from Cardinal Piccolomini to execute fifteen small statues for a tomb in Siena Cathedral, but he gave up this profitable work on gaining the coveted order for the Florentine colossus. Here is the document, dated—"1501. 16 August." "The honourable (spectabiles) Company of the Wool Staplers (Artis Lanæ) being assembled, together with the Company of Works, in the audience chamber of said Opera, to deliberate on giving a work of sculpture which should reflect honour on the company, to a worthy master, herewith commission Michael Angelo Ludovico Buonarroti, Florentine citizen, to make and perfect a man called a giant, blocked out of a piece of marble nine braccia high [17¼ feet] existing in the said Opera, before commenced by Master Agostino [here the surname is illegible from the damp], and badly commenced; in the space of two years, from the proximate kalends of September, with the salary of six gold florins monthly; the House of Works to furnish workmen, a suitable and commodious place, woodwork, and all other necessaries. The said statue finished, they will meet to consult if it merits a further price, and this is to be left to their consciences." §

I do not know how far an artist of the present day would like to trust to the consciences of his patrons as to the price to be paid for his work, but the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the age of true art patronage, and sculptors worked for glory.

* Gaye, ii. 467.
† Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," vol. v., p. 240.
‡ Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," vol. i., p. 202.
§ Gaye's "Carteggia Inedita," vol. ii., p. 434.

and not for a means of livelihood. Michael Angelo made a small model in wax, of David with his sling in his hand, as an emblem of the government then reigning, that as David had conquered in the power of the Lord, and ruled his people justly, so the Signoria, having vanquished their tyrants, should continue to govern wisely. A studio was enclosed around the marble, with planks and masonry, and here, on Monday morning, September 13, 1501, he commenced to work in right earnest, although he had some days before given a few blows to the stone.*

Here, then, for five months the great master spent his days, hewing and hammering the mis-shapen block. With him sculpture meant really carving from the living rock, as its name implies, not the mere modelling in clay, which is misnamed sculpture in the present day. Michael Angelo had no set of mechanics to copy his model by rule, line, and a multitude of pegs, and then send it forth to the world as sculptured (*scolpito*) by his own hand. No! he worked in solitude, if that can be called solitude which is peopled by the spirits and thoughts of art and genius. He made no mechanical measurements and contrivances, but with his little wax model by his side, and the giant form in his soul, he day by day transferred that form to the marble. That he worked with his whole heart and soul we know. He attacked the marble with such fury and impetus that it seemed he would break it to pieces; one blow knocked off bits three or four fingers wide, but always true to the line; in a quarter of an hour he hewed off more pieces than the stoutest stone-cutter could do in an hour. While engaged on any great work, Michael Angelo lived a most moderate life, "taking only a frugal refreshment at the close of his day's work. He slept very little, frequently rising in the night because he could not rest, and resuming his labours with the chisel. For these occasions he had made himself a cap of pasteboard, in the centre of which he placed his candle, which thus gave him light without encumbering his hands. The candles were made of goat's tallow."†

In this way the time passed till February 28th, 1502, when, the work being half completed, Michael Angelo called together his patrons to judge of its merits, and they decreed to give him 400 florins in gold, the monthly salary, however, to be deducted.

After this the work went on more slowly; it was a time of great internal disturbance for Florence, the Medici again attempting to establish themselves, and Cæsar Borgia also scheming to become possessed of the city. However, by the beginning of the year 1504, the statue was almost completed, and an entry appears in the Archives of the Works of the Duomo, dated, "1504, January 25. To call a meeting of all the well-known artists and architects and men of note to take their opinions on the subject of a good site for it."

And certainly the king among sculptors could have had no more worthy judges than the illustrious group of notabilities—many of their names as immortal as his own—who met in the audience-chamber of the Works of the Duomo to do honour to Michael Angelo's "David."

They sat in the *atelier* with the youthful giant, hitherto shrouded from mortal gaze, exposed to view in their midst; and though many of them may have felt a natural envy in their hearts, none could find a word to say except in praise. There were Sansovino and Leonardo da Vinci, both of whom had tried to obtain the marble for themselves, and in the report of the meeting it is noticeable that the two spoke only very few words and were not warm in their admiration.

All the famous artists of the day grouped around. There were old Cosimo Roselli and his son Piero, Andrea della Robbia, Francesco Granacci, Michael Angelo's boyish friend and rival in the Medici Gardens, Pietro Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi, the great architects Giuliano and Antonio San Gallo, and many other men of standing in the city.

Michael Angelo had his own choice after all, and the David was placed at the gate, a giant guardian who has stood at his post steadfastly for three centuries and a half, to be deposed at last, when in 1873 the statue was removed to the Belle Arte.

A month or two now sufficed to finish the work, and on the 1st of April, 1504, Simone del Pollaiuolo was commissioned, in the presence of Michael Angelo, to conduct the marble statue to the palace before the 25th of the same month.

This arrangement does not seem to have been carried out, for on the 30th of April, 1504, is a very severe order from the Signoria to the "Worshipful Company of the Works of the Duomo, that Simone del Pollaiuolo, Antonio de San Gallo, Bartolomeo, carpenter, and Bernardo, architect, are deputed by the before mentioned 'magnificent' Signoria to conduct the giant

* "Archives and Deliberations of Opera, 1496 to 1507."
† Vasari, vol. v., p. 339.

which is in the House of Works to the loggia of the Signoria by the end of May."* A few days later the narrow streets of old Florence were filled with a busy crowd escorting the colossus to his abiding-place.

On the 14th of May, the wall of the *atelier* having been broken down around the door to allow of its exit, the statue, which weighed 18,000 lbs., was drawn into the open air. Grimm—quoting Parenti's MS. "Storia Fiorentina" probably—says the scaffolding was devised by Cronanca. Vasari, who in this case happens to agree with the document we have quoted above, gives the brothers San Gallo the credit of it. The statue hung free by means of ropes in a huge framework of wood; the frame was drawn slowly forward on oiled beams by means of pulleys, the united strength of forty men being required to move it. The first day's journey only accomplished a small part of the way, and it was left at nightfall alone in the unlighted streets. The successful artist must have had some envious rivals, for during the hours of darkness some stones were thrown at it. The second night a watch was set, but the rival's partisans were not to be balked of their demonstrations, and attacked the watch while trying to injure the statue. Eight of them were, however, apprehended and imprisoned.

On the 18th of May, 1504, it reached the Piazza at mid-day. The Judith of Donatello, which was thought to have a sinister effect on the fortunes of the city, was removed from its position on the Ringhiera of the palace, and the David took its vacant place. This, however, was not accomplished till the 8th of June.

How well we can imagine the scene on the Piazza as the noble form rose erect in the sunlight and took its stand as one of the household gods of the Florentines! From the day of its completion, the city reckoned her deliverance from three great enemies—the two Borgias, and Piero di Medici, who was drowned in disputing the passage of the river at the battle of Garigliano. The Florentines also attributed to its beneficent influence the conquest of Pisa, which took place shortly after. As a work of art, the David is well worthy its position as a good genius. Vasari affirms that "it surpasses all others, ancient or modern," and that "he who has seen this, therefore, need not care to see any production besides, whether of our own time or those preceding it." When one reflects how the artist's ideal must have been cramped by working it down to a spoiled material, the freedom and power of the David are surprising. So closely has he used the marble that the marks of the chisel of Agostino still in a measure mar the head and the back of the shepherd-warrior. He stands in his full grace of large-limbed youth, his powerful limbs forming a curious contrast to the fresh boyish expression of his face. Yet this contrast is a great triumph of art in adhering to nature.

Grimm, after comparing Michael Angelo's style, formed by a study of nature rather than of ancient art, says (vol. ii., p. 129) that "in some unexpected manner he is even more true to nature than the more perfect Greek masters. The Greeks had formed an ideal scale for physical representation, according to which, certain periods of life were taken as the centre of fixed epochs, and were adhered to by the artists. There is in boys at three or four years old a time of shooting up when they grow thin and slender. I never have found this produced by Greek sculptors. Such periods of development and growth occur again after the vigorous boyish age; this also they have passed over. And it is precisely this gaunt, long-limbed period of youth that Michael Angelo has shown in the David. . . . But going through the works of ancient art we find none that, as in the David, combines such a strong, almost thick head, with such a slim and even slender figure, and lastly with such large hands and feet. Nature permits such a combination of contradictions. This very union of awkwardness and agility distinguishes a certain age, and nothing could be more characteristic than Michael Angelo's David if he was, as the Bible describes him, at once a youth and a hero, a shepherd's boy, more dexterous than strong, like a horse which has not yet entirely lost the colt-like feeling in his limb."

Michael Angelo's fidelity to nature in contrast to the more eclectic style of Greek masters may be explained by the fact that the Greeks aimed at the perfection of beauty, and therefore would not portray the human figure at the stage of imperfection or of incompleted beauty. They delighted in perfect infancy, perfect childhood, and perfect manhood, but ignored that transition stage at which childhood's grace has vanished and manly strength is yet incomplete. Michael Angelo had such faith in Nature's grandeur that he has ventured to represent her faithfully even at an immature point.

LEADER SCOTT.

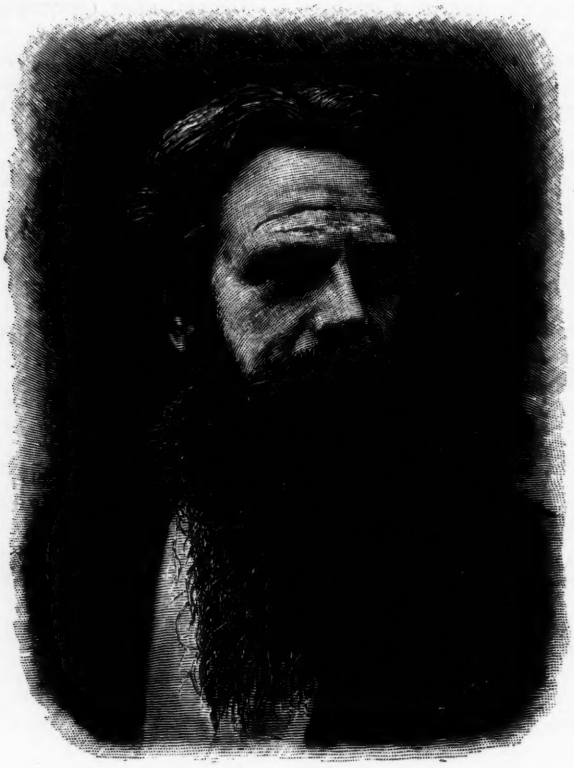
(To be continued.)

* Gaye's "Carteggia," vol. ii., p. 463.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

IN an admirable article, recently published, from the pen of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., the writer, in speaking of what is demanded from the true artist, declares most reasonably that William Holman Hunt may be held by the general public (and that is not to be discussed here), no cultivated person who has watched his professional career can doubt that he com-



Yours truly W. Holman Hunt

(*From a Photograph by J. G. Hemery, Regent Street.*)

he should throw his whole being into his work, and bring even a religious fervour to bear upon his belief that "he is practising a noble and beautiful art that is worthy of all his heart's love and devotion, to be thought of first when he rises in the morning, and last when he closes his eyes at night."

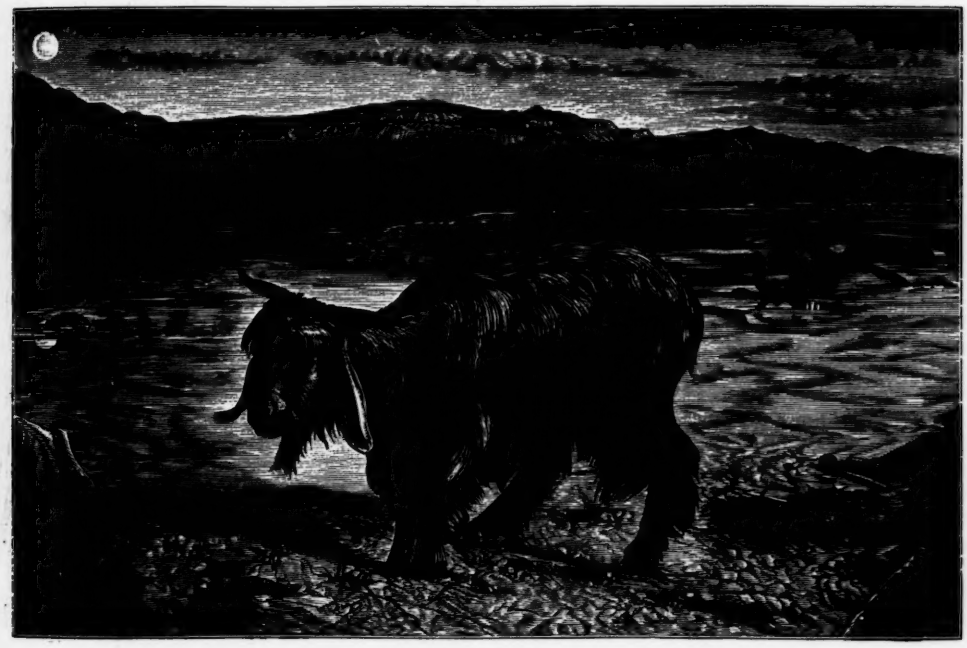
Now, in whatever estimation the works of

plies to the letter with this demand, still less can those who know him intimately question the fact. Absolute, entire, and most conscientious devotion to his art, as the one great leading purpose of his life, is the characteristic which must strike all who are acquainted with the man or his works. Had not his love for it been inborn, invincible, he could never have

triumphed over the obstacles to its pursuit which beset his early days. Moreover, had there not existed in him a sort of almost divine belief that it was his destiny to be a painter in spite of everything, we should hardly have found a nature so entirely tender and affectionate as his, persistently running counter to the earnest wishes and entreaties of a beloved parent.

In this brief space it would be impossible to follow the narrative of his young life in anything like that detail which its great interest demands; suffice it that, owing to his personal acquaintance with certain unfavourable specimens of the brethren of the brush, and being painfully impressed by an account of the dissolute life and career of George Morland, his father set himself in direct opposition to his son's pursuit of art as a profession. He too, in his early days, had some leaning that way, with, it is said, no mean executive ability, as still existing specimens of it testify. But this power having, as it would seem, been suppressed upon moral grounds by the elder Hunt himself when a young man, he had no scruple about demanding the same sacrifice from his son when the inherited taste began to develop itself. He was therefore destined for a commercial career, and at the early age of twelve and a half was taken from school, and placed in a merchant's office as the surest means of at once putting an end to those proclivities for drawing which were becoming all-engrossing, and which his father looked upon as likely to prove, if persisted in, so dangerous and destructive to the boy's future.

Fate, however, was on the side of the son, and by the strangest coincidence it turned out that the merchant with whom he was placed was himself an amateur artist, who, discovering young Hunt on one occasion occupying his leisure in drawing, actually encouraged him, and initiated him into the mysteries of oil-painting, by aid of materials stowed away in a cupboard of the boy's office, which had about it many elements of a studio.



THE SCAPEGOAT.

(By William Holman Hunt. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Son.)

Amongst the opportunities thus afforded him at every spare moment for carrying on his beloved pursuit in his little office, one occurred by which he practically distinguished himself. During his master's absence one morning, a certain old gentleman called, of whom, whilst he was waiting, Hunt made a striking pencil

sketch. This led to the identification of the man by the police as a begging-letter impostor long "wanted." The merchant thereupon made such strong representations to the elder Hunt, that he consented reluctantly to his son's giving up a commercial life, and trying to qualify himself for a studentship at the Royal Academy; but long before this could be accomplished the father repented, and again insisted that Holman should seek another situation in the City. The first the lad had found for himself, and now he obtained a second in the London agency office of a Manchester cotton house. He exerted himself to do this, because he hoped that from the subordinate routine nature of his work he might yet steal a little leisure to go on with his drawing, and because he knew that his father was endeavouring to find him a post in a firm where the business would be so active and pressing from morning till night, as to leave him no chance of any leisure moments. Unconscious of this, perhaps, pardonable purpose on Holman's part, the parent was contented, and made no further efforts to thrust the boy into the whirlpool of business which he feared so much.

As in his first situation, so now, strangely enough, in his second, fate smiled on the young enthusiast. As in the first he had chanced upon surroundings which gave him an insight into oil-painting, so now in his second he scraped acquaintance with the rudiments of water-colour, for considerable work was done in this agency office by designers of patterns for the Manchester cotton house, and we may be sure he did not neglect to avail himself of all the hints he could thus pick up. Again his occupation of copying letters, making entries, etc., was carried on in a sort of studio, and he had no difficulty, of course, in establishing by degrees a claim to use it as such at times for himself.

During a dull autumn season, when he was doing little more than minding the office, he persuaded a certain handsome old Jewess, a fruitseller at the street-corner, and well known in the neighbourhood, to sit to him. So successful was the portrait in oil which he made of her that, when it was seen, and the likeness as well as his talent recognised, he got many remunerative commissions for replicas of the picture from gentlemen who came to the house on business. They declared he ought to be an artist; and this encouragement, added to the fact that he had displayed no aptitude for commerce, as his master roundly told him, determined him to burn his boats, and, come what might, to strive to be a painter.

The circumstance of some young boy clerk having taken the portrait of Nanny the fruitseller oddly enough reached the ears of old Mr. Hunt, for he also was occupied in a large city warehouse. He said to his son, "Now, Holman, if you could do that sort of thing, and make some money by your brush as this youngster has done, I don't know that I should oppose your wish." But when he learned, as a sequence to this remark, who the youngster was, he immediately withdrew his half-granted consent, and, in spite of his surprise and inward gratification, still refused to allow his son to follow his bent. So the lad took his own course, broke with his father for a time, and though the struggle to live was hard, managed to keep his head above water, and to launch himself on his career as a painter.

Born in Wood Street, Cheapside, in 1827, he was at this time sixteen, and after some study at the British Museum, etc., was admitted in 1844 as a probationer, and in 1845 as a student, at the Royal Academy. As he did not regard the unbroken exhibition of his pictures as of much importance to his ultimate reputation as an artist, Holman Hunt's name, after its annual recurrence for eight years, appeared but very irregularly in the Royal Academy catalogues. Although he began to exhibit in 1846, it was not until 1852 that any very marked attention was given to his work, but the nature of it that year fanned the flame of the controversy about pre-Raphaelitism which had been kindled in 1850 by Millais' "Carpenter's Shop." Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd" stamped him as an uncompromising recruit of the "P.R.B.'s," as they were called, and albeit some notable leaders of the little band soon deserted, we may say, without meaning any joke, that he has stuck to their colours manfully ever since.

With his "Claudio and Isabella," and "Our English Coasts," in 1853, he not only maintained his ground as a powerful, minute, and accurate painter of that photographic detail which indiscriminately includes alike both the ugly and the beautiful within the field of a picture, and which in the eyes of the public constitutes pre-Raphaelitism, but in the former of these pictures displayed a mastery over human expression that was unmistakable, and that it is perhaps not too much to say he has never exceeded in any subsequent work.

A promise of his peculiar powers and tendencies had been given in 1851 by his "Valentine Rescuing Sylvia from Proteus;" but now there was complete fruition, and besides the easily effected sale of these later works, three of them

won him prizes of £50 and £60 at Liverpool and Birmingham.

In 1854 Mr. Ruskin took up the cudgels for him, and by a letter to the *Times* lifted "The Light of the World" from beneath the bushel of public indifference under which it was then burning at the Royal Academy. He pointed out, with the usual graphic and poetic fervour of his pen, the subtle depths of the divine meaning lying in the novel and startling symbolism employed by the painter; and from the undoubted hold upon the public which the picture thenceforth took, and has maintained, of both cultured and uncultured, dates the recognition of Holman Hunt as a great artist. The application by him of deep, if occult, meaning and high moral purpose to painting was farther shown that year in a modern subject, called "The Awakening Conscience," which likewise received its true interpretation from the pen of Mr. Ruskin.

Impelled by that strong sympathy for religious themes which his brush always manifests, Hunt after this betook himself to the East, and with the same enterprise and disregard of difficulties which he has ever displayed, commenced on the spot the study of the scenery and facts which make up the background and surroundings of Biblical history. The mysterious and weird region of the Dead Sea for the first time found a pictorial exponent, and with "The Scapegoat," standing on its salt-encrusted marshy marge (see page 385), we had the principal result of that visit to the Holy Land. The vivid if crude colour and rigid truthfulness which characterised the painting of microscopic detail on former canvases were equally exhibited here, and the great beauty of that portion of the landscape which consisted of the mountain-range of Moab under the gorgeous effect of an Eastern evening light compensated, even in the eyes of the stoutest opponents of the new school, for much that was unquestionably ugly and unsuccessful in the picture. The author of "Modern Painters" was again loud in his commendation of this work, and in his "Academy Notes" of 1856 glorified the artist, amongst other things, for the resolution which had enabled him to overcome the difficulties and dangers besetting the practical accomplishment of his purpose. Three minor works, "The Sphinx," "Jerusalem by Moonlight," and "A View looking towards the Mountains of Moab," were also the outcome of this journey.

One of the fruits of a second visit to the East was seen at the Royal Academy in 1861, in the "Lantern-maker's Courtship," a quaintly humorous exposition of a street scene in Cairo, where a young workman is manipulating the face of his betrothed over the veil, or *yashmak*, which hides from view all but her eyes.

A prolonged residence in Jerusalem resulted in the exhibition in Bond Street, also in 1861, of "The Finding of our Saviour in the Temple," which, in one word, is the grandest and perhaps the most justly celebrated of all our artist's works. But for the patriotism and cultivated judgment of a distinguished private collector (whose gallery it now adorns) this remarkable work would have found its way to America, and most certainly would have been lost for ever to the English world of art; for, once it reached their soil, our cousins would never have allowed it to return.

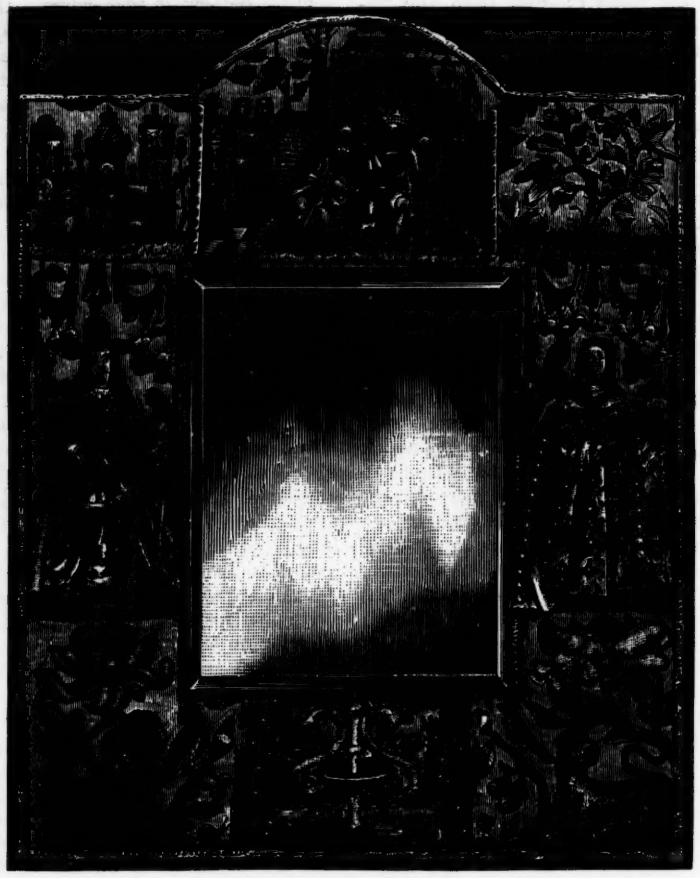
Other Eastern subjects, notable amongst them "The After-Glow," together with "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," the result of a lengthened stay in Italy and of earnest study of Florentine art, and some strangely wrought portraits, all distinguished by the painter's stern addiction to facts as he sees them, served, at very irregular intervals, to keep the name of Holman Hunt before the world till 1873. In this year there was exhibited in Bond Street another important evidence of the artist's unflinching adhesion to his principles, and again, without discussing whether they be right or wrong, it must be admitted that "The Shadow of Death" displayed them carried to a higher pitch of completeness than had ever before been seen. Detail could no farther go—it is impossible for colour to be more vivid, we had almost said violent, or expression and sentiment to be portrayed with greater strength, whilst the *technique* is allowed to have revealed a hitherto unattained mastery. However all this may be, it is seldom that the earnestness of heart and soul demanded by Mr. Watts from a painter is more conspicuous on canvas than that of Holman Hunt in all he touches with his brush. With his art ever paramount in his mind, he defies the dangers and discomforts of a continual residence in the land whence he draws his inspirations and his facts. The inroads of family sorrow, ill health, the assaults of the critics, and the "spurns of patient merit" are alike incapable of daunting his courageous spirit, or of turning him from the fidelity with which he follows out his views. Expediency has no lures for him: right for right's sake according to his lights is alone his guiding principle; and whether public opinion is with him or not, he pursues the even tenor of his way, upheld and made strong by the simple honesty of his intentions.

W. W. Fenn.

ART NEEDLEWORK.—III.

THE previous papers on this subject have touched on certain incidents connected with the history of the art, and of some establishments where it is now practised.

It is not difficult to rhapsodise about or to deplore in ample verbiage the present condition of art needlework, and to dwell on the points in which it is like and unlike its antecedent conditions. We may claim definite progress in certain directions, and may receive in return a flat denial of such progress. Whether in this case an influence at work is the love of the mystified for mystery, a jealousy of artists for their craft, or want of knowledge, it may not be possible to decide here. Two things, however, seem to come into prominence; and these are, a sort of contempt by many of the high-priests of the art, and the thoughtless admiration "Philistines" display at the yards on yards of art needlework with which London is dressing itself and draping its houses.



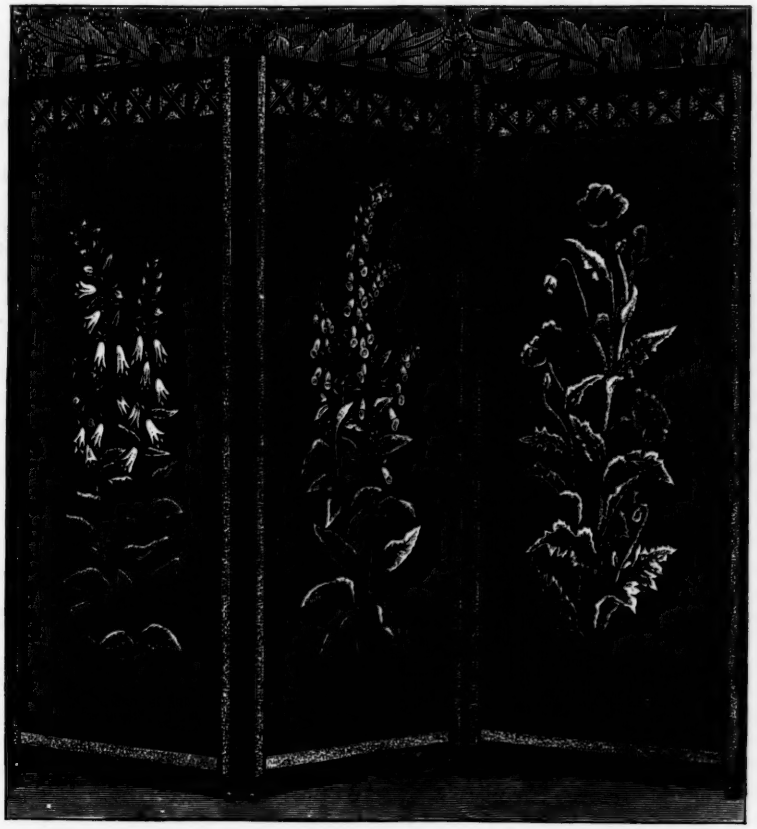
EMBROIDERED MIRROR.

(English, Seventeenth Century. The property of W. H. Dunn, Esq., Elcot Park.)

A day or so ago we were attracted by a "choice selection" of embroidered velvet cushions, which for a moment we imagined might be

> "Turkey cushions bossed with pearls,
> Valance of Venice gold, in needlework."

Irrespectively of the forms taken by the ornament and the hues of the colours, these embroideries were to all intents and purposes of admirable workmanship. The stitches were feather stitch and chain or tambour stitch. What undoubtedly palled upon us, as we turned over the "choicely selected" examples, was the want of variety in pattern. We had the same pattern done in greens and blues on crimson grounds, and in bronzes and golds on marine grounds, and so on *da capo*. The shopman replied to the question if they were hand-made, that they were French machine embroideries. Those who are prejudiced against machine-made things, and displeased at the close race which mechanism runs with handicraft — the comparison between the two being like that between train and coach, steamer and sailing vessel — would be aghast at expressions of admiration for these French novelties. But the supply-torrent of mechanical productions, increasing the number and the vaunted approximations to perfection, riots along, whirling into the great maelström of taste victims who never suspected themselves of having a taste. The more handicrafts may be revived and increased, the wider becomes the field for mechanical imitations of them.



EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

(*Royal School of Art Needlework.*)

It is generally rather unpleasant to be told that the results of work to which we believe we apply ourselves with sedulousness and serious intention are faulty, or bad, or indifferent. And yet how can one regard the machine embroideries above mentioned other than as pregnant commentaries upon the state of certain hand-made embroideries? If artistic needlework of that character, now so successfully imitated by machines, cannot be improved, the competition between hand and machine-made work may prove too

keen for the needleworker. If the needlework schools and societies, like all centres of labour, primarily aim at recouping themselves for labour expended, it is evidently necessary for them so to lead the current of mechanical imitation as not to be in danger of being overtaken by it. That their flights into loftier styles of art may in some way be subject to a restraint from the contortions of public taste is possibly a fact. In "Sartor Resartus" we read that "the first spiritual want of a barbarous man is decoration, as indeed we shall see among the barbarous classes in civilised countries." Here in England this "spiritual want" displaying itself under the guise of public taste, possibly, is the result of a certain simiousness rather than that "consciousness of emotion" to which Sir Frederick Leighton so aptly referred in his address in December last to the students of the Royal Academy.

Still, public taste, with all the cheapness of mechanism, etc., which panders to it and enlarges its area, must, we imagine, always require a tonic of hand-made artistic work. Those whose ideas of the fine arts originate from chromo-lithographs, ormolu clocks, machine-moulded furniture, and such-like very excellent articles in their way, generally seem to become more alert in propounding the merits of the fine arts, when they find themselves happy owners of a real piece of painting or modelling by, or after, some artist of familiar name. The inevitable spread of cheap art as a forerunner of better art is, we think, an incentive to the growth of that "consciousness of emotion" and sense of observation which underlie the development of artistic susceptibilities. Cheap art is obnoxious to the man of refinement, who is so sensitive that he cannot be patient under its infliction. Pure art, of which the subtlest beauties are but imperfectly felt by the initiated, is not duly cared for by the many. Bad art is bad, no doubt, but relatively bad. Fifty years ago many of our present so-called bad art-works would have been considerably esteemed. The question touching public taste and cheap art-works will probably find its solution in education. It is evidently not sufficient to remain contented with any phase of art, to worship and uphold it as an apotheosis, or to condemn it as an abomination. There seems to be a progress when machines produce works which hitherto had been thought capable of being made by the hand alone. If the hand-worker recognise this, he will feel that it is a kind of stimulant to him. And perhaps in such a case the position of hand-made art needlework, though curbed by public taste, is not imminently threatened by machine embroideries. Nevertheless the schools of embroidery have to ceaselessly strive to learn more and more about fine art works, and the beauty and perfection to be sought for in handicraft.



PORTION OF A BORDER OF LILIES.
(*Designed by H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.*)

But from this diversion we have been tempted to make we must return more immediately to art needlework. The illustrations which we have already given fairly show the styles of design used by modern English embroiderers. No quantity, however, of such engravings can serve to teach anything of precise value about the character of materials and stitchery employed. In the quality of workmanship an important value of a piece of embroidery is to be found. A bad design well wrought is good in its lesson of what deftness, patience, diligence, and care can do. But unfortunately this kind of lesson is sometimes too dull to arrest general attention; and with impatient turnings and twistings it is voted to be twaddle and a bore. Something pleasant is wanted, and it is in the raising of the standard of what is to be accepted as pleasant that so much continual thought and labour has to be expended.

We spoke in our first article of a number of works which we considered to be "aberrations." Those "aberrations," although admired and esteemed by persons of cultivation and knowledge, when judged by the light of modern notions of appropriateness in decorative treatment, are found to be, as a rule, of good workmanship, but unsuitable in design. A writer who has recently presented us with a view of the development, moral and material, of the country, thanks Mr. Ruskin and the schools of art needle-

work for what they have done towards raising the standard of popular taste. Characteristic of modern embroidery are those floral compositions which bedeck squares and oblongs of linen or towelling. They are of that species of design which Cowper tenderly belauds:

"For here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
Unfolds its blossom; birds and leaves and sprigs
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble fingers of the fair."

Now just think of a wild rose-bush, on a fresh sunny spring day, a wood-pigeon overhead in the boughs of the elm, a sparrow, perhaps, twittering in its flight over the bush, and what the purposes of this wild rose, in such circumstances and *apart from them*, are to please mankind. We are inspired to draw and paint a portrait of it; and it hangs up in our sanctum, where with modest pride we exhibit it to none but those who will speak kind words of our performance. But this is not sufficient; the remembrance of the wild rose stimulates us to use the object as an ornament. Then what happens? and what is our idea of ornament? Counterfeited down to its thorns and filmy petals, the wild rose is displayed in woolly crewels or fraying soft silks, upon a piece of linen. The linen is hung on the back of a chair, and with as much genuine acquiescence in the propriety of doing so as Mrs. Shandy would have accorded, we squeeze our backs into the embroidery, crumple linen, silks, wild rose, and are pachydermatously impervious to its thorns. For the future, bouquets of flowers, sprays of leaves, dank marsh rushes, wild ducks, storks, and other objects of the same kind, are the forms assumed for our votive offerings to Penelope. Thus we, who are artistic and able to make appropriate and orderly designs, claim everything as proper for our use, and adopt and adapt how we will. Jack and Gill fall down the hill in slight blue or red threads on dessert doyleys, and are bestrewed with orange-peel, nutshells, and crystallised fruits!



EMBROIDERY ON LINEN.

The modesty of simple patterns, enriching surfaces and not converting them into backgrounds of space, seems to be opposed to the present sentiment for embroidery. Almost every one desiring to possess embroidery, no matter for what purpose it may be intended, gives indications of preferring by choice as much in bulk of design, colour, workmanship, and material as is conceived to be a right return for money. It is not a question of right or wrong. Taste is taste, and although there occasionally seems to be a glimmer of some rays of principles to light up what are called errors of public taste, it is no sooner espied than at once discovered to be an adumbration of ignorance.

The middle course in the walks of fine-art needlework, like the philosopher's stone, has to be searched for; and our search can be helped if we intelligently make use of experience as it may come to us in the shape of works and writings, taking care to beware of too much relaxing or restraining, by which

"Right too rigid may be hardened into wrong,
Still for the strong too weak, for the weak too strong."

It has been pointed out to us that previous remarks upon various schools for promoting the art of embroidery were likely to lead to the misunderstanding that these institutions are connected one with another. This is not the case. The administration of each is distinct. If there be any tie of connection, it is to be found in the common cause which all the Art Needlework Schools have at heart.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA.

THE Annual Exhibition of Paintings on China at the galleries of Messrs. Howell and James, in Regent Street, has already become quite an institution, and all the world that pretends to be of the world—all at least of those who move with the stream of fashion—must sooner or later drift thither. The distinguished patronage under which this exhibition is held has, of course (and rightly), something to do with its attraction. A list of patrons which includes the names of a round dozen members of the Royal Family—the name of Her Gracious Majesty being, in fact, almost conspicuous by its absence—presupposes some higher intention than the mere shop-keeping motive in this undertaking, and it is not too much to expect of the promoters that, appreciating the distinction bestowed upon them, they do not lose sight of the object with which it is granted, viz., the encouragement of gentlewomen who desire to add to slender incomes by means of their own industry. Few of the Royal patrons are content to give only their names; they offer prizes and badges of various kinds; and the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz go to the full extent of patronage, and purchase the works which win the prizes given in their names, whilst the Queen lends her encouragement by purchasing that which gained the "Leopold prize." With few exceptions, the works displayed do not pretend to enter into competition with the great potteries of established reputation. Yet in one respect these exhibitions by "amateurs and ladies" not only oppose, but have opposed successfully, the older and maturer institutions, inasmuch as they have been the means of opening the eyes of the English public to the nature of china-painting, and of letting in light upon the "mysteries" of the craft. The older an institution, the more natural that it should be jealously conservative, and where it is at the same time a trading company, there are of course more obvious reasons still for keeping the secret of so valuable a source of revenue. It is not contended that the revolution of to-day is owing altogether to Messrs. Howell and James, but at all events their success marks very broadly the departure from old use; and without the energy and tact displayed in their promotion the movement could certainly not have been anything like so rapid as it has become. It is no exaggeration to say that seven or eight years ago the general public knew nothing at all of the process of china-painting. Until quite recently, too, even connoisseurs had the very dimmest notions about "ceramic colours," "under-glaze," and "enamel"—little more than darkness made visible; and retailers of all kinds of pottery charged what they pleased on the plea of the difficulties and risks with which they had to contend.



POPPIES AND TIGER LILIES.
(By Miss Charlotte H. Spiers.)

It is true that the difficulties are there, and the risks, and they are not to be made light of. It is true, also, that the price of china-paintings is not yet invariably moderate or even just; but the risks and difficulties have no right to be promoted to the office of *bogies*, and it is a considerable source of congratulation to the art-loving public that they should be brought into the light of day and recognised for what they are. Eventually the recognition must tend, we will not say to lower the price of china-painting, but to bring it to its legitimate level. Something might be said in favour of obstacles in the way of amateur art, barriers that would restrain the insincere, the half-hearted, and the presumptuous, and keep them out of the temple of art; but these are scarcely needed. Success in art is, after all, so difficult, and incompetence has a happy way of finding its own level.

One evidence of the amateurishness of the exhibitors is afforded by the general aim after mere prettiness. The decorative quality of china-painting is not sufficiently recognised, and over and over again much labour and ability is spent over work that in truth was not worth doing. In some cases it is obvious that the exhibitors were not aware of the difficulties they ran to meet. Naturalism is the aim of nearly every beginner in art, and it cannot be too strongly brought before the would-be china-painter, that if the idea of art at which he aims is realism, he chooses a most inadequate medium when he adopts china-painting. That art has many charms, and offers many facilities. But the one opportunity it does not afford even to the experienced china-painter is for naturalistic effects; and the kindest friends of the amateur are those who warn him against attempting what his masters cannot attain. There are among the exhibits at Regent Street a number of landscapes by Dominic Grenet which go as far as possible towards contradicting what is here said. They are charming little pictures on china, and show, perhaps, that there is some reason for the choice of china-painting as a medium rather than oil or water colour even for landscape effects, but it is for landscape art of Corot-like character—bits of nature seen under a light that never was. The works of G. Leonce justify their naturalistic direction less completely, but they are masterly and very beautiful. Some of the works exhibited by this artist would have deserved the very highest awards, but they were not entered, we understand, in competition. In a slighter manner M. Leonce's dessert-plates, showing newly-hatched chickens and goslings, tenderly yellow on the pure white porcelain ground, are charming in themselves, if not quite adapted to their purpose. By the way, the white ground is a stumbling-block in the way of lady amateurs. Their white grounds are, as



AUTUMN ANEMONES.
(By Miss Alice Argles.)

a rule, fatal to effect; they are almost as bad as the dirty brown grounds which some of them affect in imitation of pictorial art.

It would be, of course, impossible to attempt any detailed review of the works exhibited. We do not pretend in a single visit even fairly to have seen everything, but we may call attention to a few of the examples that seemed to us particularly worthy of notice. Most of them

are naturally to be found among the prize-winners. Taking these in numerical order, we noticed first (No. 1,465) a "Portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Turn and Taxis," by Madame Heine, a perfect piece of china-painting in the Dresden manner, and in its miniature way exceedingly pretty. A "Study in Green," by Miss Everett Green (No. 1,470), is a technical triumph for an amateur. It looks at first sight as if the spray of blossoms had been painted in white on a piece of blue-green glazed ware, so rich and juicy is the colour of the ground; yet it is simply painted in enamel on ordinary white porcelain. The artist has been fortunate in the excellent firing of the work, but the distinguished merit of *style* which characterises this example is all her own. This merit is so rare that it justly deserves the distinction awarded to it as "the best work by a lady amateur." It takes the prize presented by H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Germany. "Autumn Anemones," by Miss Alice Argles, has a merit of colour that is of course lost in our illustration (page 393). The effect of the pale rose-pink flowers on a delicate grey ground is very pleasant. The painting is a little black in the shading of the petals, and the composition is scarcely sufficiently *ingenious* for a decorative panel. There is space "to let" above the topmost flowers, and below, the leaves are rather crowded, and one of them is even cut off by the margin instead of being designed within it. We mention this, not because we think the panel unworthy of the prize given by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, but because the decorative idea seems to be so little grasped by amateurs. There seems to be a notion prevalent that it is an easy thing to do decorative work; yet nothing is less frequent than design that is truly decorative.



HORSE-CHESTNUT BRANCH.
(*By Miss Emily E. Loch.*)

The azalea panels by Mrs. Duncan (Nos. 1,483, 1,491), to which was awarded the "Princess Alice prize," conform much more to decorative conditions; and one of them, "White Azaleas," is also very delicate and refined in colour. "Autumn Leaves," by Miss Helen Wilkie, is another fair attempt at decorative arrangement by an amateur, and deserves the medal awarded to it. Two large circular flower plaques by Miss Lewis (Nos. 1,485 and 1,489) are deservedly prize-winners. A large head by Miss C. H. Spiers, entitled "Placida" (No. 1,486), is one of the most decorative compositions exhibited, and it is admirable in colour, but the drawing of the drapery is scarcely professional. Her "Poppies and Lilies" (No. 1,488), which we engrave (page 392), is an excellent example of flower-painting. The poppies are charming in colour. In our illustration the swallow seems to be rather out of scale with the flowers, but the effect is not so in the plaque itself. "Atalanta," by Percy Anderson (No. 1,490), is decorative and good in colour, and bold work too for an amateur. The "Horse-chestnut Branch," by Miss Loch, to which was awarded the prize presented by the proprietors of this Magazine, is much more delicate than it appears in our engraving. Its chief charm is in the colour, which of course cannot be rendered; as a composition it errs rather on the side of nakedness. The celadon ground is very pretty, but there is rather too much of it. The prize works of Mrs. Nesbit are among the very few that appear to be scarcely worthy of the distinction accorded to them. The portrait of the Hon. Mabel Hood,

by the Viscountess Hood (No. 1,494), is another example which we are enabled to illustrate. As a colour composition it is particularly good, the golden-yellow background being remarkably well managed. It gained the prize presented by H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. In "White Peonies" (No. 1,502) Miss Ada Hanbury succeeds in giving the charming delicacy of flower-petals without any loss of breadth, and most deservedly wins the prize presented by the Crown Princess of Germany. A prize is awarded to Miss Watt for "Primrosing" (No. 1,487), but her work No. 608 appears to us so far better that it is far more china-like. The landscape portion of the latter is very delicate in colour too, but the children should not have ventured into the foreground until their new pinafores were slightly soiled — they are too bright. Mr. Miller is another professional who well deserves a prize, but we should have awarded it to other examples of his work than No. 1,506. A terra-cotta plaque by Miss Butler, with peonies painted under-glaze on the natural red of the clay, deserves mention, and would, no doubt, have been recognised by the judges had it been sent in in time for competition.



THE HON. MABEL HOOD.
(By the Viscountess Hood.)

It is, we think, to be regretted that there is so little attempt on the part of ladies to produce anything beyond circular plaques or dishes. A successful plaque of the kind (and there were many such exhibited) may be well worth framing as a work of art, but such a work comes directly into competition with picture-painting, and the question arises, Why should they not have been painted in oil or water-colour? Certainly they are none the better for being circular in form. But what is to be said of such a painting that is *not* good enough to take rank as a picture? It is utterly unfit for anything else, and we are confident that in very many cases the time and talent bestowed upon it in vain would have sufficed, rightly directed, to produce useful ornamental work that would have had a distinct value of its own. It is refreshing in this exhibition to come upon a set of buttons, painted by Lady Dorothy Neville (No. 1,511), some of them very pretty, and all of them daintily painted. We feel, however, that the introduction of the red among the blue and white is not very happy. Miss Turner's "Finger-plates" (No. 1,512) are another marked exception to the rule of pictorial effort. They would take their place in the decoration of a room admirably. The colour is pleasant, without being too *attractive* for the purpose intended; they show true decorative instinct, and well merit their award. We wish we could say as much for the winner of the prize "for the best decoration of a dessert-plate and dish." If any justification were wanted for what has been said above concerning the general lack of feeling for decorative design displayed here (as elsewhere and everywhere), here it is.

In concluding our paper on this really admirable exhibition, which shows year by year such remarkable growth and vigour, we would suggest that any lovers of art for its own sake, and as applied to industry, who in future years would offer special prizes for decorative design, and for work applied to some useful purposes, would be rendering service not only to art, but to those servants of art who stand most in need of encouragement and help.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—IV.

SUMMARY perforce must be our review of the Royal Academy pictures that remain, for other exhibitions claim a notice too long deferred. In our last number we spoke a word in praise of Mr. Fahey's "I'm Going a Milking" and of Mrs. Perugini's "Multiplication," of which we now engrave sketches. Of Mr. Boughton's works this year, his "Evangeline," which has already been noticed and engraved, is, in our opinion, surpassed in beauty by that delicately glowing canvas "Our Village," a work gently touched with humour and point. A "gentleman of quality" is stopping in his ride to speak to a group of quaint and charming ladies in the red-brick street; hardly a casement within sight but is occupied by the more or less defined mob-cap of some observant female head. No sweeter bit of colour and of old-world life has ever been produced by Mr. Boughton's elegant pencil, which is moreover represented at the Academy by a third brilliant canvas, "The Music Lesson," and at the Grosvenor Gallery by a "Sketch of a Meet of Cub-Hounds," and by a composition in which quaintness is carried to an archaic point, "*Omnia Vincit Amor:*" here a youth of rather too tender years is playing and singing in a wood to a little girl of very low degree indeed, who receives the homage with a rather savage expression. Mr. Mark Fisher is another Transatlantic artist of acknowledged and well-merited eminence. His pictures are, perhaps, a little too limited in subject and effect; to the eye of a painter there may be infinite differences between one group of cattle in a grey light among orchard trees and another group in a grey light among the trees of a meadow, but the picture-lover of even more than ordinary intelligence will be apt to consider such a subject repeated many times somewhat monotonous. The quality of Mr. Fisher's work is always excellent, thoroughly artistic and singularly complete. Mr. Minor is an American landscape-painter of considerable power, whose training has been pursued in the schools of Paris, Belgium, and Bavaria; his work at the Grosvenor consists of an after-sunset scene of great beauty and harmony of effect, while three other canvases are hung (rather unkindly high in at least one instance) at Burlington House. Mr. Magrath, though he comes with an American reputation, is claimed by Ireland; his four pictures are all at the Academy, and show considerable versatility and invariable power and promise. "In the Green Fields of Erin" is a grave study which reminds us of the feeling of Jules Breton, while "Cabin Comfort" is an Irish interior, the execution of which is completed with Dutch fidelity, and in a finely harmonious key of colouring: a solitary old Celt stands before his hearth enjoying the consolation of a well-earned pipe; his figure, as usual with Mr. Magrath, is strongly drawn. Mr. Bridgman, who is, we believe, indisputably an American, exhibits "Sanctuary in the Sahara," well composed, like all the work of this thoroughly-trained artist, and a "Portrait of a Child."



"I'M GOING A MILKING."
(*By G. H. Fahey.*)

Gallery No. 4 contains a somewhat striking work by Mr. John D. Watson, who illustrates a passage of "Tristram Shandy" which—whether it be that it needs its context, or for some other reason—is curiously indefined and obscure. The principal figure (that of Corporal Trim) is well studied in its effects of light and shadow, though somewhat stagey in pose; he stands by a coffin, laying upon it the sword and scabbard of his master; the action of the bent figures of the mourners who are passing out at the door is excellent. Mr. Orchardson's "Young Housewife" is painted in the very extreme of his brilliant style; the figure is clad in and surrounded by creamy and pearly tints, all shadow being resolutely ignored, so that the brightness should not be broken until the eye is arrested by a telling stroke of decorative black hair. This is not precisely nature, though it is very effective and ornamental art. For good painting of a quiet and finished kind, and for richness of colour, we must commend Miss Mary Backhouse's "Eleanore;" and for a charming refinement of feeling and manner, Mr. Alfred Williams's "Calm Evening Hour." The most conspicuous canvases in the fifth gallery are the two battle-pieces, both dealing with the victories of Marlborough, and curiously like each other in scale and in general treatment. Mr. Crofts has chosen the close of the day of Ramillies; he places his hero in the decline of the "light of battle," surrounded by his staff, and by the wrecks that tell of a carnage great for those days, but three times multiplied in the fields of 1866 and 1870. Mr. Crofts always composes well; if he fails anywhere, it is in dramatic truth and strength of expression. Mr. Woodville has perhaps more natural impulse. His Marlborough is in the act of giving the order for the great and decisive cavalry charge, which, at about five o'clock on the evening of Blenheim, decided the fortune of the field. There is a little lack of movement in the lines of horse, which is not due to any lack of spirit in the artist, but rather to the chances of the composition; several of the individual actions are very good.



SHELTER.

(*By Arthur Hopkins.*)

The landscapes of this room contain among their number Mr. Colin Hunter's "Silver of the Sea," a quietly brilliant and most effective study, in which the artist's execution is a

little more dashing than is altogether pleasant. Specially beautiful, however, is the quality of his greys in sky and water. If Mr. Colin Hunter is to be numbered with the Scotch school, it must be understood that he has a class to himself, for in his work there is nothing of the positive literal reading of nature which distinguishes that of his compatriots; he is indeed far more impressionary than is common with British artists of whatever latitude.



MULTIPLICATION.
(*By Mrs. Perugini.*)

The feeling which moves the spectator of this beautiful picture is a hope that its author may never be beguiled into what Mr. Ruskin, too sternly, calls "vulgar dexterity." "Littlehampton," by Mr. Charles W. Wyllie, and "Edge of the Marsh," by Mr. W. J. Slater, are clever landscapes. "Amour ou Patrie" and "Shelter" are sketched herewith, the one being the most dramatic of Mr. Marcus Stone's contributions to the Academy this year, and the other a charming picture by Mr. Arthur Hopkins. Mr. Stone's story speaks for itself; his Royalist and Republican lovers are parting in one of those garden scenes which the artist has made so peculiarly his own; the feeling of the group is full of a touching kind of elegance which is very pleasant. Mr. Pettie, whose picture of "His Grace" is also the subject of one of our little engravings, paints in a manner the brilliancy of which seems to increase every year. In respect of subjects he is the most picturesque of artists, his taste inclining so decidedly to the more heroic past that we hardly recognise his hand in the modern portrait-group of Mrs. Dominick Gregg and her children. A black and white reproduction can never do Mr. Pettie any justice, for perhaps his greatest strength lies in his high, radiant, and massive tints—a scheme of colour which is so far from garish that its brightness is not realised until its "killing" effect upon all neighbouring canvases is noted. Another of our sketches (p. 399) this month is of a picture in the Grosvenor, and to that gallery we will now turn our attention, to revert to the remaining rooms of the Academy in a concluding article. Mr. Clausen has won the admiration of artists and critics for some years by his peculiarly intelligent work. Whether in the honest study of open-air lighting or in that of figures or interiors, he has always painted with an uncommon freshness and vigour. No exception to his habit is "La Pensée," the French title of which is justified by a decided French character in the treatment. Our space being limited, we must confine ourselves chiefly to the consideration of those works which are a specialty of the Grosvenor and not to be seen elsewhere. Mr. W. B. Richmond, the Slade Professor, for instance, though the son of an Academician, and therefore brought up in Academic surroundings, is altogether a seceder



HIS GRACE.
(*By John Pettie, R.A.*)

to the Bond Street exhibition. His work, allowing for a little extra development under the influences of the time, is extraordinarily



AMOUR OU PATRIE.
(By Marcus Stone.)

like that of his father in his best days—intelligent and showing talent of a very sound though definitely limited kind. His excellent portraits of Mr. Holman Hunt and of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley are indisputably his best productions this year, the former having qualities of really fine art. Of the same artist's great processional piece, "The Song of Miriam," it can only be said that it is a conscientious and meritorious rather than an interesting picture. It is exhibited in an unfinished state. Mr. Burne Jones is, this year, entirely unemotional. He has eschewed every kind of subject in his picture, confining himself to a winding processional composition of female figures descending the "Golden Stairs." The whites and greys and pale yellow tints are pleasing, and the group has, it need scarcely be said, a great deal of attractive feminine poetry about it, but the heads of the women have been too evidently studied from the same model (real or ideal). Mr. Burne Jones is too devoted and loving a student of the great early Italian masters not to know that this is a fault into which they never fell. Each of them might reproduce a favourite face again and again, legitimately enough, in different pictures; but—and this is true in a special and most admirable degree of the great Florentines—the various heads in one composition were each and all vitally individual and distinct. Mr. Walter Crane exhibits a large number of "bits" of Italy, altogether exquisite in feeling, character, and execution. We have a right to complain that an artist capable of work of this peculiar and delicate quality should make himself responsible for such a production as "Truth and the Traveller"—a picture about which there can only be one opinion, and of which it is pleasantest to say least. Sir Coutts Lindsay's work is this season more than ever one of the legitimate attractions of his own gallery, and Lady Lindsay's flower-studies are evidences of very real artistic skill.

No exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery has ever been without its special feature, a revival,



LA PENSÉE.
(By G. Clausen.)

an importation, a novelty or quasi-novelty, something which shall arouse more than the usual interest felt by the public in pictures which they know almost by heart before the exhibitions are open. This year the works of

M. Bastien Lepage fulfil this office. He is the first of the extreme realists with whose pictures London has had the opportunity of making acquaintance. As might well have been expected, the English, who, however much they may have been misunderstood in the matter, care little for realism, and love sentiment above all, have not proved enthusiastic over M. Lepage's cleverness, and more than cleverness—his extraordinary truthfulness. His principal picture, "Les Foins," represents a hayfield in France under the noonday sun. The labourer is stretched in ungraceful sleep with his hat over his eyes, while the woman who has just shared his *déjeûner* sits with her legs straight out before her, her vacant broad face looking out in an abstraction which has no thought in it, but merely the passive dreaming of an animal. She is excessively repulsive and life-size. The truth of such a picture is somewhat too conscious of itself; and the artist might assuredly, without falsifying real life, have let us off with a comelier and more intelligent specimen of French peasantry. A careful stiff study of an ungainly young *bourgeoise* arrayed in a white dress for her first communion, and a brilliant profile sketch of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt (strikingly opposed feminine types—the addition of the above-mentioned peasant making them into a significant trio), hung below the principal picture, exemplify the artist's curious faculty of altering his own manner with the character of his subject. Mr. P. R. Morris has never done more charming work—notwithstanding his far more ambitious picture at the Royal Academy—than in his passage of sailor life, "Cradled in his Calling." Some fisherfolk, men and women, are carrying a little child swung in one of their nets across a cliff-meadow. The group is exquisitely graceful in composition, and the blue colour — excessive at the first glance—is lost when the spectator enters, as it were, into the atmosphere.



FROM THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

(By Marcus Stone, A.R.A. By permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic.")

From that attractive Graphic Gallery which has been one of the characteristic features of the artistic season now drawing to a close we publish the first of our intended succession of engravings of the ideal Beauties. Mr. Marcus Stone's type is a very charming one. The face, otherwise perfectly regular, gains in character by the slight difference which the artist has marked in the lines of the eyebrows. The expression is thoughtful and refined, and the figure eminently graceful.

THE FOUNTAIN, KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
(*Designed and Executed by H. H. Armstead, R.A.*)

ON SOME PICTORIAL ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SECULAR ARCHITECTURE.—V.

EVERY impartial observer must, I think, admit that our national architecture, both ecclesiastical and secular, has made vast strides during the present century. The great church-building movement has covered the land with monuments of Christian worship—evidences of the zeal and piety of the community; and one has only to call to mind for a moment examples from amongst the crowd of town-halls, club-houses, banks, merchants' offices, warehouses, and private residences for the wealthier classes, erected within the memory of even a young man, to appreciate the advance which has been made in recent years in the art of architecture.

If Dr. Johnson could now take a walk down his beloved Fleet Street, and pursue the excursion Citywards, with what wonder would he regard the stately buildings which would everywhere meet his astonished view! The narrowest streets and lanes of the metropolis, to say nothing of its great thoroughfares, reveal examples in unfailing abundance of buildings reared at the touch of that commerce which has enriched the country "beyond the dreams of avarice." Palaces, indeed, which rival in costly grace those of Venice in her high and palmy days,

> "When th' exhaustless East poured treasures in her lap,
> And of her feast monarchs partook and deemed their dignity increased."

Nor is this remarkable activity in the rearing of stately buildings confined to the metropolis alone. It has reached the remotest corners of the kingdom, and is seen alike in the town-halls and business premises of Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford, and in the cathedrals, built or building, of Edinburgh and Truro. Every known style, European and Asiatic, finds a representative in this throng of buildings, and the whole world has been laid under tribute to provide the choicest and costliest materials for their construction.

It was not, of course, to be expected that all this amazing amount of building should be of equal merit. Designed as it has necessarily been by various hands, and adapted to more or less utilitarian ends—prescribed within troublesome limits by Acts of Parliament for the general safety, by the restrictions of local custom and regulations, and by the exactions of business in its many forms—the fancy of the modern architect works within a narrower range than that of the builders of old. And if a too critical mind finds in all some shortcomings, a something below the highest standard of ancient work, even such a one will admit that the effort has been prolonged and earnest, and the purpose high; that the average of excellence attained is at least encouraging.

It would appear invidious to attempt to single out special instances of success or failure for praise or blame, and in this fact lies, to some extent, the difficulty of an adequate treatment of the subject. But in spite of a failure here and there, it will probably be admitted that our modern public buildings compare favourably at the present day, take them all in all, with those of any other period or country; that, in fact, from Cheapside to Cannon Street, and from Cannon Street to New Cheapside, and so on to the many buildings rising over the length and breadth of the land at the present moment, the progress has been real and steady.

And there is one characteristic in the buildings to which allusion has been made that is almost universally present. It is evident in all that their designers have striven to give to their works as much of the picturesque or pictorial element as the occasion justified, and sometimes, perhaps, more. It is, indeed, remarkable, upon a closer view, what an amount of variety and picturesqueness they have contrived to throw into the treatment of many most unpromising subjects, such as rows of houses flush with a line of street, and admitting no projections for the play of light and shade; or business premises given up, every inch of them, to the demands of trade pursued with

a keenness which over-rides all opposing considerations.

Nothing but the persistent and pronounced art-instincts of our architects could have so triumphed over the deadening influences to which they have been, in many cases, subjected, and it is a matter of sincere congratulation that the unparalleled increase of wealth which has given rise to so much building has been coincident with the development of an architectural school which placed the claims of the picturesque before it as amongst the first to be considered.

Let us suppose for a moment that this building movement had come upon us when the "pure Greek" mania was at its height; that all our banks, and museums, and churches, and private houses had been Parthenons and Erechtheums, and all our railway entrances like that lonely exotic at Euston Square, which cost ever so many thousands of pounds, "and will not shelter a single cab." Should we not have learnt, when too late, to regard the ancient Greeks—as Dickens's school-boy looked upon them—as our personal enemies?

We run no risk now of having our towns reduced to a common level of gloom and ugliness, their narrow and tortuous streets and gaunt tottering houses giving place to the depressing respectability of Tyburnia; purchasing all our sanitary advantages at the expense of everything that is gratifying to the eye and elevating to the mind. Rather than that, one might be tempted to cry out, "Perish your sanitary science and all your fine improvements! and give us again our dear old streets with their broken skylines, and quaint surprises, their naïve imagery, their freaks of light and shade, and spots of lovely colour. A short life and a pleasant for us." But we know on good authority that it is not necessary to burn down a house to roast a pig, nor is it necessary to have unhealthy houses in order that they may be works of art. This the architects of the present day have abundantly proved. The best artists build the best houses in every sense; and those houses which are "full of dead men's bones" have *not* fair outsides.

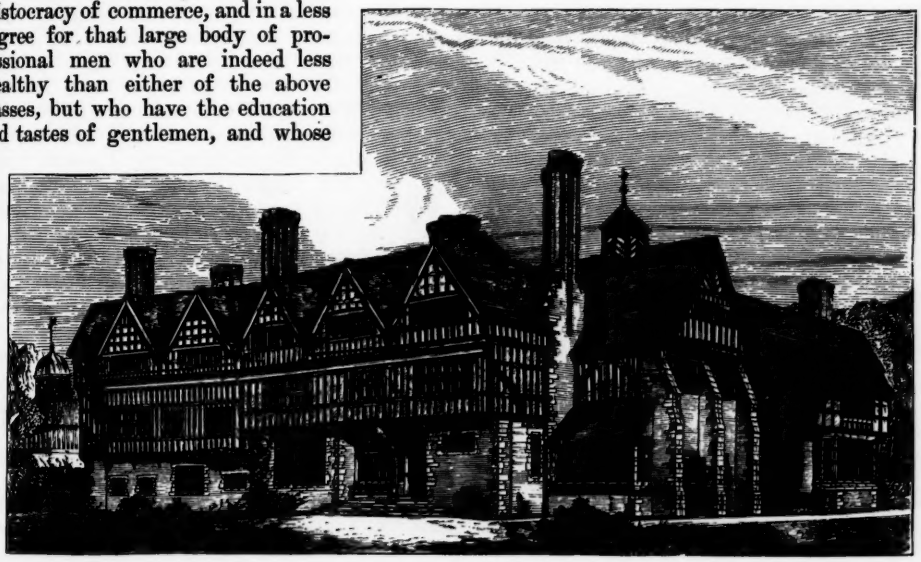


LONGFIELD, EAST SHEEN, SURREY.

To some there would appear to be just ground for fear that the lively fancy of our modern

architects will run away with them, and that the more advanced of our Queen-Anne-ists will turn out more elaborately and immoderately grotesque than the Elizabethans themselves, and so lead to a reaction of Puritan simplicity. But the national temperament will quickly supply a corrective to any such undue exuberance, and we may be pretty safe not to err on the side of over-inventiveness.

The branch of secular architecture which offers the greatest field for the exercise of the ingenuity and fancy of the architect is that of domestic buildings for the wealthier classes, for the landed aristocracy, and for the aristocracy of commerce, and in a less degree for that large body of professional men who are indeed less wealthy than either of the above classes, but who have the education and tastes of gentlemen, and whose modes of life, if less luxurious, are not less elegant than those of the noble or the merchant prince. These have been amongst the first to encourage artistic building; to aid the architect to get out of the merely utilitarian rut so fatal to all art, and yet further to help him by their English love of moderation in personal display and their rooted aversion to all offensive ostentation.



PIERREPOINT, SURREY.

The picturesque side of English architecture thus finds its freest development in the English gentleman's house, and some successful house-building on a sumptuous, nay, palatial scale can, I suppose, be called to mind by most persons. Many architects of our own day have addressed themselves almost exclusively to the study of this phase of the art, and the works of Barry, Burns, Wyatt, Kerr, and others not less distinguished, will never want admirers of their great and numerous excellences. None of these architects have, however, specially distinguished themselves on the pictorial side of the art, although they have by no means ignored or altogether neglected it. But the older classical training left its mark upon all their works, and there is apparent in them all a predominant effort to be reposeful and dignified, and a corresponding shrinking from anything savouring of eccentricity.

The planning and arrangements of a gentleman's residence—the perfect division of the family from the servants—the various skilful devices by which the inmates may secure at once perfect privacy and ready service, so that a whole regiment of servants may be "never in the way and never out of the way"—are all, or nearly all, the work of the school of architects above named; and in matters such as these the younger men of the present day stand, so to speak, upon the shoulders of their predecessors.

But upon the scientific exactness of the perfectly arranged house the present men have grafted the piquancy and charm of the mediæval plan—its homeliness, cosiness, and all its pleasant, cheerful nooks and surprises of quaint detail.

As it is in the better class of domestic buildings that the pictorial bias of our

prevailing architecture is best exhibited, I will confine what remarks I have to make to the houses which we owe to this school of comparatively young men, who are old enough to have worked their way through the Gothic revival at its best, who have mastered its principles and caught its spirit, and who have yet, coming to its study at a later time than the first enthusiastic explorers of mediæval art, kept their minds unprejudiced and open to the influence of what is good in all other styles, and notably to that of our own eminently pictorial English Renaissance.

The object of this school of architects is to take up the English house where it was left in the sixteenth century, and develop it in lines it would probably have taken if the intervention of the classical craze had not arrested its growth and crushed all the life out of it.



RESIDENCE OF MR. F. GOODALL, R.A., HARROW WEALD.

Their aim is to combine an exact compliance with the demands of modern living with the charm of an artistic composition and treatment in mass, outline, and the minutest detail. No men are so ready to adopt all genuine modern improvements in every particular of construction, but they expect to be allowed to treat them in an artistic spirit, and endeavour to take them up and beautify them as they conceive their ancestors of the sixteenth century would have done had they had the same opportunity. In order to illustrate this paper at all it is necessary that I should select some examples from the best works of the day, and without wishing for a moment to suggest that such work has only one source, I have obtained permission from one of the most accomplished masters of the prevailing manner to reproduce as types of the houses alluded to one or two of his incomparable drawings of executed works. I have also had the vanity to head this paper with a slight sketch of a small house of my own; not for comparison with the more costly and magnificent work of Mr. Norman Shaw, but to show that size and cost have very little to do with the matter, and that the simplest material and most economical construction are compatible with a due regard for artistic treatment.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to give plans of the buildings here illustrated, although in their well-studied arrangement they are themselves pictures to those who can read them, and illustrate as completely as the exterior views the present condition of domestic architecture. But to confine myself to the pictorial qualities of the exterior of these buildings, I would direct especial attention to the accompanying sketch of Pierrepoint House, Surrey, and to "Wispers," near Midhurst, by the same hand, where a site of unexampled beauty and advantage has been turned, by the genius of the architect, to splendid account, with a result as charming as it is unique.

We feel, in looking at this house, that the *spirit* of the builders of a bygone age is amongst us again. This is no mere resurrection of dry bones—a galvanised corpse, as some attempts have been not inaptly dubbed. Every part of the fabric is evidently fulfilling its special function in the most perfect manner, and though nothing is anywhere sacrificed to parsimony, nothing is added from wantonness. The eye wanders from point to point in a never-ceasing round of pleasure, and the composition is at the same time as reposeful and dignified as it is piquant and effective. In "Wispers" the brickwork of the grand chimney-shaft on the right is blended with its stonework substructure; the colours melting and fusing into one another in a manner which proclaims at once the feeling of a true artist. Its author has, I am told, built more artists' houses than any other living architect—and no wonder! 'Tis not alone his Academy dignity, and the opportunities of "business" this must no doubt bring: it must be, and no doubt is, the fact,

that these superb houses of his designing are in harmony with the poetry in the artist's soul, and that they appeal to the appreciation of the true artist by their possession in an eminent degree of those estimable and unhappily but too often unattainable qualities, beauty and fitness.

There needs, to my mind, no better evidence of the *vitality* of our art at the present day than these houses of Mr. Shaw, and those of the younger men who study his every line, and who will some day, one may hope, perpetuate his rare skill. I believe that his works—like those of the good man—will be held in everlasting remembrance, and that whether or not they shall have disappeared by the time the New Zealand artist arrives (although I see no reason why "Cragside" and "Adcote" should not last at least as long as St. Paul's), the students of the twentieth and succeeding centuries will find in these works that harvest for their sketch-books which the works of the Elizabethan age supply for ours.

"If you praise him so, I shall think you are some kin to him," says the Countess in "Twelfth-Night." So I will not dwell longer on these particular works than to call attention to the other sketches here given from the same hand, and point out the evidence they give that "Wispers" was not an accident—an architectural "happy thought"—only, but that the author is as versatile as he is successful.

There is another architect, long associated with Mr. Shaw, whose works are of the same type and of equal, some say of even superior excellence, but who is so reticent and modest, that so far from reproducing any of his designs, I dare not even "name his name." I have no doubt, however, that fame will be revenged on him, and that many of my readers will be able to supply the blank, while for my part I can only regret my inability to adorn my paper with sketches of his exquisite works. I could cite the works of many other architects—Collcutt, Webb, Bodley, and others—but this paper has reached its prescribed limit. I wish at parting to impress upon my readers wherein the real hope of architectural progress lies. Not in transcripts of the dead forms of antiquity; they have had their day and served their purpose. The needs of the present day are beyond them, and must be met by living work. Not, as some reviewers would have us believe, in the meaningless and inconsequent jumble of style and no style, in which the British workman would expatiate if left to himself. Blind leaders of the blind are they! That theory, so pompously promulgated, has suffered an unexpected collapse; for, forgetful of the cry of old, "Oh! that my enemy would write a book," the workmen have built themselves a hall, designed and built by workmen for workmen—and they have by it, and the reviewer's approval thereof, given to his theory the *coup de grâce*. Nor is much good to be expected from the casual interference of amateurs and *dilettanti*, lecture they never so wisely. Where a Ruskin has failed—and in architecture his failure is now, I suppose, universally admitted—who can hope to succeed? We can and must rely upon the exercise of a trained intelligence, grounded in a thorough knowledge of the achievements of old time and the principles which informed them—guided by common



"EAST, WEST, HAME'S BEST."

sense—impelled by an eager and single love of art—and vivified by an artistic instinct. That we have in Mr. Shaw at least one such mind working actively in our midst I have, I think, already shown, and there are others treading closely upon his heels. The progress made by the school of architects above adverted to has been already considerable, and the promise is still greater.

In every considerable town in the kingdom our streets are putting off the dreary monotony of colourless stucco, and are assuming the cheerful glow of ruddy brick and terra-cotta. Improved design has gone hand in hand with improved construction and the encouragement and development of many subsidiary arts. In the prudent but earnest furtherance of the movement lies the hope of our again having a worthy national architecture. E. INGRESS BELL.

LEAVES FROM A SKETCHER'S NOTE-BOOK.—II.



OUR yacht when last heard of (see page 247) was lying at anchor in Portsmouth Harbour; and having, as we thought, exhausted the locality as a sketching-ground, we decided to shift our quarters, with sailing directions of Westward Ho!

Stores having been shipped, the water-tank filled, charts purchased, and all other necessary preparations made, we weighed anchor one fine morning and cleared out with a fresh south-west breeze blowing. The direction of the wind obliged us to proceed on our course in a zigzag manner, or, to speak nautically, we had a dead-beat down the Solent. This mode of progression, though tedious, had the advantage of showing us the landscape on both sides of the water, the starboard tack taking us over to the Isle of Wight, while on the port we inclined to the Hampshire side.

When we were well clear of the land the various fortifications which protect Portsmouth became evident. To the eastward, guarding the roadstead of Spithead, are the isolated circular iron-clad forts on the Spit Bank, Ryde Sand, Horse Sand, and No Man's Land. Inland to the north, near Fareham, stretching along the ridge of the Portsdown Hills for a distance of nearly seven miles, were seen the defences designed for the purpose of preventing an enemy—supposing him to have made good his footing on English soil from the northern side—from occupying the heights and shelling the town and dockyard. These great works were commenced under Lord Palmerston's administration; and their existence is perhaps the best guarantee that they will never be called upon to fulfil their active duties—"Si vis pacem, para bellum."

Ryde, Osborne, and Cowes, all smiling brightly in the summer sun, were passed in quick succession; shipping of all kinds was about us on every side; on the measured mile at Stokes Bay a trim corvette was trying her speed; yachts, with their snowy canvas, heeling over to the breeze, were crossing and re-crossing us in every direction; ocean steamers outward and homeward bound, passenger-boats, pilot-boats, fishing-boats, and merchantmen were all pursuing their various courses, as business, pleasure, or the wind directed them.

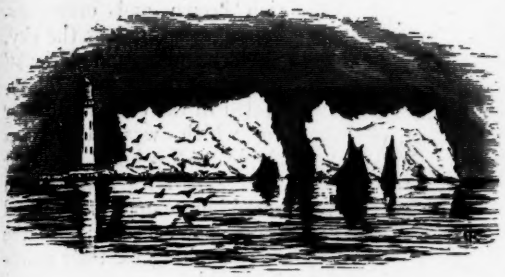


YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Lying in Cowes Roads was that grim monster of the deep, H.M.S. *Thunderer*, one of the latest patterns of the war-ship of the future, her presence indicating the fact of the Queen's being in residence at her sea-girt home. What ungainly objects are these triumphs of naval architecture! and how the artist must sigh for the good old craft that ploughed the deep before the days of steam and turret ships! Not even the genius of the late E. W. Cooke, R.A., could evolve beauty out of the *Thunderer*, the *Devastation*, or the *Inflexible*.

Our first anchorage was Yarmouth, a quiet and picturesquely-situated little town, with remains of fortifications erected by Henry VIII.

This was a place of some importance in the fourteenth century, and received the unwelcome attentions of the French, who devastated it in



THE NEEDLES.

1377, and again in 1524, when they burnt the church.

Going ashore to explore, we took a pleasant walk of about four miles to the famous "Needles," those white and wedge-shaped rocks which mark the entrance to the Solent. Formerly a terror to the mariner, they are now his guide, for the lighthouse erected on one of them a few years ago warns him of the perils of the passage; while in foggy weather, when the light is obscured, a sonorous bell tells him he must give the rocks a wide berth. Little suggestion of danger was in them as we saw them, illumined by the western sun, with their rugged crests standing out bright against the sky, and their chalky masses mirrored in the placid wave.

Far away in the western haze was seen the bold headland of St. Albans, while to our right lay the treacherous bank of the Shingles, where many a good ship has come to an untimely end almost within sight of port.

Alum Bay, close to the Needles, must not be neglected by the artist. The strangely variegated colours of the cliffs, caused by the several strata of red and yellow ochre, fuller's earth, black flint, white and grey sand, succeed each other in vertical stripes, like so many gigantic ribbons, and combined with the verdure and blue water make up a picture of remarkable brilliancy.

An early start was necessary next morning to catch the full strength of the ebb tide; and Hurst Castle, another of Henry VIII.'s works, on the Hampshire side, was passed at sunrise, all sail being set for Portland, our next destination.

This was a lively day's sailing, for the south-west wind blew fresh, and raised what the skipper called "a goodish lop," which proved trying to more than one of us. Very pleasant, to those who can enjoy it, is a day at sea such as this. To bask in the sunshine, snugly established on the weather quarter, out of reach of the seas which every now and then break over the bow, and watch the green billows tumbling and surging about our little craft, that ever and anon shows her respect to Neptune by making obeisance and plunging her bowsprit into his crested waves, is at least more enjoyable than, say, quill-driving on an office-stool in the City with the thermometer at 80° in the shade. Mr. Brett, the painter of "Britannia's Realm," now being exhibited at the Royal Academy, would have done pictorial justice to the sea on such a day as this.

Bournemouth, Poole, and Swanage were soon left astern. Poole Harbour is rich in subjects for the sketcher, and has been portrayed by Turner in his views of the South Coast. At Swanage the cliff scenery is fine, though the landscape generally is disfigured by the Purbeck stone-quarries which make the hills desolate for miles. Corfe Castle, a ruin of great interest, is within a walk from Swanage, and further on is the venerable town of Wareham, whose rampart of earth gives evidence of its great antiquity, and where the sketcher may spend a week with great advantage to himself—that is, if he can obtain lodgings, which are not



DARTMOUTH CASTLE AND CHURCH OF S. PETROX.

plentiful. As we stood in close to the shore, a view was obtained of Lulworth Cove, another of Turner's subjects, which has been already described in detail on pages 212—216 of this volume.

Portland was reached sufficiently early in the

afternoon to allow us to go ashore and view the sights of the locality. The first object that



OLD DUTCHMAN AT DARTMOUTH.

arrests attention is the celebrated breakwater, "an engineering triumph of splendid utility," the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1849 by the late Prince Consort, and which, completed by convict labour, makes Portland the finest harbour in the kingdom. The well-known prison crowns the summit of the hill, and dotted about all over the slopes we could see hundreds of the unhappy inmates at work, each gang watched by an armed warder, who would not be slow to use his rifle should any prisoner rashly endeavour to make his escape.

The Chesil Bank, a narrow, steep ridge of shingle connecting the Isle of Portland with the mainland, is curious, and has sad memories connected with many a vessel that has here found its last resting-place.

Weymouth, the favourite watering-place of George III., though salubrious, is not picturesque, and we saw nothing there to induce us to prolong our stay. Accordingly, at daybreak next morning, the anchor was tripped, and, gliding slowly through the western entrance of the breakwater, we rounded the "Bill" and shaped our course for Dartmouth.

A fleet of fishing-boats, returning to harbour after their night's work, met us as we were coming out, and very lovely they looked with their rich brown and orange-coloured sails against the sky, "golden and red and glorious" with the rising sun, all reflected in the clear still water on which was scarcely a ripple. Sea-birds scenting their food from afar hovered shrieking around, and plunged their snowy breasts into the sea, searching for their morning meal.

The welcome breeze soon sprang up, and it coming as it did, *mirabile dictu*, from the right quarter, the north-east, we were able to lay our course without tacking, a luxury not enjoyed every day.

At three o'clock we found ourselves in Torbay, and, sailing through a crowd of Brixham trawlers, rounded Berry Head, when Dartmouth disclosed itself in all its beauty. Wonderfully picturesque is the entrance to the harbour. The castle standing boldly out on the rocks, the old church of S. Petrox beside it, and the rich mass



FOWEY PIER.

of foliage beyond, form a subject to which the sketch (page 409) of the harbour does but scant justice.

The view from the quay is very striking. A mass of shipping at anchor in the foreground,

yachts with their trim spars and bright burgees, coasters, steamers, fishing-boats, and ferry-boats; as one looked up the river, H.M.S. *Britannia*, the training-ship for the naval cadets; while towards the sea, just inside the harbour's mouth, lay one of the huge steamers of the "Donald Currie Line," bound for the Cape of Good Hope; the background being formed of the luxuriant hills for which Devonshire is famed.

A short trip of discovery in the dingy resulted in a sketch of an old Dutch vessel (page 410), which, past active service, had been hauled up on the shore beside a timber-yard, to do duty as a dwelling-house.

The Dart itself has been already noticed in these pages; and pleasant though it would be to dally on its umbrageous banks, our cruise is coming to an end, and we must make sail for our next port—Fowey.

Omitting all nautical detail, wearisome to the landsman, let it be simply recorded that we left Dartmouth in the morning, and noting the various points of interest on the way, the Start Light House, the Eddystone, Rame Head, East and West Looe, dropped anchor in Fowey Harbour in the afternoon.

Fowey strikes one at first glance as a small edition of Dartmouth. The harbour, at the eastern entrance of which stands a ruined castle of the time of Edward IV., is very picturesque; sheltered by high hills richly clothed with verdure, it affords a good and sheltered anchorage for shipping of every tonnage, which can here in all winds find a peaceful "haven under the hill."

As one lands at the quay, of which we give a sketch (page 410), the first object of interest is the church, a handsome structure of the fourteenth century, which has been lately reverently restored. It contains several monuments worthy of notice; among others one to the memory of Sir John Treffry, who captured the French standard at the battle of Poictiers.

Close to the church, rising out of a belt of trees, is Place House, the ancestral residence of the Treffry family. On the occasion of the French assault upon the town in 1457, "the wife of Thomas Treffry the second," says Leland, "with her men repelled their enemies out of her house in her husband's absence; whereupon Thomas Treffry builded a right faire and stronge embateled towr in his house; and embateling all the walles of the house, in a manner made it a castelle, and onto this day it is the glorie of the town building in Faweye."

By the time we got back to the yacht the shades of night were beginning to fall.

The sun had gone down like a ball of fire behind the western heights; the wind had died away to a flat calm; the still water was all aglow with the reflections of the golden clouds; trees and buildings became *silhouettes* of rich purple against the sky; lights began to twinkle in the windows; and the yellow moon rising over Polruan shimmered and quivered in the ripples at our side.



EVENING AT FOWEY.

A glance up the river revealed the dusky forms of a brig and schooner, their taper spars towering above the hills, being towed seaward against the tide. A blaze of phosphorescent light illumined the tracks of the boats, and as the oars clave the stream, sparks of azure fire scattered themselves around.

As we sat on deck in the twilight, burning incense to Hesperus, and communing sadly at the thought that this was our last evening afloat, we all agreed that our cruise could not have ended in a place that left more pleasing memories than the ancient harbour of Fowey.

J. E. R.

ON THE ART OF ILLUMINATING AS ORIGINALLY PRACTISED.—II.

PALÆOGRAPHERS are enthusiastic in their admiration of the "Book of Kells" and the "Book of Durrow." These are copies of the Gospels, supposed to be written by St. Columba, who is spoken of as an indefatigable scribe, and from early youth devoted to the work of multiplying copies of the Psalms, Gospels, etc.

The eminent authority Mr. Westwood, on examining one of the pages of the "Book of Kells" by the aid of a microscope, counted in the space of a quarter of an inch a hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern, formed with white lines edged with black lines upon a dark ground, without detecting a false line or the slightest irregularity of the interlacing. There may be some slight doubt as to the exact date of this book, but none as to that of the "Book of Durrow," since we find in it the usual request of the Irish scribe for a prayer from the reader, translated thus:—"I pray thy blessedness, O holy presbyter Patrick, that whosoever shall take this book in his hands may remember the writer Colomba, who have myself written this Gospel in the space of twelve days by the Grace of our Lord."

The Irish missionaries following St. Columba to Iona, and thence to Lindisfarne, where a monastery

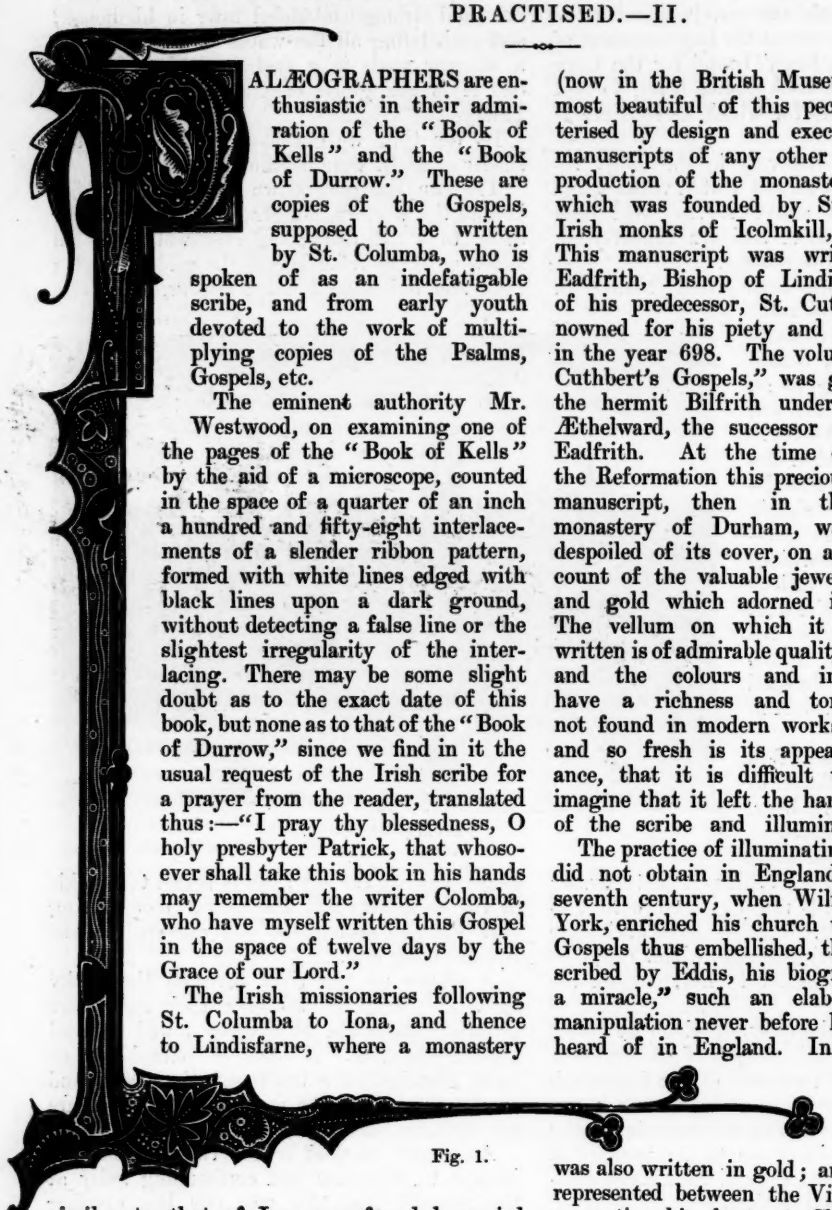


Fig. 1.

similar to that of Iona was founded, carried with them this style of illumination.

The celebrated Hiberno-Saxon manuscript commonly known as the "Durham Book" (now in the British Museum) is one of the most beautiful of this peculiar style, characterised by design and execution not found in manuscripts of any other nation. It is the production of the monastery of Lindisfarne, which was founded by St. Aidan, and the Irish monks of Icolmkill, in the year 634. This manuscript was written by order of Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in memory of his predecessor, St. Cuthbert, a man renowned for his piety and learning, who died in the year 698. The volume, known as "St. Cuthbert's Gospels," was greatly enriched by the hermit Bilfrith under the direction of Æthelward, the successor of Eadfrith. At the time of the Reformation this precious manuscript, then in the monastery of Durham, was despoiled of its cover, on account of the valuable jewels and gold which adorned it. The vellum on which it is written is of admirable quality, and the colours and ink have a richness and tone not found in modern works; and so fresh is its appearance, that it is difficult to imagine that it left the hand of the scribe and illuminator so long ago.



Fig. 2.

The practice of illuminating in gold on purple did not obtain in England until late in the seventh century, when Wilfred, Archbishop of York, enriched his church with a copy of the Gospels thus embellished, that work being described by Eddis, his biographer, as "almost a miracle," such an elaborate specimen of manipulation never before having been seen or heard of in England. In the year 966 the charter given by King Edgar to the new minster of Winchester was also written in gold; and in this Edgar is represented between the Virgin and St. Peter, presenting his charter to Christ, who is sitting above, surrounded and supported by angels, the whole within a floriated border of gold and colours on the purple ground.

Many of the grand manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh period, styled by contemporaneous authors "Opus Anglicanum," were executed at the scriptorium of Hyde, near Winchester, which was noted as one of the most celebrated establishments of the kind in Europe, and numbered among its illustrious professors Dunstan, the famous Abbot of Glastonbury, who not only illuminated works himself, but manipulated the goldsmiths' work which decorated their exteriors (see Fig. 2). The patron of this great centre of Anglo-Saxon school of illumination was the celebrated Bishop Æthelwald.





Fig. 3.

In this, the eleventh century, the character of the ornamentation was considerably diversified, texts being neatly written, borders gorgeously coloured, and gold lavishly applied (Fig. 3). Figures were introduced in medallion form upon variously coloured grounds. The design and execution of this century were almost identical with those of the next, but at the latter end of the twelfth there sprang up a distinct style entirely differing from any preceding work, an example of which I now give in the accompanying letters (see Figs. 4 and 5).

The important letters, borders, and ornaments were outlined, and also to a certain extent



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

shaded, by firm vermilion lines, and where animals, birds, or human masks were introduced, those portions only were usually outlined in black, forming a distinctive feature. In this particular style the graceful flow of the curves is perfect and beautiful to a surprising extent. The backgrounds to the foliage and figures, etc., were varied by light tints or delicate washes of emerald green, cobalt, and lilac. The same floriated description of ornament (Fig. 6) was also frequently coloured, the ground being raised and burnished gold, the stalks variously and brilliantly coloured; in some instances portions were grey, shaded with black.

To describe an elaborately coloured illumination, illustrated by an example in black and white only, is rather a difficult task, but to describe such unaccompanied by illustration of any kind is unsatisfactory, both to those who try to explain clearly and to those who wish to comprehend distinctly, so that wherever I feel justified in introducing an illustration or diagram (as the case may be), no matter how small, I will endeavour that the effect produced by the shading shall impress the eye with the general effect, instead of rigidly adhering to direction of line, showing actual tints. As this work is not intended for mere beginners, but for those who have entertained and perhaps practised the subject treated on, the remarks I make with regard to illustrations will, I presume, be appreciated.



Fig. 6.

Manuscripts of the twelfth century were frequently of immense size, and thus are distinguishable more easily than those of any other period. The capital or principal letters were often extended over the whole page, within a narrow border, and sometimes were as much as eighteen inches in length.

Pen manipulation was more in vogue than the fine outlining brush, in the work of this period, and the scroll-work in borders and initials, when produced by lines of red or black, was evidently manipulated with the pen, the brush being used only for solid portions or tinted grounds. The late Sir M. Digby Wyatt considered this style of red pattern with faint blue and green grounds not agreeable in colour, but I cannot agree with him in this particular respect, much as I defer to his judgment in taste for art generally. Had the tints been

equal in intensity, the effect would have been inharmonious, but the background colours being so very pale and thinly painted, and the vermilion outline so pronounced and full in tone, the contrast is sufficient to keep the whole in harmony.

This principle of ornamentation, whether in early or later styles, has been taken as the nucleus for many specimens of work by German illuminators and artists.

Another variety of the style of this period frequently occurs, in which yellow and deep blue as backgrounds were substituted for gold. The accompanying illustration is carefully reduced from a large missal of German work of this date which passed through my hands, throughout which the primary colours predominate, secondaries and tertiaries being sparsely resorted to. Black outline bounds every portion of the figures and floriation.

The scribe's work at this time, more particularly in small books, was beautifully formed, regular and clear in the extreme. A specimen (one of the works of Aristotle) is in my possession.



Fig. 7.

As before remarked, about this time important changes took place; highly burnished raised gold was in use for backgrounds both to figures and ornaments, in lieu of the more simple application of leaf-gold found in earlier works; and this raising had become prevalent, not only as grounds, but in conventional leaves and flowers and isolated devices, such as heraldic blazoning, etc. As an example of this style should be mentioned a Psalter in the British Museum. This book is exceedingly important, not only from its great artistic merits, but on account of its historical value. Commenced as a marriage present from King Edward I. and Queen Eleanor to their third son Alphonso, whose decease occurred on the completion of the first eight leaves, it was finished by inferior hands, and passed afterwards into those of his sister Elizabeth, who married Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford. This volume is believed to have been executed in the convent of the Black Friars of London, which was founded by Edward I. and Eleanor, whose heart, together with that of her son, was buried there.

Through the union of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine, whose lion of Guienne and Aquitaine he added (in 1154) to his own armorial bearing of two lions, was formed the present blazon—viz., gules, three lions passant guardant, or—of the royal escutcheon of England.

French influence predominated in English illumination, and continued for about a century, the style in England and that in France being almost identical. The large proportions of Romanesque illumination became gradually diminished as a general rule, and floriated terminations were extended across the top and bottom, as well as carried down the side of the pages. The tail of the initial letter running down the side of the page was frequently widened until it became merely a band of ornament, occasionally panelled, with figure-subjects introduced therein. The specimen (see Fig. 1) will show the transition and extension into the elongated border ornament.

With the illumination coeval with the perfection of Gothic architecture and the extension of the Dominican and Franciscan orders during this period, a new life was given to art generally, including transcription and illumination of the sources of learning. The beautiful specimen here given (see Fig. 9) is from a very fine MS. which was in the possession of the late Owen Jones; it is reduced to about two-thirds the size of the original, and has never before been published.

The monastic libraries were placed by the abbots under the sole charge of officers, who were responsible for the preservation of the volumes, and whose duty it was to inspect them frequently and to restore any damage to the leaves or binding which accident might cause, to keep a list of books lent, together with the name of borrower (but the great and precious books could only be lent by the special permission of the abbot); it was also the duty of these officers—called armarians—to compile and keep in order library catalogues, and to provide the scribes with the writings which they were to copy, together with all necessary materials, to make payments for same, and to superintend the works generally during progress. These books, when not necessarily destined for the monastic library, were eagerly bought by wealthy laymen as presentations to other religious institutions, and the sale of such works, considerably augmented the revenues of the establishment from which they came. The scribes were employed chiefly by the monks, and when the works to be copied were very valuable the scribes were boarded and lodged during

the time occupied upon such special work or works in these establishments. A large room was in most monasteries reserved for such labours, and there were also small cells, called scriptoria, inhabited exclusively by the monks, whose piety and learning entitled them to the indulgence of these private apartments.

These scriptoria were frequently dependent upon donations and bequests, and large estates were often devoted to their support by the God-fearing and the wealthy. Through the activity of the mendicant friars a continued demand for all kinds of manuscripts was kept up. Illumination was excessively popular in England during the fourteenth century among the leading families, in proof of which we have the heraldic specimens emblazoned in many of the English manuscripts; and there is probably no document in existence which better illustrates the nature, cost, and classification of illuminated and other manuscripts during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than the catalogue of the library founded by William of Wykeham, one of the greatest English patrons of literature, in the college of St. Mary, at Winchester. The catalogue has been printed *in extenso* in the "Archæological Journal" (vol. xv., pp. 69—74), with notes by the Rev. W. H. Gunner. The illustration (see Fig. 8) is from an exquisitely minute MS., believed to be Spanish, of the early part of the fourteenth century. It is traced from the original.

Great advance is noticeable in the work of the fourteenth century; it deviated from the conventional in both composition and treatment, the objects being frequently taken from nature and elaborated with great care. Art obtained in the middle of this century a very high position, especially in France, and examples are so numerous, that with the limited space at command I can only instance some named by eminent antiquaries and palæographers, viz., "The Hours of Jean, Duc de Berri," a Psalter executed for Margaret of Bavaria, wife of John, Duke of Burgundy; "The Legends of St. Edmund," emanating from the monastery of St. Edmundsbury; "The Bedford Missal" (British Museum), written for John, Duke of Bedford (1423), and presented by his wife Ann to Henry VI. of England on Christmas Eve, 1430; "The Prayer-Book of Henry VI.," of French work, now in the British Museum; "The Shrewsbury Book," written by order of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and presented by him to Margaret of Anjou, after her marriage with Henry, its contents being romances of "chivalrie," then very popular. The volume commences with a miniature of Talbot in robes of the Garter, and shows one of the few instances extant of the mantle powdered with Garters instead of one only being displayed. I cannot omit mention of a volume formerly in the possession of the late Duke of Sussex, and described thus by Mr. Pettigrew in his catalogue of manuscripts published in 1827:—"It contains 219 leaves, nine inches in height by six inches and a half in width. This book of offices is the most exquisite of all the illuminated works I have ever seen; each page is alike splendid, the borders superb in their ornament, of most elaborate execution, and the painting of the most beautiful description. The MS. commences with a calendar for the ecclesiastical year on twenty-four pages. To each month the signs of the zodiac and some subject illustrative of the season, painted in gold and colours, are attached, the former at the side and the latter at the bottom of the page. Some of these are exquisitely beautiful, not only from the brilliancy of the colours, but the correctness of the drawing and the interest of the subject. Thus we have feasting, hawking, haymaking, reaping, threshing, wine-pressing, sowing, boar-hunting, etc. After the calendar are four portions of the Evangelists, followed by two prayers addressed to the Virgin. To each of the readings of the Gospels is affixed an illuminated miniature of the Evangelist engaged in writing his Gospel." This description continues at considerable length, but I have quoted enough to show the importance of the work.

The Van Eycks, who were illuminators before they became oil-painters, had, it is stated, some hand in the execution of "The Bedford Missal." Highly-burnished gold grounds, diapered in the most minute way and in brilliant colours, were then in vogue, and patterns were also frequently chased or indented with the burnisher. The school at Bruges established by the Van Eycks exercised influence in all the art-centres in Europe, and conscientious adherence to nature, both in portrait-subjects and landscapes, wrought a complete change in miniatures in manuscripts produced after this influence had time to penetrate into the scriptoria and studios of the contemporary artists. This Flemish school produced many excellent works, the greatest artists of the period being engaged upon them. Want of space precludes description of examples, but amongst the most celebrated artists may be mentioned Fra Angelico, termed, from his great piety, "Il beato Angelico," otherwise Giovanni da Fiesole (died 1455), who

began art as an illuminator. He painted many fine works in fresco, and decorated the convent of St. Mark at Florence. Several of his best works exist at Cortona, and there are two by him in our National Gallery. One is "Christ with the Banner of the Resurrection," the other the "Adoration of the Magi," both painted in *tempera* on wood. Giotto, who died 1336, was educated in art under Cimabue at Florence.

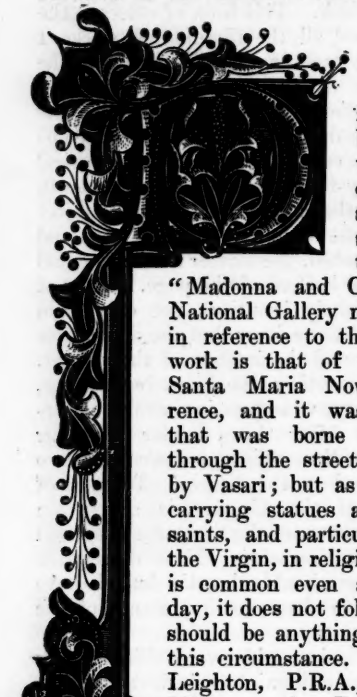


Fig. 8.

Cimabue is sometimes called the father of modern painting, because he deviated from the old conventional and grotesque style. His picture of the "Madonna and Child" in our National Gallery may be studied in reference to this. His great work is that of the Virgin in Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, and it was this picture that was borne in procession through the streets, as described by Vasari; but as the custom of carrying statues and pictures of saints, and particularly those of the Virgin, in religious processions is common even at the present day, it does not follow that there should be anything remarkable in this circumstance. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., exhibited in 1855 at the Royal Academy his beautiful picture of Cimabue's Madonna, which was purchased by the Queen. Oderigi, Franco, Don Jacopo Fiorentino, Leonardo da Vinci, Francesco Veronese, Girolamo da Libri, Raffaelle Sanzio, called prince of painters—these are of course but a few of the great workers in the hive of art of this period, but to dwell further upon them would be comparatively profitless here.

In Spanish, French, Flemish, and Italian work there was a similarity of progress; and a great authority in discoursing on the subject says: "If the delineation of naïve and graceful romantic incident, combined with elegant foliated ornament, reached perfection in the illuminations of the French school; if blazoning on gilded grounds was carried to its most gorgeous pitch in Oriental and Byzantine manuscripts; if intricate interlacements and elaboration may be



Fig. 9.

regarded as the special characteristics of Hiberno-Saxon scribes; and if a noble tone of solid colour, combined with great humour and intense energy of expression, marked England's best productions, it may be safely asserted that it was reserved for the Italians to introduce into the embellishment of manuscripts those higher qualities of art, their peculiar aptitude for which so long gave them a pre-eminence among contemporaneous schools." Florentine and Siennese works were distinguished for beauty and talent, and Ferrara could also boast of possessing a series of miniatures executed principally in the seclusion of the convent. The subjects generally treated by these artist-monks were adapted to their special vocation, such as the principal festivals celebrated by the Church, the life of the Holy Virgin, works of mercy, objects of devotion, representations of imposing ceremonies of religion. Compositions of such exclusive character admitted naturalism as subordinate; but in addition to works of illuminating executed under the auspices of the Church, art was patronised thoroughly by the princes and nobles, such as the Medici, Visconti, Sforzas, Strozzi, D'Estes, Gonzagas, and other great families.

In conclusion must be noticed a superb MS. in the British Museum of the exceedingly popular work entitled "Le Roman de la Rose." "This book was begun in French verse by William de Lorris, and finished forty years after by John Clopinell, alias John Moone, born at Merven upon the river of Loyer, not far from Paris, as appeareth by Molinet, the French author, upon the morality of the Romaunt, and afterward translated for the most part into English metre by Geffrey Chaucer, but not finished. It is entitled 'The Romaunt of the Rose, or The Art of Love;' wherein is shewed the helpes and furtherances, as also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits. In this book the author hath many glaunces at the hypocrisie of the clergy, whereby he got himself such hatred amongst them, that Gerson, chancellour of Paris, writeth thus of him: saith he, 'There was one called Johannes Meldinensis, who wrote a book called "The Romaunt of the Rose," which book if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pound for the same, I wold rathur burne it than take the money.'"

ALBERT H. WARREN.

THE GIANTS AT THE GATES.—II.

IT was while the David statue was standing still enclosed in its scaffolding that the oft-told incident of the Gonfaloniere Soderini's pseudo-criticism took place. Poor Piero Soderini! it is probable he is better known to posterity for this little bit of ignorant conceit than for all the good he did for his city during his long and difficult rule.

On the 11th of June another order was sent on behalf of the Government to the Opera, or House of Works, to make a base of marble for the statue, which was already placed at the door of the palace. While standing there in the first days of its public existence, it was covered with laudatory sonnets from the pens of all the artist's admirers and friends. Cellini says there were several hundreds of them. It was the fashion among the wits and poets of the age to pay their homage to genius in this manner.

The Gonfaloniere was so pleased at the glory reflected on the Signoria by such a masterpiece of art, that he ordered Michael Angelo to make a second David in bronze, to send to France as a present to the Marshal de Gies. The great artist soon after went to Rome, at the invitation of Pope Julius II., who became his greatest patron in after-years.

The David led a peaceful life for eight years; then came the fall of the Gonfaloniere Soderini and the recall of the Medici, who were brought back by the force of the Spanish troops under Cordova. Poor deposed Soderini rode away with his friends in the dark night of August 30th, 1512, and on the 16th of September a surging crowd filled the piazza around the David. Giuliano de Medici marched into the great hall and demanded his rights and restoration. The great bell was sounded, friends and enemies filled the square, the Signoria stood in angry state on the Ringhiera by David's side; but their city's standard was in the hand of Giuliano de Medici, and the revolution ended by his assuming the government, the troops of foreign mercenaries which supported his cause proving too formidable for even the sturdy Florentine burghers.

But though the David stood unscathed during the dangers of the first revolution it witnessed, it was not so fortunate in the second, which took place in 1527. The Medici were once more expelled; a terrible fight raged before the Palazzo Vecchio, the party in possession defending it against the intruders. One of the besieged cast a heavy missile (a bench or form) down from the battlements on the heads of the party who were trying to force an entrance, but the unwieldy mass fell instead on the uplifted arm of the David and broke it in three pieces. The fragments lay unheeded on the ground for two turbulent days, no one heeding the fracture of a piece of still life, however beautiful, while so much human blood was being shed around. But two boys came to the rescue. Francesco Salviati from his windows, seeing the precious fragments trampled under the feet of the insurgents, ran to call his friend George Vasari, then a boy of his own age (about fifteen or sixteen), and the two daring youths made their way into the piazza, rescued the broken bits from beneath the very feet of the soldiers, and carried them off to the house of Michel Agnolo

de Rossi, a weaver of velvets, and father of the painter Salviati. For years the good genius of the city stood mutilated before the palace gate, but when at length Duke Cosimo came into power, he regained the fragments and had them attached by means of copper nails. Since that time the David has stood uninjured in the midst of wars and revolutions, till a few years ago (1873) it was removed to the Gallery of the Belle Arte, the fears which Antonio S. Gallo had expressed 360 years ago as to the danger of exposing so tender a marble to the air having again arisen in the minds of the modern Florentines. The ceremony of removal took some days. A huge wooden car and a temporary tramway were constructed, the wall of the Belle Arte being opened to receive it, just as in old days that of the studio had been broken to admit of its exit.

It has a handsome tribune built for its reception, and well sheltered from outer storm may yet last many centuries; but in the hearts of the Florentines the vacant place at the gate awakes a sigh, and the very piazza seems to have lost a little of its life. The Hercules stands alone as giant guardian of the ancient gate, and the symmetry of the entrance now seems lost.

And now a word or two regarding this Hercules. The David had stood for four years a solitary giant guardian at the doors of the palace of the Signoria, and the good burghers of Florence had begun to reckon their family events by its advent, and to say such a thing happened "before the giant came," or "it was just a year after the giant was put up;" when Pier Soderini, the Gonfaloniere, having heard that a huge block of marble had been excavated at Carrara, conceived the brilliant idea of setting a second gigantic figure on the other side of the entrance. On the 10th of May, 1508, therefore, he wrote the following letter to the Marquis of Massa, Alberigo Malaspina, the owner of the quarries:—"To the Marquis Alberigo. If you can do so without inconvenience to your lordship, we should be grateful if you would keep that marble for us, as we wish to make a statue to adorn the piazza in this city, and by this your lordship will be able to gratify all the Florentine people."*



HERCULES AND CACUS.
(By Baccio Bandinelli.)

On the 4th of September, in the same year, Soderini again writes to the Marquis of Massa, saying that he has understood from Raphael of Reggio that the marquis is anxious to have the block removed, and that as soon as Michael Angelo comes to Florence he will send him to Carrara to diminish the marble, that it may be more easily carried.†

But it seems that Michael Angelo was not at this time at the disposal of the Gonfaloniere; for another letter, dated Florence, 16th December, 1508, makes excuses for the artist's not having yet gone to Massa to block out the statue, saying that the Pope had only allowed him twenty-five days in Florence (when he came to finish the bronze David for the Marshal de Gies), and adding, "There is no man in Italy capable of preparing the marble but the artist himself, for another man not knowing his design might spoil it. Therefore," he says, "till he comes, which we hope may be soon, we can satisfy neither your lordship nor ourselves."‡

Michael Angelo's idea was to make a colossal Hercules slaying Cacus, the width of the block at its base lending itself well to the introduction

* Lettere alla Signoria. Gaye, "Carteggio Inedito," vol. ii., p. 97.
† *Ibid.*
‡ Gaye, "Carteggio Inedito," vol. ii., p. 107. Manni, "Sui Sigilli Antichi," vol. i., p. 38.

of a prostrate figure, and he had, in preparation, made a design and small model of his conception. The subject was well chosen; the figure of Hercules, being the sign of the seal of the Republic, could also be taken as an emblem of the power of Florence in triumphing over her enemies. The Judith, by Donatello, and the David, were also, as we have already said, emblematical of the same power, and each was eloquent of the times in which it was created.

Michael Angelo's design for this statue is still extant in the South Kensington Museum; it is, although only a small sketch, very powerful, the two figures being coiled together, the one in victorious power, the other in writhing defeat.

Stirring events, however, befell Florence. During these tempestuous times Michael Angelo was at work at Bologna and at Rome, seldom visiting Florence. Then came the return of the Medici, with the Spanish army to assist at their restoration; and Pier Soderini was compelled to resign. The Medici, with one of their family in the Papal Chair as Leo X., held sway with all their former power and more than their former arrogance. And during all these exciting times Hercules was still lying a useless block of marble at Carrara, but not forgotten. The sculptor Baccio Bandinelli had cast longing eyes on it, and being endowed with more ambition and vanity than genius—though he possessed talent of a certain kind—felt within himself that if he only had the marble and the opportunity he could produce a work which would throw Michael Angelo's David into the shade, and prove more than worthy of being placed as a *pendant* thereto. Moreover, he would eclipse the great sculptor on his own ground by choosing the selfsame design. Hercules and Cacus was a subject quite familiar to him, for in his early youth, when his father, proud of his talent, gave him a studio, and had some marbles brought for him, one of his earliest efforts was a group five feet high of Hercules standing over the dead body of his foe.

In 1515, when Leo X. made his triumphal entry into his native city, Bandinelli seized the opportunity of showing the Medici that a second Michael Angelo was at their service, by placing a colossal model of Hercules, in clay, under one of the arches of the Loggie on the Grand Piazza, as one of the adornments of the Papal triumph. Time went on, and still the block was lying at Carrara. Leo X. died; Clement VII. was elected, and by him Michael Angelo was employed on the tombs of the Medici in San Lorenzo. In 1525 the Commune of Florence again bethought itself of the large block of marble which Pier Soderini had bought seventeen years before, and would have employed Michael Angelo, as had been first intended. But the Fates were against him in this matter. He had in some way made an enemy of Bandinelli's friend Domenico Boninsegni, the superintendent of the works for the façade of San Lorenzo, and he, as a matter of revenge, used all his influence with the Pope to give the marble to Bandinelli, representing to His Holiness that if such a large work were given to Michael Angelo the works for the façade and chapel of the Medici would have to be neglected. He, besides, cunningly suggested that by employing two rivals in art, the spirit of emulation would make them produce better works.*

This is Vasari's account; and a document, cited by Gaye from the "Ricordi di Firenze Riccardiana," though making no personal mention of Boninsegni, agrees in fact with it. It says that "on the 20th of July, 1525, the Commune of Florence had a piece of marble brought from Carrara, nine braccia high and four and a half broad at the base, to make a figure to put on the piazza, and having in Florence one M. Angelo, the best master of sculpture in the world, the people desired that he should work it, he having been so successful in the David, and that from a marble mutilated by other hands. But he being employed in the tombs of the Medici for Pope Clement, the said Pope intended that another Florentine sculptor should undertake it, that the sepulchres should not be left incomplete." Bandinelli, therefore, was sent to Carrara to diminish the marble according to his design, and it was brought to Florence in the month of July.

It may be imagined how mortifying this decision was to Michael Angelo, for a rivalry which amounted to antagonism had for years existed between the two artists. Indeed, some had said that spiteful injury to the cartoon of Michael Angelo while it hung in the Papal Hall was due to the enmity of Bandinelli. He was not of a character to let such a triumph go by unvaunted, and it is most likely that the great spirit of the higher genius was much vexed at this time by the self-laudation of the lower artist.

LEADER SCOTT.

* Vasari, vol. iv., pp. 247, 248.

OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD, R.A.

IT was well said upon a memorable occasion, by the late Prince Consort, whose opinion on matters of taste will ever be regarded with respectful consideration, that "all works of poetry and art are most tender plants which will thrive only in an atmosphere of kindness —kindness towards the artist personally, as well as towards his production." Now, without staying to consider the reasons why sculpture can scarcely be said to have met with that encouragement in this country so freely accorded to the sister art of painting—whether from the fact that, lacking the attraction of colour, it appeals to the more cultivated tastes as the means of expressing form in the abstract only, or whether there has been any want of that necessary warmth of appreciation suggested in the words of the Prince Consort—the fact



Very Sincerely yrs
H. H. Armstead.

(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

remains that our progress in the highest of the imitative arts has hardly been commensurate with the requirements of either its professors or its admirers. And yet there have been those who, like Chantrey, Flaxman, and Foley, may fitly rank with the greatest artists of the British school, whilst of living masters Mr. Henry Hugh Armstead is entitled to most prominent consideration as both metal-worker and sculptor, and as one to whom this country, and, indeed, the age itself, is indebted for some of the noblest works in silver and bronze. Born in London in 1828, Mr. Armstead may be said to have been cradled in art, having from his earliest years experienced the advantage of the careful and judicious training of his father, Mr. John Armstead, the most eminent Herald chaser of his day, to whose wise instruction, indeed, his son ascribes so much of his subsequent success. Studying first in the School of Design at Somerset House, where he obtained prizes for both modelling and drawing, Mr. Armstead completed this, the more elementary portion of his art-education, at the well-known schools of J. M. Leigh, in Maddox Street, and F. S. Carey, in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, where so many of our more noteworthy painters and sculptors imbibed a knowledge of the principles of art. Under the careful supervision of the latter most excellent instructor, Mr. Armstead made rapid progress, producing the drawings which secured his admission as a probationer in the Antique School of the Royal Academy; this success being shortly followed by works of excellence in an alto-relievo of "Boadicea," and a statuette of "Satan Dismayed," which were both executed in bronze by the Art Union of London.

And now for a period of from fourteen to sixteen years the young sculptor devoted himself almost entirely to the production of works in metal, of which chaste and beautiful examples in silver were the "St. George's Vase," exhibited at the Royal Academy, the "Tennyson Vase," and the "Packington" and "Outram" shields, the latter of which, now at the South Kensington Museum, describes the principal events of Sir James Outram's career, and was designed, modelled, and all the most important parts chased by Mr. Armstead's own hand. With this terminated the artist's labours as a worker in metal; and having occupied his time for a brief space in making some designs upon wood in illustration of a poem by Dora Greenwell in *Good Words*, and Tennyson's "Lazarus," as well as some blocks for Dalziels' yet unpublished Bible, he was for the future to be known only in his capacity as a sculptor. What he has accomplished has proved him worthy to rank among the foremost modellers of his time, nor will succeeding generations fail to do him honour. Space would not suffice for enumeration here of anything like a complete list of Mr. Armstead's works, but at the same time



BASE OF ALBERT MEMORIAL.
(By H. H. Armstead, R.A.)

it would appear unjust, when referring to the labours of his artistic career, to leave unnoticed, at least by name, such examples of a nobly inventive genius as his statue of "Aristotle," executed in Caen stone, and one of the series at the Oxford Museum; his wood-carvings illustrating the lives of King Arthur and Sir Galahad in the Queen's Robing Room of the Westminster Palace; the carved cornice of the reredos in Westminster Abbey, with marble figures of "Moses," "St. Peter," "St. Paul," and "King David" in the niches beneath; the Eatington designs, being twenty large reliefs carved in stone above the ground-floor windows, for Eatington Park, Warwickshire, giving the history of the Shirley family from the Saxon founder up to the time of Cromwell; the external mosaic forming part of the frieze of the Albert Hall, illustrating Applied Mechanics, and representing the Lever, the Wedge, and the Screw, with figures of Archimedes and Watt; four bronze figures at the west end of the Inner Temple Hall; the effigy of the late Bishop Wilberforce in Winchester Cathedral; the memorial of the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A., in Cookham Church; and the external sculptures of the Colonial Office, of which it must suffice to mention the eight figures of colonial secretaries—the Earl of Derby, Earl Grey, Sir W. Molesworth, Sir Lytton Bulwer, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Ripon, Lord Glenelg, and Lord Bathurst.

Of works more particularly illustrative of the manner and style of Mr. Armstead's art, there are three to which a few words of description should certainly be devoted. The first is the fountain for King's College, Cambridge (which we engrave), showing the pious founder, Henry VI., supported by figures of "Religion" and "Philosophy," the king having in his charter expressly founded the college with the view to their encouragement. In this very beautiful and noble work, which is 27 feet high, Mr. Armstead, who is here his own architect, has placed upon the summit the figure of the king, who is presenting the charter, and beneath, on either side, a female figure in sitting posture, the one representing "Religion," the other "Philosophy." At the sides are two panels, each containing two infant Neptunes guiding dolphins, from which jets of water flow into handsome bronze tazze ornamented with lions' heads and lotos flowers, whence three jets issue into a lower basin decorated with ten small dolphins and shells. The fountain is in Portland stone, with figures and ornamental work in bronze, most elaborately finished.

Anything like critical analysis or description of what is perhaps Mr. Armstead's grandest work, the decoration of the podium of the Albert Memorial, is so far beyond the limits of this brief notice that we must confine ourselves to the mere outline of the design and motive of the work, remembering that many of those who are anxious to study the original happily have it within easy reach. The work consists of eighty life-size figures upon the south and east surfaces of the Memorial, illustrating Poetry, Music, and Painting—the general arrangement geographical, not chronological, the greatest men, like Homer and Raphael, being grouped in the centre, with those of lesser note gathered around. This able work occupied Mr. Armstead eight years, and represents a remarkable amount of earnest thought and labour. The portraits of the various poets, painters, and musicians are executed from the most authentic likenesses, obtained from tracings, engravings, and drawings collected in this country and abroad—this undertaking was itself a work of no little labour—and every head was carved by the sculptor *in situ*, whilst each separate figure is the result of careful and conscientious study.

As regards Mr. Armstead's labours in strictly monumental work, no better example exists than the nobly conceived memorial effigy of the late Archdeacon Moore, in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition, and now placed in Lichfield Cathedral. The Archdeacon is a venerable, dignified-looking man, in canonical vestments, lying with closed eyelids and serene expression of face; at his feet the kneeling figure of an angel, with great wings, and hands folded together as in prayer, gives an unusually impressive character to the memorial. The countenance of the Archdeacon impresses the spectator with the terrible solemnity of death, whilst the careful moulding of the form, the simplicity of the drapery, and the beautiful chiselling of the hands are beyond praise.

Of honorary rewards Mr. Armstead has not been without his share, having in 1855 obtained the French bronze medal for silver-work—groups and shields; in 1862 the medal of the Great International Exhibition for the Outram Shield and other silver-work; and in 1867 the silver medal at the Paris Exhibition of that year; whilst the more substantial honour of being elected an Associate of our Royal Academy was attained in 1875, and the full membership in 1879.

Such, in very few words, is the record of a great and useful life, one to which we all look as eminent in the past, and—the artist being

happily in the fulness of his powers—as certain to be yet more brilliant in the future. Whatever the vicissitudes and disappointments of that life—and what successful artist has been without them?—the measure of success has been attained, and the proud position of an eminent sculptor has been fully earned by Mr. Henry Hugh Armstead. M. P. JACKSON.

THE SALON, 1880.

HOW far M. Turquet, the under-secretary for the Fine Arts, has done right in opening so widely the doors of the Salon this year we need not stay to inquire. Suffice it to say that the present gathering exceeds last year's, which was an exceptionally large one, by about as many works as would constitute an ordinary Royal Academy exhibition in England. The full number, including all the sections—painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, and decoration, using these words in their widest acceptance, reaches the staggering total of 7,289. The works fill thirty-five apartments almost averaging in size the large room in Burlington House, besides the wall-space in the gallery running round the garden, which, our readers will recollect, is the grand central feature in the Palace of Industry. It must be remembered, moreover, that many of the canvases are of dimensions quite unusual among us, and that several of them rival in size Mr. Prinsep's great picture commemorating the assumption by Her Majesty of the title of Empress of India.



THE REBELLIOUS SONS OF CLOVIS II.
(*By E. V. Luminais.*)

Large though the number is, therefore, it scarcely conveys to an untravelled Londoner an adequate idea of the immense amount of wall-space occupied by the present Salon; but if he can imagine half a dozen Royal Academy exhibitions rolled into one, with a beautifully laid-out garden equal in area to Bedford Square, only in the form of a parallelogram, wherein to display the sculpture, he will approach pretty nearly the actual state of the case. One great drawback to this unprecedented extension of hanging space and apparently promiscuous admission of all comers is the very great risk run by the casual visitor, through having to wander over so many leagues of barren and unsuggestive canvas, of missing altogether the many oases of fruitfulness and beauty, and coming to the impatient and false conclusion that "the Salon this year is full of nothing but rubbish." Such flippant judgments have not alone been confined to speech, but have found expression in magazines which have the reputation of being serious and even authoritative. The French school does not go to nature—it is meretricious and devoid of pure and elevating sentiment—prefers often what is repulsive to what is beautiful, delighting rather in the sensuous, if not sensual, aspect of things than in the spiritual, and, when occasion requires dignity, shows itself altogether lacking in that quality.

Such are the charges brought against French art in language more or less petulant, by writers of limited opportunities, who hasten to be critical; but those whose experience embraces other schools and extends to other years know that, with all its faults—and what school or country is without them?—Paris is still the acknowledged art-capital of modern Europe, the chief heir of whatever was precious, lovely, and of good report pertaining to the Renaissance.

Let us premise, then, that whatever of tenderness and beauty, simplicity, truth, and dignity the visitor has been accustomed to admire in the Salon will be found amply represented on its walls in this current year of grace, whether we turn to landscape, *genre*, or history. It is true, studies from the nude, not always in the simplest taste, still flaunt themselves on the walls; but before we condemn a whole school of artists for this, or impute to them motives less than the loftiest, we must take into account their training and surroundings, and the art-temperament and art-practice which come to them by inheritance. Nor must we forget, on the other hand, that some of the purest and most delightful creations in this way have come from the hands of French painters.

We presume it was deference to the objection—not to say prejudice—alluded to which prompted M. Turquet to remove from the Salon, after it was hung, Gabriel Ferrier's female figure encircled in the deadly folds of a serpent, in illustration of a very powerful passage in the late Gustave Flaubert's novel of "Salammbo." The curious thing in connection with this step of the under-secretary is that he has left on the walls pictures much more objectionable to our eyes and not half so masterful in conception and execution. M. Ferrier, the artist, who is not over thirty years of age, has found certain compensation for his disappointment in the fact that the gallery of the Messrs. Goupil, where this picture is now exhibited, is daily the resort of appreciative visitors.

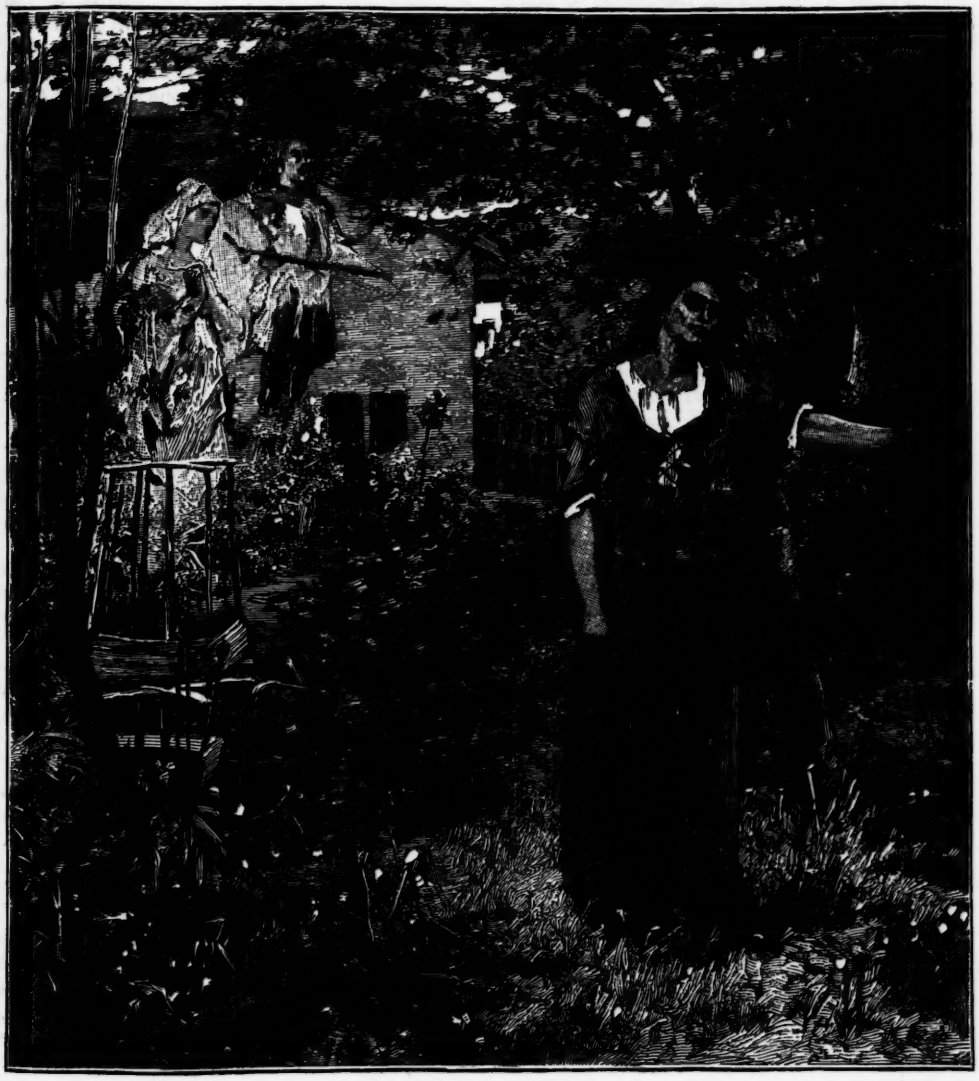


MUSIC.
(*By Raphael Collin.*)

Before touching on the few pictures which we propose submitting to our readers—and we regret that we can but just touch on them—we would draw their attention to the circumstance that several of our own painters have been deemed worthy, and most deservedly, of the honours of the line. Alma-Tadema, R.A., for example, holds quite a distinguished place in the great entrance saloon, flanking as he does with his "Four Seasons," the Belgian Van Hove's "Learned Amateur" (3,751), an old man rubbing his glasses, a portrait-picture worthy of Holbein. G. F. Watts, R.A., has his "Orpheus and Eurydice" (3,888) conspicuously placed, and W. G. Wills, the dramatist, is equally fortunate in respect of his "Ophelia and Laertes" (3,910). All these, however, have been seen at our own Royal Academy; not so William Henry Bartlett's "Rest in the Studio" (174), which likewise holds an honourable place on the line. For clever drawing and forcible treatment of light and shade this picture is full of the highest promise, and we are sure that Messrs. Bouguereau and Tony Robert Fleury will one day have reason to be proud of their pupil. Another artist of English blood is Daniel Ridgeway Knight, of Philadelphia. He was a disciple of Gleyre and Meissonier, and they also will one day rejoice in the fame of their pupil. His two working women resting by a low broken wall, the one with a laden creel on her back and a copper pot at her feet (2,011), is as simply realistic and natural as any group in the exhibition. F. Bridgeman is another American artist of great power and promise, as is proved by his "Arab Habitation" (490).

Against the picture which carried off the medal of honour, viz., A. N. Morot's "Good Samaritan" (2,736), we have not a word to say. Technically, it is like Leon Bonnat's "Job" (395), a perfect and most triumphant *tour de force*. Light and shade are subtly and yet most tellingly treated. The fore-shortening and modelling captivate the artist's eye, while the sentiment of the incident is realised

in a manner at once original and touching. The only other picture eligible for the prize, and worthy of being compared to it in tenderness of sentiment and in absoluteness of realisation, is Jules Bastien-Lepage's "Joan of Arc" (177). He depicts her standing by a tree in her father's garden, attired in the homely weeds of early life, lifting her wan, saint-like face upwards, lost in the rapture of her vision. The heavenly beings who appear to her promise by word or sign guidance and success in the lofty mission which the love of country and of freedom has suggested to her perfervid soul. Indeed, in the first selection of the judges this picture was among those named for the first prize or medal of honour, but in the after-voting it dropped out. The work, which we have reduced to black and white and transferred to our pages,



THE GIRLHOOD OF JOAN OF ARC.

(By Jules Bastien-Lepage.)

is, though homely and realistic, remarkably delicate in treatment and subdued in tone—drabs, greys, and greens prevailing and blending here and there into a soothing olive. The artist, who is quite a young man, the master of many methods and styles, and destined for great things, has become of late familiar to the English public by his varied works in this year's Grosvenor Gallery, especially by that exquisite piece of minute *technique*, viz., the portrait of Sarah Bernhardt.

This remarkable actress, by the way, proves her claim to the name of *artiste* in its widest sense, by her picture in the Salon representing "The Young Lady and Death" (269). Against a faint rose-coloured background, sprigged with white, stands the young lady, auburn-haired and comely, her stately height attired in dark lilac, and wearing a Sombrero hat with white plume; the top of the *fleur-de-lis*, which she holds lovingly in her arms, rises over her left shoulder, and, like herself, is in its bloom, beautiful and almost defiant: but by her side stands a diaphanously robed figure, who lays his bony hand on her shoulder and peering over it reveals the ghastly death's head. A flower and one of her gloves lie at her feet, and a green grasshopper buzzes against the wall. The work is not what would be called highly finished, yet the modelling of the arms, one of which is entirely bare, is admirable, and the girl's lilac robe hangs in splendidly studied folds. The picture holds a conspicuously honourable place in the Salon, and is curiously suggestive, coming as it does from one whose career in life has been altogether so pleasant and so perpetually triumphant.

In portraiture we have several masterpieces, and among these we would name with special emphasis one of "M. Butin" (1,265) by Ernest-Ange Duez; two by Paul-Jacques Baudry (189 and 190); one by Jean-Paul Laurens (2,151); two by Jules Lefebvre (2,222 and 2,223); "Doctor Masselon" (1,590), by George Sauvage; an old gentleman in furred coat (3,869), by Charles Vuillermet; a three-quarter length of "M. Jules Grèvy, President of the Republic" (394), by L. Bonnat; and a remarkably characteristic full-length of "Victor Hugo" (2,680), cloaked, but bare-headed, standing on a rock in the midst of a thunderstorm—the artist is X. A. Monchablon.

Turning to history in the higher walks, in which realism blends itself with the ideal, we would point to G. R. Boulanger's fine decorative composition "Patria" (7,241). We have transferred it to our pages (page 427) as being a very noble example of a quality which some magazine writers, for want of knowing better, would deny to French artists, viz., dignity of design. This magnificent mural work is intended for a panel in the *mairie* of the thirteenth *arrondissement*. When will our town-halls be decorated in this way?

The true historic instinct, also, which seeks aid from archæology on the one side, and from imagination on the other, manifests itself very potently in the two youths (2,390), whom their father, Clovis II., because of their rebellion, has had carried on board the rude craft we see in the wood-cut (page 423). Prisoners and fever-stricken, they lie helpless on their improvised bed, and the boat is allowed to drift guideless and rudderless down the waters of the Seine. Fortunately they were afterwards rescued by the monks of Jumieges; but the time chosen by the artist, E. V. Luminais, gives no suggestion of this, and he only conveys to the spectator what he intended, viz., the impression of human sickness and exhaustion, utter forsakenness and loneliness amidst a waste of waters. The painting of this picture, like its conception, is bold, vigorous, and impressive, and altogether we regard it as one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the year.

Pictorially striking also is Bouguereau's "Scourging of Our Saviour" (443), but at the same time it is as painful to look at as his "Young Girl Defending Herself from Love" (444) is joyous and pleasing. P. A. Cot conveys a fine sense of brisk motion in his two lovers caught in a "Storm" (902), just as the Polish Matejko gives us a grand idea of war and the confusion of battle in his great canvas of the "Battle of Grunwald" (2,530). On a more limited scale Le Blant does this also in his "Fight at Fougères" (2,181), and L. C. Sergent in his "Opening Fire" (3,507).

Coming to works in *genre* and still life we would note the buxom "Fishwoman at Dieppe" (1,789), by G. Haquette; the child sitting in "Grandmother's Arm-chair" (3,559), by Paul Soyer; and the little girl saying her prayers to "Grandmother" (2,323), by Leon Lhermitte. The poultry of A. E. Mèry (2,597), and the flowers of Pierre Bourgogne (465), are, for power of execution and brilliancy of colour, not to be surpassed. The cattle and landscape painting is also of a high order, and we regret that we have no space to do more than name J. J. Veyrassat, W. Roelofs, C. E. Frère, H. Salmson, C. Destrem, F. A. Bonheur, and Schenck. This list might be greatly added to.

In marine painting we think the Salon, if anything, inferior to the English Academy. The

luminosity of water affected by John Brett, and that kind of it so conspicuous in the Scottish school, as illustrated by Colin Hunter and others—not to mention the caller-air quality, so palpable as almost to be felt, in the works of J. C. Hook, R.A.—have never, in any of these three phases, been quite mastered by French artists. There are several examples in the present Salon of straining after the effects we have alluded to, but none of them are altogether successful. At the same time the artists we have named by no means exhaust the infinite variety of the sea, and there are certain aspects of it which French, Flemish, and Dutch artists realise with supreme felicity, and which we in our turn try to imitate, though rarely attaining to a like truthfulness of effect.

Turning once more to the decoration section of the exhibition, we would call attention to the ornamental panel by Raphael Collin, which we have engraved (page 424), and which illustrates with much classic feeling and grace the idea of "Music" (7,246). There is a quality of refinement about this picture by no means so common in mural decoration as we could wish to see it. Largeness of design is also conspicuous in all French decorative work, and this artistic virtue we in England shall never be able to emulate successfully until, in the first place, the Academic training of our students is more prolonged and thorough. Generally speaking, they address themselves to picture-making before they have fairly mastered the tools of their craft, and the result is that their work, often well conceived and carried out, falls short of artistic excellences for lack of that most primary of all qualities, good drawing. But, secondly, the State is in no small measure to blame. Until our students can look forward to being employed on public work, we can never expect them to rise superior to the sorry trade of imperfect "pot-boiling." There is abundant evidence in the present Salon of the superb manner in which our Gallic neighbours manage all this.



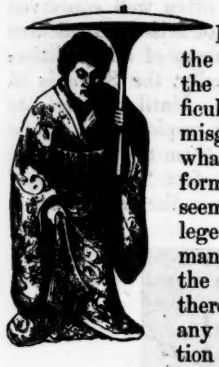
PATRIA.

(By G. R. Boulanger.)

But indeed in all departments of art—and we have not even touched upon the many fine things in sculpture, engraving, and architecture that the present Salon has to show—the French school has acquitted itself nobly; and even in the unavoidable absence of such art-Titans as Gérôme and Meissonier, De Taille and De Neuville, Paris can prove by the few we have named, and by such other masters as Albert Aublet, Jules Breton, Alexander Cabanel, Gustave Doré, A. Vély, F. Cormon, J. Bertrand, L. P. Robert, and J. J. Henner, that she is still the art-mistress of the world.

JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

ART NEEDLEWORK.—IV.



THE liberty of speech and the speculative tendency of the present day make it difficult to lay down, without misgivings of being assailed, what is merit in design. In former times, when learning seems to have been the privilege of the few, and when the many accepted as infallible the doctrines of the initiated, there was probably little if any of that sort of mystification or entanglement which now arises in great clouds and fogs from the multitude, tending either to dim the lustre of simple principles or, *per contra*, to intensify their illuminating power.

Principles of art were undoubtedly perceived and followed by artists, and it is to such principles that all who wish to keep in the right path must revert. Merit in design—that is, merit of goodness in design—results only from obedience to principles. Originality, as it is sometimes termed, is often but a misuse of or jugglery with principles. Whosoever employs principles should certainly ascertain their proper application. Many able thinkers and writers have written upon this subject, and yet, as is common in much else, succeeding generations, by falsely-conceived exercise of their privileges as persons of taste, perpetrate follies and display too great a capacity of hastiness to extinguish principles, if they can. The direction which a revival of some accepted style of design, with all its quips and cranks, may take, becomes in a way a style of art of the time. For instance, what is called the Queen Anne style, now in a very heat of fermentation, marks a phase of English nineteenth century art, just as classical styles flavoured architectural and furniture designs in the last century. The laws of style are chiefly overlooked, and "styles," which after all are but old laws filtered through various human alembics, to use Emerson's metaphor, are very much made up of filterings or dregs, mannerisms and flavourings, and are preferred to knowledge of principles.

A poetic artist, say of Mr. W. Morris's culture and ability, extends the application of old principles, and produces works which shed an influence in the formation of a style. Holding the faith that that which is good will survive that which is bad, one naturally decides that the effect of thought-out and thorough work will survive that of unconsidered imitations. But why should Mr. Morris's designs be more thorough than countless Queen Anne imitations? It is because on testing those we have seen to the best of our ability, by what we conceive to be a correct criterion of principles, we find the majority of these designs based upon a conscientious observance of these principles. Lines are used to fulfil an appropriate purpose. False correlations of colours are not attempted. Inappropriateness is avoided as far as possible. The designs of Mr. Morris are not puzzling. They are expositions of certain theories which involve a knowledge of the history and the principles of art. At the same

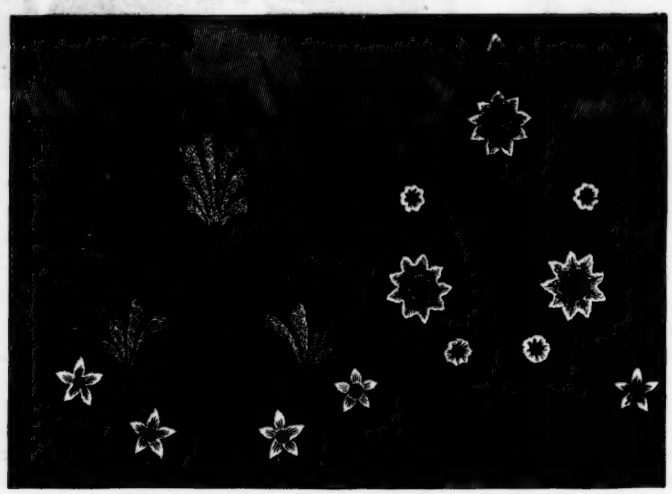


Fig. 1.—SPECIMEN FROM THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK.

time, *humanum est errare*, and it must not be assumed that because we are sensible of a general

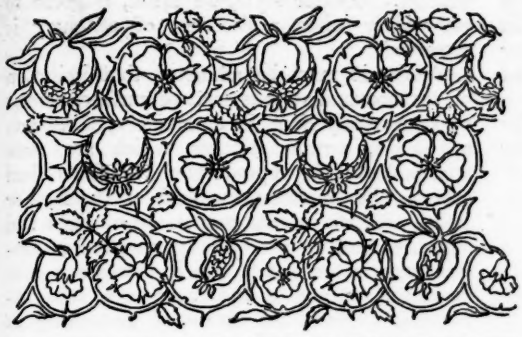


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FROM THE DECORATIVE ART NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

rightness in these works there may not be some among them the designs of which do not please us. We may say that into certain phases of his decoration Mr. Morris infuses an over-abundance of form that may detract from that oneness of object with ornament which we believe him to recognise as a principle, though he sometimes may overlook it.

Merit in design, then, depends upon recognition and knowledge of principles as guiding influences in making designs; and now, what are these necessary guides? At this question one may expect shouts of derision. Who is to be the tabulator of the principles? If you state a ground on which you base what you call your principles, some one at once starts up and, disagreeing *toto cælo*, talks in an opposite direction, laying down the reverse of what you propose. In art needlework, however, as in art everything else, the performance is good according to the power of the worker. And herein may be found a principle as old as time, and yet fresh without tarnish from constant exposure or repetition—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Thy might rests upon thy intelligence and zeal. Therefore whatever you undertake to embroider, do it as intelligently and as zealously as you can. Have your reason, and a complete one, for every detail of your work. Make or select your design because you feel and understand that it is suitable not only to the materials in which it is to be wrought, but also because without it the object of which it is to form part would be incomplete.

For pictures, flowing paints are better than silks or wools. By the former, hues of colour can be blended so that, as in nature itself, the commencement of one hue or the termination of another cannot be distinguished. In embroidery such effects, which are essentials in pictorial representation wherein atmospheric subtleties are paramount, cannot so easily be obtained. We cannot forget extraordinary performances of certain clever needleworkers. Nevertheless, embroidery is not a suitable method for making pictures.

An ambition which o'erleaps itself and postures in a ridiculous manner permits the manufacture of Berlin wool pictures. One need not dilate upon the degradation to which the human form divine is subject when its counterfeit presentment is rendered in little squares or loops of crude colours selected and juxtaposed with less skill than that which the pavement artist exhibits. It is plain that squares and loops are not the best means of expressing such forms, or indeed even cognate forms such as those of living birds, beasts, fishes, fruits, flowers, foliage. Nevertheless, whilst decrying the merits of a practice which would have an ethnical interest were its results to hail from, say, the Mountains of the Moon, we do not propose an Oriental code of artistic morality which shall prohibit us from introducing into our ornament any forms we think suitable for our purposes.

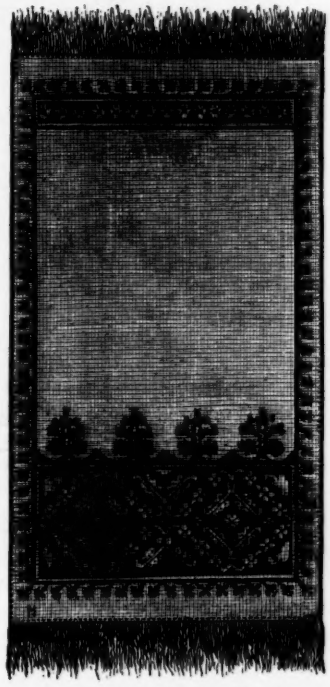


Fig. 3.—SPECIMEN FROM THE LADIES' WORK SOCIETY.

In No. II. of this series of notes on art needlework appeared an engraving of a screen decorated with figures by Mr. Burne Jones. It was merely an arrangement of lines, most of which were more suitable to be rendered in embroidery than in other materials. The design could not

be held to compete with a painting or with a sculpture. It was *sui generis* for the needle—at least the greater portion of it was; and it was only in regard to the reproduction in embroidery of certain delicate lines, for giving subtle expression to a face or a drapery, that we might take some exception.

A chief beauty of art needlework is its regularity. Mixtures of stitches are rarely



Fig. 4.—SPECIMEN FROM THE LADIES' WORK SOCIETY.

successful. When, therefore, one has a broadly-drawn design to work out with the needle, it is, we think, detrimental to the effect to intersperse amongst the bolder lines small work which has a look of meanness. As soon as one ventures upon refinements in expression which necessitate a change in size of stitch, an interference with conformity of stitch is the consequence. The first aim we have as needleworkers to strive at is regularity and good workmanship. This may sound dull and mechanical to many who find a delight in variety of stitches. Greater style, we think, is given to embroidery when a decorum of stitchery is preserved.

Whilst it must be admitted that imitation of textures and various sorts of surfaces cannot be successfully done in embroidery, there are, no doubt, certain stitches which are more applicable to the reproduction of effects than others. For instance, the flesh of the face or body, with its infinite gradations of light and shade, cannot be successfully rendered in embroidery; but a stitch which procures a nice even surface and compactness is a straightforward conventional means of presenting us with something which may serve in appearance for flesh, just as honest flat wash and paint serves a like purpose in monumental decoration. These remarks may also apply to leaves and blossoms. It is painful to see audacious needlework in which the finesse of nature is, as it inevitably must be, clumsily libelled. Embroidery can only be a vehicle for broadly expressing generalities. And a rule of this kind must be a guiding principle with the designer of the embroidery.

Those who decline to bind themselves by such principles are as wise as Canute's courtiers. One may often hear them say, "Art is to please, and principles annoy us." But then, what is their pleasure? It is in most cases merely unconsidered gratification. Erasmus, in his praise of Folly, gives us, by implication at least, if we did not otherwise learn it, ground for seeing that real pleasure is reasonably-founded enjoyment. This reasonable foundation of pleasure in artistic design demands study. And thorough study leads us to understand the benefits we should derive from our work. It is therefore incumbent upon embroidery designers and workers to feel the reasons why their productions shall give pleasure, just as much as it is requisite that those who acquire the productions shall reasonably satisfy themselves why they are pleased with them. And, again, this confronts us with obedience to principles.

As a rule, the designer and the needleworker are two distinct persons. Each, however, is required to understand the capabilities of materials and of stitches. Some workers attain to proficiency in one sort of stitchery, and are accordingly prone to give it a pre-eminence. But this cannot be right. Appliqué work is not better than cross-stitch, nor feather-stitch than chain-stitch. Each form of stitch

has its merit when properly used. Combinations, too, of varieties of stitches may have to be resorted to; but combinations, as we indicated above, tend to mar the unison of a piece of needlework. In working out the design of a spray of flowers, for example, however precisely the stitches might be wrought, there would be an incongruity patent to all, were the stems to be of padded appliqué, the leaves of feather-stitch, and the blossoms of chain-stitch. There are plenty of such incongruities to be met with in works both of the present and past times. The needleworker in those cases has given a wrong pre-eminence to his skill. He shows off the diversity of stitches he can do, and makes the design subservient to his conceit. In criticising works of the past, however, one should always, as far as may be, acquaint oneself with the conditions under which they were produced.

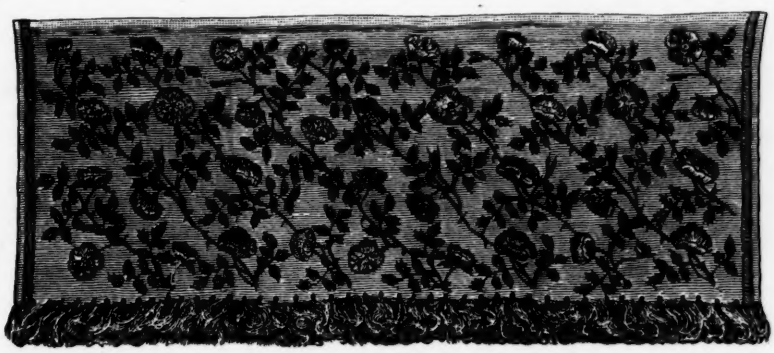


Fig. 5.—SPECIMEN FROM THE DECORATIVE ART NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

Amongst modern needlework there are some examples which, from their simplicity of treatment in design and work, strike us as being in good taste. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 belong to this category of work. The character of the foliage in Fig. 4 is understood by the designer and nicely expressed. The distribution of the forms over the surface is full without being over-massed, and its general balance does not err in the direction of geometric formality. The flat treatment of the leaves makes it suitable to the surface of the linen, and the way in which the stitches are worked into the woof and warp of the material effects union in reality and in sentiment between the embroidery and the stuff. Fig. 3 reminds us of Venetian conventual work, the style of which was derived from Rhodian, Cretan, and Oriental embroiderers. This kind of work finds much favour in Russia. It is effective and simple. The invention of designs for work like this is not so difficult a matter as that of those based upon natural objects. In Fig. 1 we have a conventional floral design, the origin of which might be traced to classic honeysuckle friezes. In this case, however, the swing of the curves is interfered with by the stitch used. It would be better, perhaps, had the stitches in all the forms followed the flow of the main structure-line instead of going across it. Beauty in this style of design was brought to a high degree by the Italian ornamentalists of the Renaissance, and many valuable suggestions are to be derived from studying graceful examples of Italian conventional floral ornament which abound in shrines, pilasters, etc., and are brought to our very homes by photography.

All who have given expression to their thoughts in the matter of art-principles have probably encountered the danger, and not been able to avoid it somewhere or another, of running into an extreme of doctrine. Without instigations to discussion, diffusion of principles would stand still. An instigation to the few remarks here offered lay in the feeling we entertain that in the midst of excellent and most commendable industry displayed in behalf of art needlework there is a too frequent assertion of immature ideas on art-design—ideas which, somewhat new to the public and consequently too readily accepted, do not advance the simplicity and dignity of good taste. On the one hand we must certainly strive to keep ourselves free from the bonds of a deadening conventionalism; but on the other hand we must equally struggle against a notion of which the age is not altogether innocent—that whatsoever is strange is artistic.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION, 1880.

THE heavy losses by death which the Royal Scottish Academy has sustained during the last two years necessarily affected their annual exhibition this season, and were not quite counterbalanced by the many excellent works of the recruits who have recently joined them from among the younger members of the profession. It is difficult to recognise the galleries now-a-days without the examples of Bough, Chalmers, Cassie, Macleay, and many others, some of which regularly proved rallying points on the walls. On the other hand this exhibition was more than usually characteristic of the school. Very frequently the chief features have been the product of English studios, but beyond one foreign work and a couple of portraits by Mr. Millais, the principal pictures were all by members of the Academy. Its great lack, if we may so say, was the lack of points of concentration, such as were supplied by the works of Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Millais, and others at the Royal Academy; and although an average degree of merit is no artistic fault, the success of an exhibition is generally decided by the one or two striking pictures which force themselves upon the memory. There were decided gaps in this respect which Mr. Portael's "Prayer of Judith" and Mr. Erskine Nicol's "Interviewing the Member" did not quite fill.



SIR GALAHAD.
(By Sir Noël Paton, LL.D.)

The most telling picture of the year was probably Mr. W. E. Lockhart's "Murder of Cardinal Beaton." This subject is one eminently suited to pictorial treatment, and in the hands of Mr. Lockhart (whose "Gil Blas" will be remembered by visitors to the Royal Academy of 1879) has lost nothing of its intensely dramatic qualities. The Cardinal has been aroused at daybreak from his couch in the castle of St. Andrew's by the murderer Leslie and his fellow-conspirators, and has donned the scarlet robes of his priestly office, as though to throw around him the protection of the Church. He stands now within his chamber urging on his chamberlain to the work of barricading the door, which is already on fire. The artist has shown great skill and vigour in the handling of a brilliant scheme of colour, whilst the tragic motive of the picture is duly emphasised. Also to be classed among the popular pictures was Mr. Erskine Nicol's clever and humorous study of Irish life which hung in the Royal Academy last year, and of which we give a sketch (page 434). Among other contributions from members of the Royal Scottish Academy resident in London



GOLDSMITH IN HIS STUDY.
(By John Faed, R.S.A.)

were Mr. McWhirter's well-known "Three Graces," and a single figure-subject by Mr. Orchardson which was exhibited for the first time. This last, "A Revolutionist," represents a haughty Frenchman, with gay costume and tricolour sash, posing on the pavement, and it exhibits unusual precision in drawing, while graceful and delicate in its scheme of colour. Mr. Pettie's contributions were his "Rob Roy" and "Member of the Long Parliament," and a costume-portrait of Mr. Alex. Watt, to be remembered for its wonderfully luminous colour and solidity of modelling. Mr. Millais' two portraits of his daughters are evidently rapid studies, and not quite so satisfactory as usual, one of them only, that of his daughter "Effie," having anything like the delicacy and roundness of style and graceful expression which are associated with the artist's work. As favourable examples of Belgian contemporary work, Mr. Portael's "Prayer of Judith," and two heads by the same artist, were especially interesting, the latter bearing a curious resemblance in treatment to some of the work of the modern Pre-Raphaelite school. From Sir Noël Paton came two poetical pictures, the chief of them "A Dream of Latmos," in illustration of Keats's "Endymion." The sleeping shepherd is represented on a bed of roses and honeysuckle, his breast being half concealed by his purple robe and tiger-skin, while above him the love-sick goddess is gazing down into his face, her head encircled by the full-orbed moon. Sir Noël's other work was "Sir Galahad," of which we give an illustration (page 432), depicting the knight on horseback, arrested at the edge of some sombre pool among the rocks, the three angels, bearing the Holy Grail, floating across the darkened sky. Both pictures are characteristic examples of the painter's delicate fancy and originality, and show much charm of finish and beauty of line. Among the members of the Academy who devote themselves more particularly to figure-painting, Mr. Robert Herdman occupies a foremost position. His style of work, two specimens of which were prominently placed in the recent exhibition of the Royal Academy, is singularly graceful rather than robust in design, and is enhanced by an invariable use of a richly luminous colour-scheme. Eminently suited to this treatment was "A Wandering Minstrel," in which the picturesque costume of an Italian girl gave effective play to variegated tones of colour in a low and harmonious key. Also to be mentioned as a figure-painter is Mr. Robert Gavin, R.S.A., an artist who resides chiefly in Morocco, and who makes effective use of dark skins and gay costumes, set against quaint peeps of Moorish architecture. Among Academicians who are known beyond the border may be included Mr. James Archer, who sent his "Sacrifice to Dionysius;" Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who exhibited one or two



CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE SQUIRE'S.
(*By W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.*)



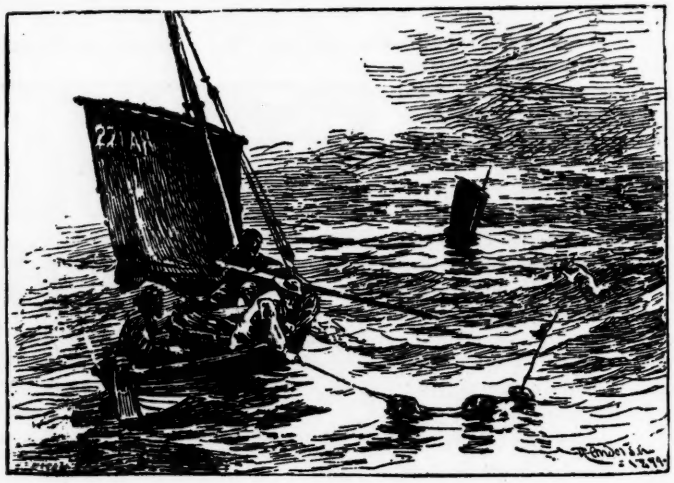
A STRAGGLER OF THE CHEVALIER'S ARMY.
(*By W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.*)

small landscapes similar to his large pictures at the Grosvenor and Academy; Mr. John Faed, represented by his "Goldsmith in his



INTERVIEWING THE MEMBER.
(*By Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.*)

Study" (illustrated on page 432), and by another work, "The Rivals," more brilliant in colour and scarcely so successful in treatment; and Mr. George Reid, whose chief contribution was "November," a magnificent landscape painted for the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. Mr. Reid's picture was one of the best landscapes of the exhibition, and in colour, at least, little inferior to the work of the late G. Paul Chalmers. Its subject was a lonely tarn, with dark water and withered reeds, and background of gloomy hill-sides, fringed with autumnal foliage, and under a dreary November sky. Among other landscape-painters are Mr. Alexander Fraser, Mr. Waller Paton, and Mr. John Smart, whose characteristics have been already dealt with in these pages (Vol. II., p. 267), and who all exhibited more or less noteworthy compositions of highland scenery. As a painter of landscapes with figures, and more particularly wedded to lowland scenes, Mr. W. D. McKay occupies a distinctive position of his own, and may not be classed as a painter of national scenery. His work possesses a genuine feeling for the quieter beauties of nature, and in finish, while conscientiously elaborate, never transgresses the higher quality of breadth of effect. His chief work was "Haytime in Upper Annandale," a glimpse of river scenery in a delicate vein of silvery colour. From a foreground of running water bordered by bushes, and with hayfields and haymakers beyond, the eye is led by trees and pasture-lands to distant hill-sides under a grey sky. Others whose pictures occupied prominent positions were Sir Daniel Macnee, the President, whose work is confined to portraiture; Mr. Otto Leyde, R.S.A., who exhibited several graceful portraits and one landscape; Mr. Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., who showed several studies of animal life; and Mr. Arthur Perigal, from whom we had several large landscapes. A notice of the work of the senior members of the Academy would be incomplete without special reference to the very powerful portraits and landscapes of Mr. McTaggart, R.S.A. In strength of expression and grasp of character the former are quite unique of their kind, and will compare with the best contemporary work, while in the realisation of broad effects of daylight the landscapes are as notable, and are quite



DEEP SEA FISHERS.
(*By Robert Anderson, A.R.S.A.*)

invaluable to students. The chief of these this year, painted for the Royal Association, was "When the Boats come in," a delightful stretch of coast-line, with fisher-children, who have waded out among the rocks, waiting for

the return of the boats, seen scudding homeward before the breeze. The artist is at his best in dealing with a subject such as this, and gives a perfect rendering of swaying water sparkling with movement and animation. Mr. McTaggart has for some years taken an active interest in the Life school of the Academy, and to his influence may be traced much of the best work of the younger artists.

Among this latter class Mr. Lawton Wingate, A.R.S.A., made a special hit with a very beautiful subject-picture entitled "Quoiters." Upon the village green shadowed by stately foliage and under a warm evening sunlight, the rustics are gathered to take part in a game of quoits, either as spectators or players. The pastoral aim of the composition has been attained by great simplicity of detail, and by a quiet and harmonious colour-scheme. From Mr. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A., whose pictures we had occasion to mention very favourably last year, came several important works, two of which we are able to illustrate. The chief of his examples were "A Straggler of the Chevalier's Army" (page 433), which shows us a sturdy highland rebel hotly pursued down a picturesque village street by a few of the more daring spirits among the villagers; and "Christmas Eve at the Squire's" (page 433), a last century interior, with a ball in progress, to which the retainers have been invited as spectators. Also occupying prominent positions in the galleries were some striking shipping scenes by Mr. J. C. Noble, A.R.S.A., a young artist who has attained great dexterity in rendering the atmospheric buoyancy and lightness of sky effects, and who, besides, ranks high as a colourist. Somewhat similar in their treatment of clear daylight effects were Mr. Robert Anderson's water-colours, the largest of which we illustrate (page 434). Mr. David Murray's Royal Academy and Grosvenor pictures of last year should also be mentioned amongst the work of the younger artists. The artistic sentiment of his "Highland Funeral" is especially complete, and is realised in the dreary waste of wet sand, under an evening sky, and the solemn procession of fisher-folk disappearing with their burden into the dark clouds of advancing night.

GEORGE R. HALKETT.

ART IN TURIN.

BEING the first national Italian exhibition, that at Turin is extremely interesting as bringing into one focus the styles of modern art in different parts of Italy, and proving beyond a doubt that they yet keep up distant echoes of the ancient traditions of the different schools.

The Venetians are still remarkable for the rich glow of colour, and possess the secret of Iris in harmonising strong tints. Signor Pompeo-Molmenti's "Othello" is a splendid combination of gorgeous colour, although the composition is repulsively realistic, the despair of Othello, the agonies of death in the other characters, being given with a savage force. Some half-length portraits in costume have all the marks of the school of Titian and Giorgione.

The Romans have still a serious tone, their most striking pictures being a few telling figures in strong relief on a neutral subdued background. This combination of relief and sombre colouring is especially remarkable in Cesare Maccari's "Deposition of Pope Silverius by Belisarius." Francesco Jacovacci's "Michael Angelo and the Body of Vittoria Colonna" is also a masterly study of *chiaroscuro*, although not successful as a delineation of emotion.

The Milanese school is still more remarkable for carrying out the ancient traditions. The softness of the flesh tints and blending of gradations in the shadows are surely reminiscences of Leonardo da Vinci's *sfumato* method. Good specimens are Giuliano's "Vandyke Painting the Children of Charles I.," of which the handling is charmingly soft and mellow; "Cesar Borgia in Lucrezia's House," and "The Guardian Angel," both by Eugenio Conti of Milan.

The Florentine school retains its realistic tendencies with a great facility of handling. Barabino's "Galileo's Last Moments" shows both the strength and the weakness of the school.

Naples, as in the days of the mannerists, keeps up its ancient character for false art. The modern Neapolitans, like the English æsthetics, intend to revolutionise Italian art; they go in for originality of handling, paint a landscape with a brush an inch wide, bring out their

lights with a thick impasto, and affect a crude rashness of colour. With the same motive as the æsthetic school has—that of ignoring ancient traditions—they arrive at an opposite point; instead of harmonising curious tertiary shades of colour, they fearlessly make crashing discords. They handle Pompeian subjects with more than the traditional *abandon*, and much less than the traditional refinement.

At the Art Congress the question has been mooted as to the expediency of establishing a national permanent exhibition at Rome, like our Royal Academy, but it has been voted against on the score that it would injure Italian art to localise it. In England there is one school and one centre, but here the case is different, and the different centres ought to be kept distinct as in old times. An amendment was made that an annual exhibition would be good, but its centre should be annually changed, so as to give each school a fair chance in its turn. It would be well also were the next exhibition so arranged as to classify the schools—the pictures not being hung indiscriminately, but placed according to size.

The Italian *forte* is certainly historical painting, and truly in this they have rich founts of inspiration to draw from. Landscape-painting is still in its infancy, there being only a few masters of that style.

There is a curious want of ideality; they cannot even imagine a name for a subject. A pretty group of sculpture—a girl holding a baby boy up to play with an eagle, a charming bit of modelling from the nude—is called "artist's models." The name "Infant Ganymede" would have rendered it a poem instead of a studio study.

Italian sculpture is fast splitting on the rock *verismo*. The poems in marble may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The grotesque heads, prim children in boots and flounces, affected ladies in high-heeled shoes and mincing attitudes, children with dead birds or fish, are in hundreds. There is a bronze head with real spectacles, and some models of Arabs have terra-cotta faces and white plaster burnous. It is a fact, however, that the best sculptors have not sent their works; they are so well known in their own studios that they will not take the trouble or risk of sending works for exhibition. Albani, Consani, Fedi, Duprè, Fantacchiotti, have no works here.

The arrangements are very un-English: the building has two large, cool, uncarpeted rooms, one at each end, hung with one row of large paintings, lit from the roof. A corridor of draped arches connects the two, and gives light to numerous half-circular rooms for smaller works. Draperies and lounges of a neutral tint, flowers and fountains, and cool watered floors make a pleasant atmosphere in the summer heat. The sculpture is arranged in a large hall with circular recesses and a skylight which occupies the whole centre of the exhibition. A cool fountain splashes amid bright flowers, and the groups of sculpture are tastefully arranged, and interspersed with flowers and evergreens, well relieved against the walls of deep Pompeian red adorned with a classical frieze.

LEADER SCOTT.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—V.

OUR review of the several exhibitions having now become retrospective, little else remains than to do a tardy justice to some works of merit which, as month after month has passed by, have failed to gain the reputation which is their due. Nothing is more marked in the history of a season's picture-galleries than the distinction between the two kinds of fame which may be won on their walls—the verbal and the printed reputations. It most frequently happens that a picture which every newspaper mentions is so much a matter of course—one of its author's familiar and innumerable works—that it is hardly spoken of in the studios, while another, which neither by the painter's reputation nor by any showy qualities of its own has succeeded in attracting the attention of more than two, or at the most three, professional critics, creates a little storm of enthusiasm and prophetic augury in the busily-talking world of practical art. Not much was written, for instance, while much was said, about Mr. Clausen when his talent was first made known; and the same is true of Mr. Logsdail, whose most remarkable picture of the Antwerp fish-market we noticed in a former article. It cannot be said that the press has greeted the appearance of so noteworthy a new talent with any very distinct applause, but every young artist in the schools and studios is aware that a noteworthy success has none the less been made. We are glad to learn of the purchase by the Queen of this young artist's work, and we look forward to a promising future

for his talent. From among Mr. Vicat Cole's four canvases we engrave a little sketch of one of the most brilliant—his "Thames Backwater" (page 440). This artist is, perhaps, of all now living, the most distinctively English in his manner of landscape-painting; and he appropriately chooses his subjects among the swelling hills, the thick woods, cornfields, and pastures of rural England—those scenes which are at once so devoid of human life and human habitations, and so full of the evidences of man's labour. Neither the populous champaigns of Italy nor the wild spaces of Oriental scenery would fit his style so well as these rich English solitudes. The present example of Mr. Vicat Cole's art differs from his usual work in containing an elaborate study of water. His recent election to the full membership of the Academy may be taken as a timely compliment to that national school of landscape of which our country has long been proud. We are happy also in being able to publish a sketch of Mr. J. R. Reid's dramatic and truthful picture, "Mary, the Maid of the Inn" (page 439), of which we spoke in a former number, and to which less than justice was done by the hanging committee. Of



FROM THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

(By Frank Dickse. By permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic.")

attractive vivacity in action and expression is Mr. F. W. W. Topham's scene of Italian life—"A Prize in the Lottery." Even the moralist who may justly condemn the encouragement to the gambling spirit—naturally strong in man—which is given by public lotteries, will not withhold his congratulations from Mr. Topham's radiant girl whose speedy marriage (we may romantically suppose) will follow upon the sudden good fortune of a splendid dower. The actions of his group are Italian in their vivacity, and particularly characteristic is the young soldier's bow of felicitation. Among the successes of the year must assuredly be placed



IDA, DAUGHTER OF R. H. COMBE, ESQ.
(By George D. Leslie, R.A.)

Mr. C. Van Haanen's "Pearl-stringers, Venice." This little picture is peculiarly animated, and altogether original; a line of girls, each with an arm lifted up, threading long strings of Venetian glass beads, form a composition from which many an artist would shrink, but which Mr. Van Haanen has turned to charming effect. He has also made the best possible use of the hundred accidents of colour of which such a group must needs be full, his canvas, besides, being alive with the laughter and chatter of those honeyed Venetian tongues, the soft *patois* of which contrasts so strikingly with the emphatic accents of Modena, the barbarous corruptions of Genoa, and the gutturals of Tuscany. Nothing could be more admirable than the *talking* face of an old woman who is addressing a girl at a distance, while the accessories, especially the objects—the onions and the picture—which hang from the wall behind the women, are exceedingly well painted. As a little bit of noise, colour, and character, this picture can hardly be matched among the works of the year. "Thursday" is the laconic title of Mr. W. D. Sadler's clever group of monks fishing; they ply rod and line and landing-net, with all the interest which the prospects of the morrow's dinner-table can give to their sport. Monks afford excellent subjects for character-pictures when the artist can refrain from caricature on the one hand and sentimentality on the other; Mr. Sadler has somewhat inclined to caricature. Mr. E. A. Waterlow and Mr. Tom Lloyd both devote themselves to the speckled woods, the flowers and mosses of the early year, in "Spring" and "Primrose Gatherers." Charming feeling is in both pictures; it is, indeed, scarcely necessary to lay much stress on Mr. Lloyd's extraordinary perfection of manner. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" is best described by being named as the work of Mr. Hamilton Macallum, whose opal ripples, translucent boat-shadows, and distances lost in light are delightfully familiar to every one. The movement in this example is admirable, a somewhat tyranically adventurous elder brother standing in the boat and swaying it with the movement of his body, while the little ones cling to the sides half in terror, half in enjoyment, and the lucid depths of water shine all round the fisher-children. Mr. F. Morgan's "Apple-Gathering" is a fresh picture of happy industry in that pleasantest of rustic earthly paradises—an orchard. Mr. McLachlan's scenic "Vanderdecken" is not without considerable talent, while its somewhat theatrical effectiveness is appropriate to a melodramatic subject; he shows the phantom Dutchman sweeping across the sunset in a glare of light, mist, and cloud. In "Mary Magdalen at the Foot of the Cross," Mr. C. P. Downing has made one of the few attempts at religious art which the pictorial season has to show; his work is very serious and sincere, and manifests uncommon powers of draughtsmanship. He has intended no beauty in the face of his Magdalen, and has not even been seduced into giving her particularly lovely tresses, while there is nothing sentimental in her action or expression. Another picture of the few that illustrate Scriptural subjects is Miss Theresa Thornycroft's careful work, "The Feeding of the Multitude." As usual with modern artists,

this lady has failed in the figure of the Saviour, but in this she shares the fortune of not a few distinguished painters. Her accessory figures are



GRANDFATHER'S PET.
(*By Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A.*)

much happier, and she has somewhat strangely chosen to give a far more realistic and Oriental presentment of the Christ than of the Apostles or the multitude, the former being an Arab in type and costume, while the latter are somewhat conventional in their draperies. Miss Thornycroft draws with precision, and her composition is excellent, but her colour strikes the eye as peculiarly pink and crude.

No one who has ever given a thought to the most pathetic class of modern society—that of the London gutter-children—will withhold his sympathy from Mr. F. W. Lawson, whose series of "Children of the Great City" contains so much truth and unforced feeling. "A Merry Christmas"—two lonely little ones amusing themselves without toys, as best they may, by making shadows on the blank walls of a garret—"Imprisoned Spring," a picture of which the very title was a poem—and "Dawn" have been followed this year by "Her Father's House," in which a little bare-footed street-girl stands peering in at the door of a rich church, the floor of which her muddy feet would never dare to press. "With Wind and Tide" is one of Mr. Hemy's vigorous sea-pieces, while in the "Trial of Queen Catherine," Mr. Laslett J. Pott shows all his usual dramatic power. Artists have no more difficult subject to treat in all nature, animate and inanimate, than the cat; there is a subtlety in her movement, with a still greater subtlety in her expression and in her features, that somehow evades the painter. We are nearly always conscious of a want, an exaggeration, or a misunderstanding of character in a painted cat. Mr. Smallfield has faced the difficulty boldly in his "Old Actors"—the first interview of an afterwards famous actress with her first manager. "Peg Woffington," the catalogue tells us, "came to London at twenty-five years of age. After calling many times at the house of John Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, she was at last admitted, and found him lolling on a sofa, surrounded by twenty-seven cats, of all ages." The artist has come unusually near success; in one instance—that of a cat turning its head to lick its side—he has, indeed, altogether seized the cat-nature; his figures—of secondary importance in this picture—are also good, that of pretty Peg Woffington in her large gipsy hat being very attractive. Mr. Storey and Mr. William Gale have both (like Mr. Watts at the Grosvenor) taken the subject of "Daphne," the latter artist giving the more poetical reading, while Mr. Storey's is a stout and robust nymph of unrefined proportions, with hair of a modern London fashion, her attitude besides being conscious and somewhat stagey. From Mr. Leslie's always attractive portraits of little girls we engrave a sketch of "Ida, Daughter of Mr. R. H. Combe" (page 438). Mr. Hubert



MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.
(*By J. R. Reid.*)

Herkomer has this year displayed a perhaps unparalleled versatility. Figures, portrait (at the Grosvenor), and landscape—oil-painting, water-colour, etching, engraving, and miniature—he has had a hand in each; and in no subject has he

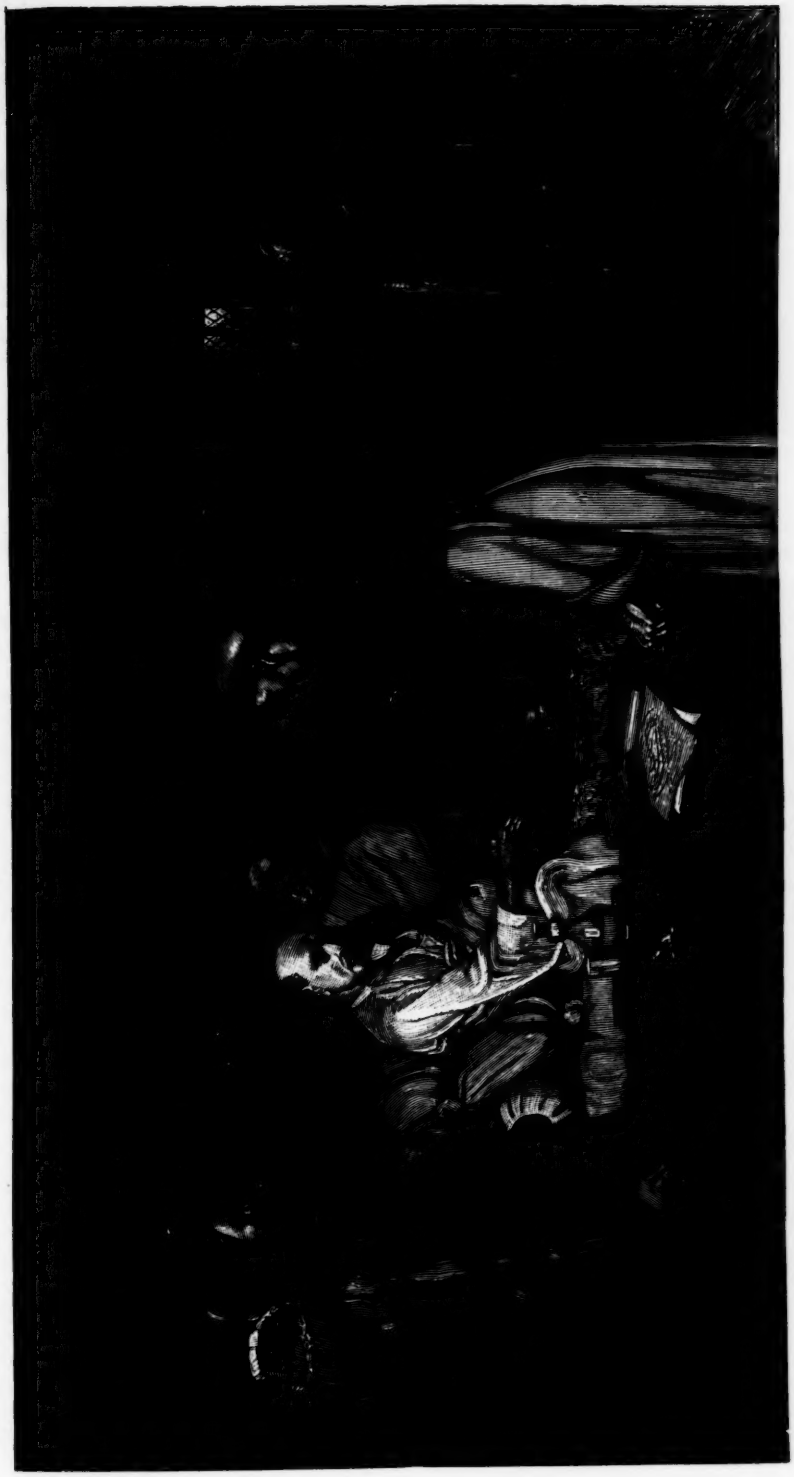
done finer work than in his large landscapes. Of "God's Shrine" we have already spoken, and "Wind-Swept," though it does not appeal so directly to sentiment, is if possible a grander picture; the fleeting distance is full of atmosphere, a poetical desolation hangs over the wild hill-tops. His principal figure-subject is in water-colour—a charming group which we reproduce (page 439), and of which the tenderness and grace speak for themselves. We defer until next month our notice of the water-colours at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor. So ends —with many apologies to the painters of several very important pictures, whose names we have altogether omitted, or to whom we have made slight reference, in our wish to do rarer justice to younger men — our imperfect record of the oil-pictures of the Royal Academy in 1880, a show of level merit, not so much distinguished as the exhibitions of many years past for work of anything like sensational effect.



THAMES BACKWATER.
(*By Vicat Cole, R.A.*)

Mr. Watts's contributions to the Grosvenor Gallery will be remembered as being of great importance, though not of great novelty to those who know his works outside the public exhibitions. "The Rev. C. Beanlands" is one of the artist's marked successes in quiet and refined portraiture, while "Watchman, what of the Night?" is a suggestive study of a woman in armour, evidently intended for a Joan of Arc; the features are emotional and irregular, and the expression pathetic. "Daphne" and "Psyche" are extremely attenuated studies from the nude, one of which at least was seen at the Dudley Gallery many years ago. The portrait of Mr. William Morris is an admirable likeness; and the same may be said of each of Mrs. Jopling's two excellently painted portraits. The works of Mr. Frank Holl, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Pellegrini (whose progress is extraordinary) have united with those already mentioned to make this branch of art especially prominent in the Bond Street show this year, but an almost equal attractiveness must be allowed to the charming little *accidental* passages of homely Italian by-way scenery (from several hands), any one of which is worth more than many less intelligently touched panoramas of mountain and valley. Mr. North is an artist whom, but for the Grosvenor Gallery, the public might possibly forget, so entirely has he latterly withdrawn himself from other exhibitions; he is nevertheless a most original and individual painter, and his manner of broadly indicating the detail of luxuriant vegetation is altogether his own. He divides with Mr. Edgar Barclay the illustration of Algerian scenery. Mr. Albert Moore is as exquisite as ever in his rather monotonous manner. His careful and solid drawing should certainly serve as an example to his brothers of the decorative school, who still persist in making a deliberate and intentional archaism cover the faults of defective study. Of Mr. J. C. Moore's talent it is with pain that we record the last examples; by his death landscape-painting loses an artist as simple as he was refined, but it is chiefly as the painter of his entirely unconventional yet entirely uneccentric portraits of children that he will be most generally remembered and regretted; he rendered children poetically because sincerely and simply.

Before concluding we must mention Mr. Frank Dicksee's ideal Beauty as the second which we engrave from the "Graphic" series —that popular collection of pretty faces of which we have already spoken. His chosen type found general favour, partly on account of its pleasantly English character.



THE DYING COPERNICUS.

(From the Picture by E. Blair Leighton in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1880.)

ART IN THE STREETS.—III.

A DISTINGUISHED art-writer like Mr. Ruskin could give an excellent idea of true art-principles even from so simple a thing as a street lamp. All the different patterns that meet our eye as we walk the streets seem to me false or poor. What they are intended to simulate, unless it be a post hewn out of wood, it would be hard to say. There is no attempt at a plinth. A lamp in Paris or Brussels is an elegant object, of a sort of bronze, tapering up, with a little half-raised decoration of leaves running round, and crowned with a pretty lantern. The lantern is the chief and all-important feature, the post being merely to support it. But here some kind of glass "thing" is perched on the top of a massive cast-iron pillar. Then this bulk is a waste of strength and emphasis. So, too, with the newly-introduced lanterns in the City, made in the shape of cylindrical cups out of one piece of glass. This was suitable in the case of the old oil-lamps hung out by a branch from the wall, and when the light was cast downwards; but here the absurdity has to be introduced of breaking a hole in the lower spherical surface to introduce the gas-jet. This clumsy device actually interferes with the light. But, indeed, the whole system of "street lamps" in London is in my opinion faulty, if tested by artistic rules. Surely to have a single little jet like a candle set up at intervals on high massive pillars, protected by lanterns, is a waste. Each should receive no other assistance than a branch from the wall. If a tall standard rises from the ground, it should bear something imposing: a cluster of lights and lanterns—a chandelier, as it were—to illuminate a large space. This would be not only more handsome, but more effective as an illuminator. It is such an arrangement that makes one of the attractions of the Place de l'Opera in Paris.

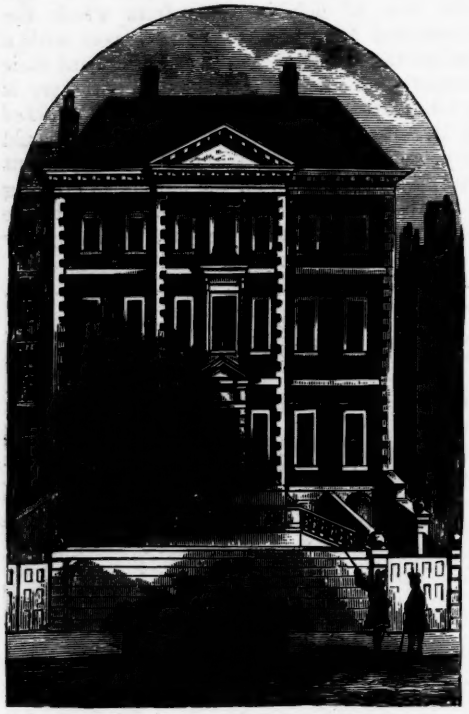
The lamps on the Embankment appear to be constructed on faulty principles, the most radical being the idea conveyed that the enormous piers which break the lines of moulded masonry at frequently recurring intervals were constructed specially to support these iron illuminators. This dwindles or makes trivial the effect of the long-stretching mass of granite, which, to have its full effect, should have been unbroken, or, at least, have been broken only at rare intervals. The lamps themselves are too trifling in their character to need such massive bases—as, indeed, the architect felt, for to make them harmonise he had to elaborate a massive iron base of dolphins, etc., from which the attenuated lamp-post rises like a pole with a ball at the end of it. To make lights and their supports an integral portion of a structure is a false system: they should be merely *attached* to it. By the existing arrangement one would suppose that the whole pier of the Embankment had been constructed for the purpose of erecting a row of lights. To see, however, the grotesque exhibited to its fullest extent, we have only



SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE IN BISHOPSGATE STREET.

to look at the gate-posts of Buckingham Palace, on which regular street lamps have been placed with an absolutely ludicrous effect. In churches in this country where lamps are used, they are hung from the roof by pulleys and a counter-

poise, like gasaliers, a complication that makes what might be elegant look clumsy. Yet abroad, in the Belgian cathedrals, a cord is simply run through a pulley in the roof, and the end secured to a pillar, the effect being as artistic as the arrangement is simple. Such are the lessons we can learn from such simple things as lamp-posts, which are so seldom ornamental and pleasant to look at. The makers need not be artists, but they should



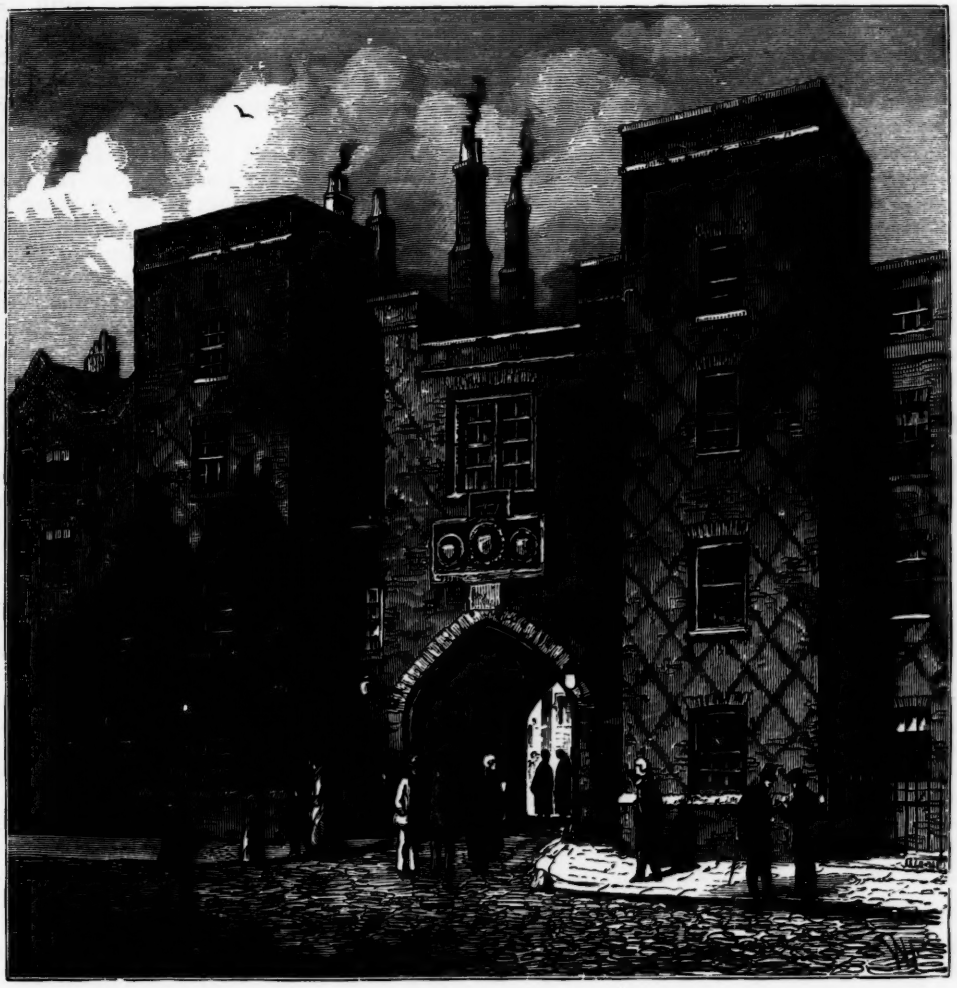
NEWCASTLE HOUSE, LINCOLN'S INN.

simply make their articles in the best and most serviceable fashion.

A few words on railings. There is hardly a piece of railing in London that can be called artistic, or that is made on true principles. There are two notable modern attempts upon the Embankment, neither of which is very successful. Many are costly as well as ambitious. The failure arises from misapprehending the object and functions of a railing. That object, it may be broadly stated, is to allow *as perfect a view of the enclosed space as is consistent with exclusion*. There is to be as much enjoyment for the eye as though the railing were away, yet the barrier must be as effectual as though it were a wall. The simplest form, therefore, is a set of bars wide apart, and the aim should be to have them of such a strength as will bear leaning against and handling, and of such space between as will allow a clear view, but without passage. The height, too, must be proportioned to the spacing, or the latter will appear narrower or broader, as if too long or too short. This is all very simple, and we can see it exemplified excellently in the elegant railings of the Tuileries Gardens. Upright bars tipped with gold are the principal feature, yet these are so nicely proportioned as to be infinitely more effective than more pretentious things of the kind. But let us turn to the ambitious and elaborate railing that decorates the old Temple Gardens. We are met by a heavy screen of metal-work so interlaced and crowded in pattern, that it seems rather a metal cage of wire-work than railing. It is frail and precarious, and looks as if intended to prevent a view of the gardens. Neither is there proportion between the supporting wall and the rail; and the whole, instead of having an airy, lofty appearance, with a certain elegance, as being in keeping with the charming gardens behind, has a dumpy, squat, overdone look. But what is this when compared with the flimsy bird-cage work that encloses the gardens of the Embankment! It can hardly keep on its feet, for it is planted like wire netting or fencing in the ground, instead of having a base of stone to rest on—an arrangement which keeps off the pressure of those outside most effectually, and allows them only to rest their hands on the rail. Indeed, all railing, like that of the Tuileries, should be architectural—that is, it should fill up the interval between stone piers, which thus form a proper support; but a long stretch of rail, supported only by stays, as the Hyde Park rail is, "can be toppled over in a moment." We are told that the tracery and elaborate workmanship of the Embankment garden rail are ornamental. Yet all these ornaments are "stuck on," and have no use—as is proved too well by the way in which they are being wrenched off, without damage to the general structure, by the passing little boy. It is a very flimsy, insecure arrangement; open work, yet close work, and all of cast-iron, and therefore brittle; and without dignity, because it suggests that what it encloses must be poor and trifling, since no more imposing balustrade was thought necessary to protect it.

Stored with a few of the principles here set out, the *flâneur* in the London streets will find

an easy and agreeable entertainment, and cultivate art at a small expenditure of trouble and at no cost of time, for he studies as he walks. Space does not permit us to do more than indicate a few of perhaps unsuspected, and certainly unobtrusive, treasures which London contains, and what is sadly to be bewailed, the well-known City Merchants' House in Leadenhall Street, an exceedingly interesting and curious specimen, with its courtyard, fine stair decorated with frescoes, noble carvings, and finely-proportioned rooms. Here lived the merchants of old days.



LINCOLN'S INN GATEWAY.

and which the wanderer will be glad to be guided to. The old artistic houses are fast disappearing. Within the last half-dozen years we have lost the so-called "Shakespeare's House" in Aldersgate Street, a quaint carved specimen; an old inn in Bishopsgate Street; the unique and singularly curious inn near Paternoster Row; the "Old Tabard" in the Borough (page 449); Sir Paul Pindar's House in Bishopsgate Street (p. 443) still remains, but has a precarious tenure. It must be crazy enough. It is like an old French cabinet, with its bow-window and rich carvings from top to bottom. It might be put in a museum, and is certainly very bold and effective in treatment. Close to Regent Street, in Mortimer Street, we come upon two richly-

carved houses which are even flamboyant in treatment, and which many have passed without a glance. The contrast between the pair shows what a variety of treatment can be effected in houses in a row.

But close to a monstrous pile which, like a tall bully, and a corpulent one too, lifts its head at the Broadway, Westminster, is the quaint Queen Anne's Square, its houses so effective with their broad eaves and half a dozen curiously-carved doorways. The house in the corner near the crumbling statue is the most interesting. The strange collection of old carved faces let into the walls is worthy of a cathedral. These houses, however, are being "improved"—raised by a storey—and will soon lose all character. Not very far off is another delightful bit of old London. Passing down from the Wellington Barracks, we strike into York Street, near which we come upon a square of almshouses—Lady Dacre's—relics of past times which, for picturesque decay and solitude, are worthy of the late Frederick Walker's brush. Here we find a peaceful neglect, architectural design, bold shadows, and good iron-work. The pitch of the roof is excellent, the two little gateways admirable in appearance, though the centre entrance loses its effect from the protective railing being placed in front. Many, no doubt, in London have never seen this most effective bit. A little further on stands a sort of bluecoat school, a square small block of Queen Anne's day. In our time the design of a small school-house is too often an embodiment of all that is mean and cheap and flimsy. But this has a dignity and an air of size far beyond its real capacity. It boldly represents what it means to be; and from the outside it can be seen that it is the shell of a hall which commands respect and interest Indeed, Westminster is full of these old institutions—schools, almshouses—all more or less effective. How good, for instance, is the block of schools at the bottom of York Street, with its garden and enclosure, and general monastic air; its fine tiled roof and close black brickwork; crowned by the light and unpretending, yet not inelegant belfry! The art of making so plain a thing as a belfry or cupola seems to be lost now. The result is almost invariably mean, skimpy, or disproportioned. It is the same with clocks and clock-towers, which are scarcely ever effective. But these old relics are always judicious, simple, and good.

One of the most curious old mansions—original, too—will be found at the corner of Carey Street; its chief feature, a sort of annexe supported on pillars, rambling round the corner and down a narrow passage leading into Clement's Inn. Its effect and general outline are so disfigured by posters, hoardings, etc., that it might pass unnoticed. It consists of a fine old tall brick house, with broad eaves and dormer windows; a good doorway, on which note the carved Cupids; while round the corner is this effective annexe, of rotunda shape, with its stout, compact, tiled roof and tall chimney. Altogether it must have been a very imposing residence. It is of course doomed, as well from its dilapidations as from its awkward contiguity to the Law Courts. This is a pity; for, if it were restored, it would be unique in London.

As one passes into Lincoln's Inn, the side that stretches to the right of Queen Street is worthy of a glance, from the uniform style of the houses, said to have been built by Inigo Jones. A sort of pediment runs across, supported by flat pilasters, between which are the windows. Here, too, is Newcastle House (page 444), a rather imposing specimen of the nobleman's house, in the good old brick fashion and high roof.

About the centre of this row there are a couple of the stately gate pillars, once signifying a court behind, but now guarding a pretentious mansion with a semicircular porch supported on columns, rather original in design. We should note the newer hall, library, etc., of Lincoln's Inn, which is in better taste than would be attempted now. But the new portion in Chancery Lane is very harsh and gaunt in colour and details. Let us hope the fine old gateway and its towers will not be disturbed, though they might be judiciously restored (page 445).

Few would believe what a wealth of art is to be found in such things as the doorways of old London houses. There is one district, itself quaint and old-fashioned enough, where they abound. This is the region near Gray's Inn, where there are charming old-fashioned squares that have a sort of cathedral-close solitude. These are Queen and Red Lion Squares. In Queen Square is to be noted a curious old mansion, now the College of Organists; and passing on a little further we find ourselves in Great Ormond Street, where there are some rich and elaborate old doorways, well worthy a visit. They are quite Flemish in their decorative style, and strike one almost with astonishment. One in particular is worthy to be preserved in a museum. Gray's Inn itself is quaintly antique, and the large gates in one of its inner squares are a specimen of fine and elaborate iron-work. Indeed, there are about London many admirable specimens of

wrought twisted iron-work. Even in Berkeley Square, on the side leading into Hill Street, there are some really artistic efforts, with old extinguisher frames for lamps, which the owners have had the good sense to retain. The houses themselves are of a good school, impressive and dignified, and are worth study.

If we take a walk out to Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, we shall be well repaid, though here changes have taken place, and more are likely to be made. Not so long since, the houses were at the water's edge, a row of fine old trees intervening, so that the effect was like a bit of Dutch canal. But, indeed, the view there,



ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH, STRAND.

How feeble modern iron-work is in comparison! Witness the gates in Lincoln's Inn set up to the memory of Colonel Brewster; the large gate at a bank at Charing Cross, next to Spring Gardens; the gates for the Royal Academy; and those for the new Law Courts. There seems to be no eye for the bold lines, exactly suited to the material, which are so peculiar a feature of the old school of decoration in metal.

down the river, notably where the green spire rises, is as melancholy and sad-coloured as any Dutch river scenery. How picturesque the old dilapidated bridge, with its strange hunchback design! Here, by the way, on the walk to the late Cremorne Gardens, opposite the boat station, stands a most remarkable and imposing building, now cut up into many tenements. The fine roof, the stately proportions,

the dignified windows, all point to a mansion of the greatest pretention, but whose history does not appear to be known. But in Cheyne Walk the iron gates, and the red pillars that support them, are worthy of a glance. Maclise's old house also deserved inspection before it was so greatly changed for the worse.

The Strand, for so important and busy a thoroughfare, is about the meanest street in Europe. Its houses are like those in a commonplace country town. Still, next door to the Adelphi Theatre should be observed two very quaint and effective little houses—effective in spite of their unpretending size. Passing up into Covent Garden we may learn a lesson in the art of disfigurement. Inigo Jones's noble Colonnade that runs in front of the hotels was a pleasure to walk under, and gave an expansion to the mind. It was like a bit of Venice. Now half has been pulled down and rebuilt on a larger scale. How unutterably hideous, too, is the iron and glass slanting roof raised over a portion of the old market, which, in its way, had a certain unobtrusive harmony that was in keeping. Nothing, indeed, shows the deficiency of artistic instinct more than the want of taste in dealing with iron and glass in constructing sheds. One would think that, with such airy and strong materials, and the patterns of interlacing branches in a forest to study from, something truly elegant and original could have been worked out. But there appears to be but one pattern—the invariable shed, half of glass, half of wood, with the girders and the skimpy columns.

A picturesque effect can, however, be found in the Strand, hard by the new Law Courts. There rises the tower of St. Clement Danes Church (page 447), which stands awry, but is scarcely the worse for that. Of a winter's evening this church has a singularly charming effect, its fine proportions and original design being projected against a cold, calm sky behind, while it is made transparent by a glow of light within, the ringers being at work flinging the jangling chimes abroad in perfect riot. The old steeple seems like a Dutch one; and we think of old Sam Johnson, who used to attend here. Often have I gazed with delight on this scene, and on the fine outline and capital effect of this monument of good architecture.

I confess that the new so-called Queen Anne houses are not always satisfactory. In the new territory opened up at Prince's Ground architects have had great scope, but the result seems to be large masses of red brick, somewhat unshapely, and in which the strangest fantastic freaks have been played. The art of dealing with red brick seems scarcely understood yet. With so vivid a colour, walls must seem ponderous, unless the decoration be treated in a light and airy fashion. This it is that makes the small panes with the white sashes and framing a relief. The most successful houses are the tall, narrow, thin ones, on the Dutch model. A failure from excessive breadth may be seen in the great china shop in South Audley Street, which is one gloomy mass, though ambitious and full of endeavour after effect. We think in such cases of the epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh—

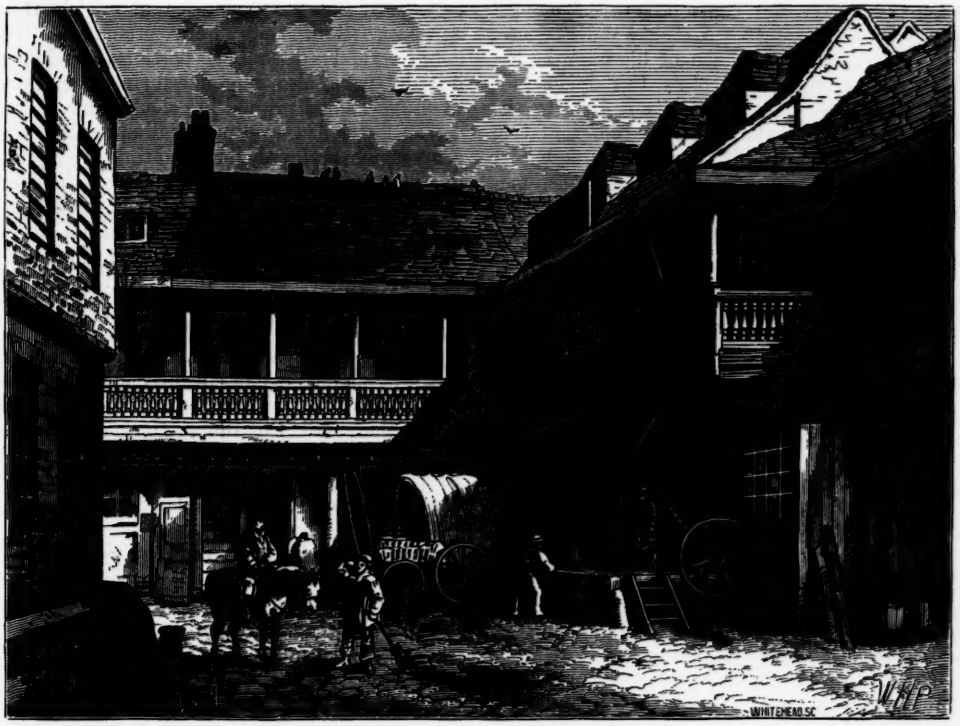
> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

When the necessity for building a large mass —say at a corner—entails a great display, it is worth while to give an idea of support by means of flat pilasters. At Cadogan Square the architect has, in some instances, taken a hint from the beautiful old house, before described, in Queen Street. Some of the houses on the Chelsea Embankment are strange freaks enough, but are pleasantly fantastic in their details, with their little balconies, niches, towerets, recesses, gables. Brick, however, is too precarious for such carvings, and in this climate projections are certain to decay and break off. The truth is, the bad material will not endure. The bent iron-work, however, is a great improvement, and pleasing to the eye. There is a house at Palace Gate, Kensington, hard by to Mr. Millais' new house, which, though one of the earliest built, is certainly one of the most effective. The frontage is narrow, with a bow going up to the top; the bricks, of two colours, very harmonious; the iron-work good; the detail abundant, yet not frivolous; the whole having a compact air of purpose that is really excellent. The only thing one might object to is the porch—an element with which strange pranks are played in this kind of house. This is caused by making the porch cover in the *steps*, and descend in the same slope over them, thus converting it into a slanting tube, while the arch of the porch seems to cut the door across. This has an awkward look, and the whole is not only dark but mean in effect; it results from an attempt at making the porch do a double duty, *i.e.*, that of a shelter for those who *wait* at the door for the door to be opened —its true office—and that of a shelter for those ascending the steps, a much shorter matter, and not worth the trouble of such a protection. The remedy, therefore, is to confine the porch to the door. In this house, however, there is another merit to mention, the admirable treatment of the

flank, which does not offer the mean barrenness of such things—a coarse expanse, very blank and raw—but is decorated in a plain and quiet manner. The niche in front, with its blue Nankin jar, is a welcome bit of colour; altogether this is a piece of satisfactory work.

It will be noted that small panes go well with this style of house; as, indeed, they would with nearly every style of house. This opinion will seem retrograde, but it is well founded. Vast panes of plate-glass impair the architectural effect, suggesting the idea of open holes, as though the façade had not a smooth, protected surface. Indeed, even looking from within there is a sense of precariousness about these great sheets of glass, with loss of effect. In old churches, Flemish and English, how admirable is the effect of the network of cross iron in the long, gaunt windows, set in a whitewashed wall!

A portion of London that is falling into neglect is Bloomsbury and its neighbourhood; yet Fitzroy Square is worthy of a visit. Most of the houses, of stone, are in the style made fashionable by the Brothers Adam, and suggest the Bath terraces which are made in the same style. But it would take long to enumerate the pleasant little bits, old and modern, that adorn London and its suburbs. At Clapton, for instance, is a most elegant and perfect Queen Anne mansion—now a school. Highgate has many such houses. We could dwell on the massive warehouses in the City—some of which recall the Genoese palaces—the fine old churches, and the invariable urban-tree, which Leigh Hunt has declared can be seen from some portion of the street in every part of London. It has not been noticed that almost every new house in the business quarters of London is being built of stone, so that in a few years London will be rebuilt, and have a new aspect.



THE "OLD TABARD" INN, IN THE BOROUGH.

On these principles, here imperfectly indicated, we may pursue and cultivate "Art in the Streets." Each day and each new promenade will add to our store: we can compare, appreciate, or condemn as we go. But all the while we learn something.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

ON THE ART OF ILLUMINATING AS ORIGINALLY PRACTISED.—III.



IULIO GRAVATA, known more commonly in this country as Giulio Clovio (born 1498, died 1578), who took Michael Angelo as an example for the disposition and pose of his figures which formed a leading characteristic of his style, worked most diligently, and continued to labour till near his death, being then eighty years of age. We possess a fine specimen of his work at the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields: it is a commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The frontispiece is a representation of the conversion of St. Paul, within a border or frame composed of trophies of arms, medallions, and allegorical figures. This page bears the signature of Gravata, and is about ten inches by fourteen in size.

Since nearly every writer on illuminating has made a point of mentioning this beautiful work, I think a sketch of the frontispiece, reduced by photography from the real work, will be interesting, as it is the most satisfactory way of giving a general idea of the composition to those who may not have an opportunity of inspecting the original. (See page 452.)

The title-page of the work is also illuminated, and enclosed within a border of the same character as that of the frontispiece. In a medallion on the sinister side is a miniature of Marina Grimani of Perugia, Cardinal and Legate, for whom the work was executed, and with whom Clovio resided for many years. Reproductions of these exquisite pages were beautifully chromolithographed under the supervision of the late Owen Jones, from fac-similes on vellum by my father, Henry Warren, and published in "The Illuminated Works of the Middle Ages," by H. Noel Humphreys.

The refined execution of this work, combined with brilliancy of colour and perfect drawing, has never been surpassed by any illuminator. It is impossible, through want of space, to dwell in detail upon the merits of this able and industrious artist.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, illumination was affected by the work of the printing-press, the influence of which had spread to such an extent that the vocation of the scribe was no longer required. The earliest wood engravings and printed books were made to imitate manuscripts so closely as to deceive the inexperienced eye; spaces were frequently left, both in the block books and in the earliest books printed with movable type, for the illumination, by hand, of initial letters, so as to carry the illusion as far as possible; but the learned soon discovered the method by means of which this deception was carried out, principally by the low price at which these apparent manuscripts were produced. The borders and decorated portions, including initials, were also reproduced from engraved wood-blocks and printed in coloured inks.

The Popes had a retinue of illuminators, kept continually employed, for some time after printing had come into general use, upon the decoration of the most important books and documents. The Doges of Venice retained a similar staff. Some of the most magnificent specimens of illumination may be found in the precious "Ducales," the work of many of the greatest painters.

But as printing advanced, and greater facility for reading was consequently obtained, enlightenment in one direction produced darkness in another, and the illuminator's art became absorbed in that of the miniature and historical painter, and, after lingering some years in connection with heraldic blazoning, gradually expired.

In no country more than in this is to be regretted the bigoted and wholesale destruction of hundreds of splendidly illuminated volumes, never to be replaced. At the time of the dissolution and suppression of the monasteries, diligent search was made for all missals, books of legends, and such "superstitious books," as they were termed, which were ruthlessly destroyed or sold as waste material, their covers only being retained on account of their value; these were in very many instances embossed with gold and silver studs and clasps, elaborately chased, precious stones being often embedded in them. The miserable task of searching out and destroying these works of devotion was performed only too well, for scarcely a rubricated book or one containing a cross or even a diagram escaped mutilation at the hands of the ignorant.

To assist those studying the art, it now only remains for me to enumerate some important and useful books of reference containing chromolithographic fac-similes of some of the finest

examples extant. I mention these books—and it should be understood that the list is not an exhaustive one—as they are comparatively more easy of access than the originals, which are deposited in the libraries all over the civilised world:—"Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages," "Illuminated Ornaments of the Middle Ages," "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," and other works, by Henry Shaw, F.S.A.; "The Illuminated Works of the Middle Ages," by H. Noel Humphreys; Sir M. Digby Wyatt's "History, Theory, and Practice of Illuminating;" "The Grammar of Ornament," by Owen Jones; and Dr. Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain."

Having treated of the past with regard to illuminating, we will turn to the question of what it should or might be in the present age.

Amongst the cultivated classes, taste for illumination by hand has again revived, and fashion, stimulated greatly by the artistic feeling of the members of the present Royal Family, especially by the lamented Princess Alice, whose zeal and aptitude for this branch of art were rapidly developed under my personal observation during four years, is aiding the reproduction of an art the resources of which are perfectly inexhaustible. It is as elegant as it is useful, increasing the love of the refined and beautiful in the minds of all who cultivate it.

Because this mode of embellishment was, during the era anterior to printing, almost invariably executed on vellum or parchment, it does not follow that it should be thus applied at the present day. The application of the art may be made in any and on any material, and is now becoming general in connection with decorative furniture of all descriptions and styles. An equally useful and refined application of the art is now in fashion for enriching ceilings, panels, and architraves of windows and doors, introducing thereon many beautiful and appropriate inscriptions. How many adages, texts, and sentences are to be found thus recorded, worthy in every respect to be brought constantly and prominently before all classes and all ages! In allusion to the art as one applicable to the requirements of the age, it has been well said that "a mother could scarcely do a thing more likely to benefit her children and fix the lesson of love or piety she would desire to implant in their memories, than to illuminate for them little volumes, which from their beauty or value they might be inclined to treasure through life." This appears to me a good application of the art: what happy associations hereafter might apply to these books! As an indication that this idea struck the Princess Louise, it may be mentioned that Her Royal Highness made a collection of texts forming mural decorations in the Mausoleum at Frogmore, and illuminated them in the form of a small volume, containing about thirty pages, to be presented to the Queen on one of Her Majesty's birthdays.

Vellum for such kind of work I know is generally advocated, but I have found from experience that paper, or London board, stained vellum tint, is more pleasant to work upon, and, when complete, equally good in effect; but if the use of skin is imperative, parchment is preferable to vellum. The former being more transparent in quality, the work upon it looks mellow, and any body-colour by contrast relieves well.

I will now describe the *modus operandi* to be observed by those who know more than the rudiments of drawing, but may be at a loss to know how to commence an ornamental page. For such, geometrical accuracy is primarily necessary, care being taken that the border lines or any others are at right angles to each other, and that the text is sufficiently bold and solid to bear up against the decorative portion, and to avoid the common error of making the border or framework overpower the central texts, which would be wrong upon principle, and equivalent to constructing ornament instead of ornamenting construction. Where a mass of lettering or written matter is required, indelible brown ink is preferable to Indian ink or black, and was frequently used by the ancients. The text should be clearly written, and the whole of the surroundings well composed, both as regards general grouping and contour, and as regards harmony in colour. When a large initial letter occurs, let its form be evident, and, if covered with foliage or ornament, a sufficient portion should be left visible so that it can be at once comprehended. My own feeling is, in respect to the character of the design, that it should be a combination of floral with conventional lettering and bands or border lines. Floral ornamentation alone seems to lack the contrast formed by some leading straight, square, or linear boundaries or ties, which enhance the decorative effect to a very great extent. The introduction, if possible, of some object, such as a bird, medallion, or figure of any kind, contrasting with the surroundings in colour, in quality, and texture, will be an invaluable addition. Assuming the text to have been decided upon for the purpose of illumi-

nating, and the space to be occupied sketched out, consider well the proportion of the margin to pages; this should be wider at the base, that at the top and side depending upon the shape adopted for the design. Two by three, or a square and a half, will generally be found good in proportion: but there is no fixed rule for this; it must depend in a great measure upon the amount of matter contained or the bulk of lettering. The decorative portion of this should generally be smaller where the text is full, and where the latter has been purposely enlarged to fill or block up the centre, the pro-



FRONTISPIECE BY GIULIO GRAVATA.

(*From "St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," in the Soane Museum.*)

portion of the surrounding ornament should be of a bolder description. This should be noticed as important at the outset, as the proportion of the arrangement or grouping to a great extent influences the aspect of the composition. As a diagram formed by a few lines may assist my explanation, I have given one on the next page, accompanied by the finished drawing. (See Figs. 1 and 2.)

When admissible, the mass of text should be broken by interlinear ornament, the strength and size of such, of course, being in harmony with the general bulk. All curves should be perfect in contour and gradual in undulation, and the general composition should be so well studied that the whole may be impressed upon the mind agreeably and at once. With respect to the harmony of colour, it should be remembered that, to produce the most harmonious effect, it is a general law that the primaries should appear in the proportions of three of yellow, five of red, eight of blue; the secondaries, eight of orange, eleven of green, and thirteen of purple. For theory of colour, which is very interesting, M. Chevreul's work on the subject may be consulted with advantage. Respecting the application of colours, there is a very common supposition that the colours for illuminating are of a different description to others, as the various artists' colourmen advertise boxes especially arranged for the purpose. This supposition is erroneous; any good colours are applicable, whether in cake or moist; but, as a general rule, I recommend the use of cake colours, because they are composed with less gluten than the moist, and consequently flow more freely from the brush or pen. Fugitive colours, of course, must be avoided, and the zinc, or permanent white, in corked bottles (not in metallic tubes) used; flake white to be particularly avoided. Fine long-haired sable brushes are the best, and to economise time the design may be drawn in pencil on tracing-paper, corrected by another tracing, and, if necessary, yet another; it may also be corrected in the retracing on the other side of the paper, and then transferred by merely rubbing with a paper-knife, whence a clearer outline is produced than by the old-fashioned system of transferring with intermediate black paper, which left a clumsy and sometimes indelible line in addition to the transfer of the marks impressed by the finger. A very good vellum tint which does not affect the colours may be produced by ordinary tea. With regard to gold, that in shells will be found least difficult to use for those inexperienced in the method of gilding; gold leaf is the best and least expensive, but the difficulties of cutting and laying on are so numerous that we will not enter into the subject to any great extent now; but, as I may be expected to say a word about raised gold, which when burnished adds a very gorgeous effect to the colours, I can only remark that I have tried nearly all the well-known artists' colourmen in London, and cannot get any raising material that does not crack and flake off under the pressure of the agate burnisher, no matter how carefully it may be used. It has been stated that the nearest approach to the brilliancy of ancient burnished gold may be attained by following absolutely the practice of the gilders of the present day, which has doubtless

been continued by their craft from the earliest ages. The preparation used by them consists of size and whiting dissolved by being warmed over the fire, when it may be used as ordinary paint; when dry, if found to be insufficient in relief, it should be gone over again. Paint it evenly over with gold size, let it dry, and then burnish. When it is ready for gilding, moisten the surface to be gilt, then lay on the gold, which, when perfectly dry, may be burnished.

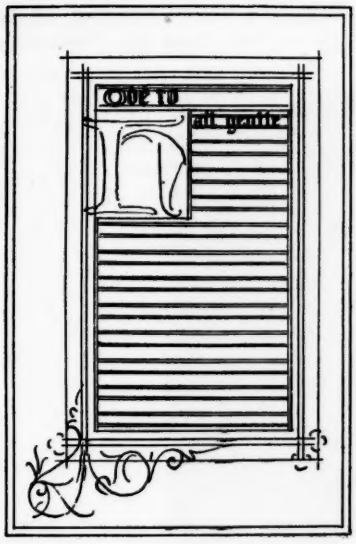


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

For the burnishing, place the work on a smooth hard surface, such as glass. With these remarks I must conclude my brief notice of the art of illuminating. ALBERT H. WARREN.

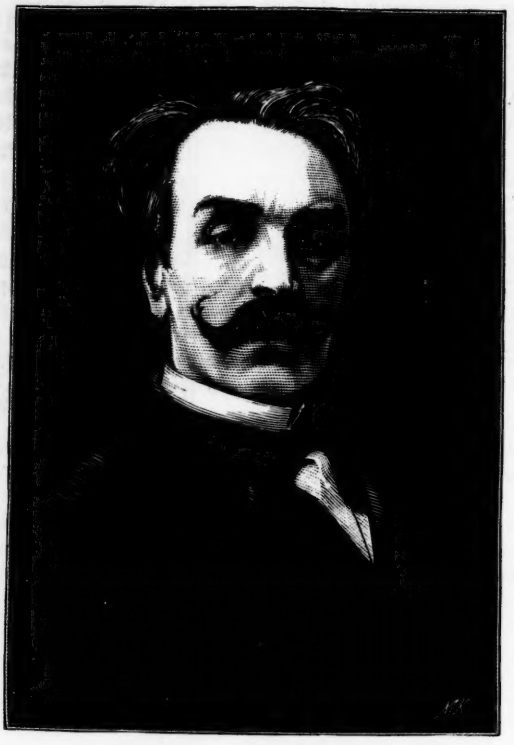
OUR LIVING ARTISTS.

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME.

A TEMPORARY digression into the field of foreign biographies is no sign that we are approaching the limits of the list of English painters whose lives and works are important enough to interest our readers. On the contrary, the numbers of our own national artists who have achieved a certain distinction in keenly competitive times is much greater than might, without consideration, be imagined. We have no intention of exaggerating the tale of geniuses which our country and age may, without too much self-complacency, be said to have produced; but we do affirm that with the increase of numbers in all ranks the army of the gifted has multiplied by the natural progression; and, furthermore, that the increase of culture, the refinements of criticism, international comparison, and the spread of those larger views of social life which acknowledge the *profession* of art as an honourable and liberal calling, have united to add greatly to the number of artists, and of good artists, whose works are exhibited, more or less admired, and more or less bought, whose career is fixed, whose names are definitively rescued from the oblivion which awaits those whose lives are spent rather for the use than for the ornament of the world. Our living artists (in the strictest sense of the possessive pronoun) are, as subjects of biographical or critical sketches, practically unlimited in number. Though great fames may be rare, good reputations have never been so plentiful as now. But the increasing influence of contemporary nations upon each other, and the fact that in French art especially are to be found qualities and excellences complementary to our own, have suggested to us a pause in our long roll of English

celebrities, so that some note may be taken in our pages—as it is in the mental survey of every student and *dilettante* of painting—of the great figures of contemporary Continental art.

The French school is, in respect to its outward and striking characteristics, definitely divided into the rough painters and the smooth, the impressionary and the deliberate, the dexterous and the careful. Completeness and finish are comprised in the method and aims of both, but they are attained by different ways; the smooth painters try for that finish which Mr. Ruskin has described as an added truth, while the rough painters desire to master that which is implied in the first and freest touch upon the virgin canvas—the completeness of truth of relation and tone, which makes painting finished from the beginning. The very leader and king of the class first mentioned is M. Gérôme, who paints with the evenness of miniature work upon ivory. Tight, close, clean are his forms and his colour—the latter never offending by inharmoniousness, but never, on the other hand, delighting by special harmony;



Veuillez agréer Monsieur
l'assurance de mes sentiments
distingués
J. L. Gérôme

(From a Photograph by M. Fd. Mulnier, of Paris.)

never ugly, it is also hardly ever beautiful, and certainly never mysterious. To pass from manner to matter—from the more technical to the more general interest of his pictures, we are compelled to allude to the consideration which suggests itself at once to all who know this master's works—the consideration as to their questionable signification and effect. In our opinion, the difference between innocent art and immoral is exactly the difference between nature and vice. If an artist merely paints nature unveiled, he works singly and simply in the cause of natural truth; but if he paints the same nature in a vicious relation or with evil allusion, his pictures come under dramatic laws. There is infinite difficulty in applying these laws logically to any kind of art. If the world of human passion and crime is to be closed to the art of painting, it can scarcely be allowed to remain open to that of letters, while to close it to these would be to destroy at a blow all the great literatures of the world. But if it is difficult to judge by logic, it is not so difficult to judge by feeling; and we believe that the feeling of few will altogether exculpate the painter of "Phryne before her Judges," and of several scenes of Eastern life. Upon this subject Mr. Hamerton has said: "If he is immoral, it is not from irresistible impulses, but consciously and coldly. So with his love of the horrible—there is no violence, no expression of repulsion." This is undeniably true; M. Gérôme paints death and vice coolly, and with the same polish and deliberation; and it is one of the most revolting secrets of the human heart that somewhere in its depths the kind of vice which is usually called immorality is found allied, not to love, but to cruelty—a noble and generous affectionateness being the opposite and the contradiction of both equally. When M. Gérôme paints death it is not in the dignity and solemnity of suffering, but almost invariably in its abject humiliations. In Shakespeare's tragedy Cæsar dies in modesty and silence; in Gérôme's picture he lies in a heap of indefinable ignominy. Again, a sentinel smokes his pipe before the severed heads of the massacred Beys at the Cairo mosque; Ney lies riddled with shot by a dreary wall, while his tall hat has rolled off grotesquely, and the firing party retires with swinging step; the gladiators at the point of death, yet in the vigour of life, shout their last servile salutation to the huge luxurious Emperor sitting in the shade; at the door of the masked ball the duellist dies for a word; and so forth. And not human death only, but human life, he treats with a disrespect more cynical than Swift's. He has, for instance, painted a row of beautiful women for sale in an Oriental slave-market; a merchant is examining the soundness of their teeth. His Phryne does not stand in the simplicity of her times before judges to whom beauty was a solemn religion; she casts up her arms to hide her face with an action which the word *pudeur* alone can express—and *pudeur* is not Greek, but Parisian. Of the expressions of the judges and bystanders in this picture we altogether decline to speak. And such remarks as we have here made on this master's subjects could scarcely be avoided, unless we had confined ourselves to technicalities.

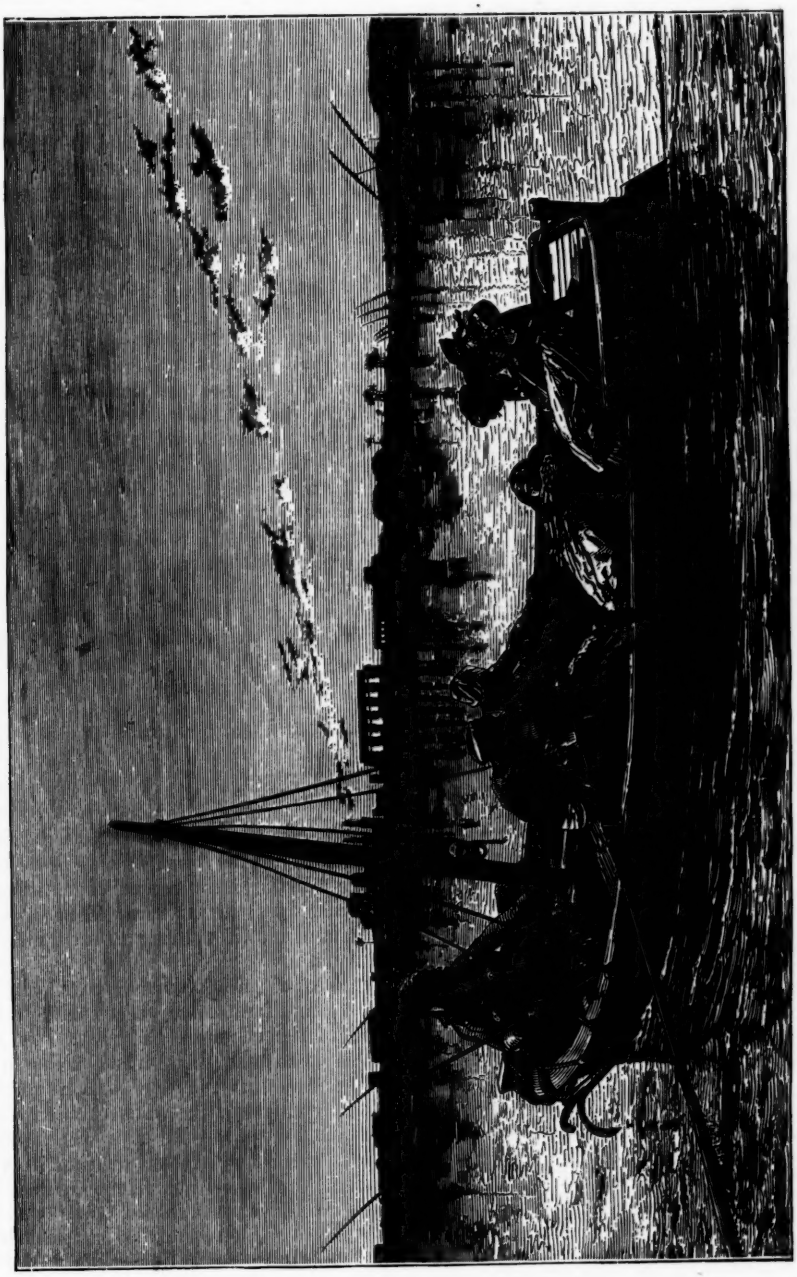
Jean Léon Gérôme was born at Vesoul, Haute-Saône, in 1824. After a course of study in his native place, he went to Paris in 1841 and became the pupil of Paul Delaroche, with whom he travelled to Rome three years later. We need scarcely say that in a country where art owes so much to discipline and tradition the choice of a master is of almost equal importance with the pupil's individuality. The disciple is for a time unmistakably marked with the teacher's sign; he has chosen to be so, and would not exchange the manner which shows him to be a legitimate learner for the wildest of the freaks of originality which gain notoriety so quickly in England. The state of pupilage over, individual character is not slow to assert itself under the French system, but it almost always does so within certain limits—limits which are not observed under the impersonal teaching supplied by Government art-schools. The fact, too, of the comparatively early success achieved by artists brought up in Continental studios is certainly owing to the fact that an immense quantity of time is saved by that single supervision and training—directed to one end and followed in one manner—which a succession of "visitors" cannot supply. M. Gérôme would certainly not have developed so quickly or so completely into one of the most perfect painters of his country had he not been taught by him who was perhaps the greatest artist which that country has ever produced. M. Gérôme's choice of a master had been determined by one of those happy incidents which have saved more than one undeveloped artist from the obscurity which seemed to await them. It is said that the young Gérôme's love of drawing and his success in the local school had been rewarded by his father with the present of a supply of colours from Paris. The child immediately set to work on a copy of one of Décamp's pictures which chanced to have strayed to the remote provincial town; a friend of Delaroche was

struck with the goodness of the young beginner's copy, and resolved that the budding talent should be fostered and trained in Paris, and in the studio of the greatest painter of the time. This, as we have said, was ultimately effected. Even when Delaroche, horrified at the death of one of his young students in a duel which had resulted from a studio quarrel, resolved to have no more pupils, there was no parting between him and the greatest of them all. After the return from Italy, M. Gérôme is said to have assisted his master in designing the celebrated "Passage of the Alps by Charlemagne," now at Versailles. In 1847 appeared the new painter's first picture—"The Cock-Fight," which won the third medal at the Salon; "Anacreon" followed soon, and the "Age of Augustus," purchased by the Government. It was at about this time that a Government commission induced him to enter into competition, in the decoration of the Church of St. Séverin, with the pious painter Hippolyte Flandrin, whose pure enthusiasm had led him to offer his art wholly to the service of religion. Side by side with this artist's dedicated work M. Gérôme's "Last Communion of St. Jerome" appeared wanting in the sentiment necessary for the subject. It was after this comparative failure that he entered upon that course of Oriental life which has had so marked an influence upon his art. In 1863 he was made Professor at the École des Beaux Arts, and among his other honours may be mentioned two second-class medals, one gained in 1848 and the other in 1855, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, obtained in 1855, and the commandership in 1878. Besides these distinctions, he obtained by one of the most noteworthy of all his works the supreme award of the Medal of Honour—not one of the medals of honour granted at each International Exhibition, but a special prize which is not granted every year, nor necessarily for many years, but only from time to time, as occasion may arise, and as an altogether exceptional mark of merit. Strange to say, the picture—"Frederick the Great"—by which M. Gérôme won the Medal of Honour is not to be found in any of the published lists of the artist's works to which we have referred; it has, nevertheless, we believe, been more than once in England. The artist here has shown the great and trivial Emperor flying to his flute at the instant of his return from hunting—his dusty dress, his dusty dogs forgotten in the absorbing passion of fluting; his intentness is expressed with most intelligent humour; the human figure and the tired dogs are drawn with exquisiteness of precision and the grasp of solid power; while the execution throughout is of that perfect kind which is impalpable. It is allowable to prefer a manner which betrays the impulses of the mind by the strokes of the brush; but this is not M. Gérôme's manner; in his own way he is



L'ÉMINENCE GRISE (THE CARDINAL IN GREY).

(*By J. L. Gérôme.*)



THE PRISONER.

(From the Painting by J. L. Gérôme.)

supreme, and never has his execution appeared at such a point of faultlessness as in every passage and detail of the "Frederick." A much less celebrated and a slighter masterpiece of his is the "Santon at the Door of a Mosque"—a wonder of imitative skill and of illuminative effect, and the model of those pictures of Oriental shoes and slippers which have become rather common of late. Among the artist's other works not already alluded to here are "The Wife of Candaules," "The Seventh of December, 1815," "Promenade of the Harem," "L'Éminence Grise" (which may be translated "The Cardinal in Grey"—a scene at the court of the all-powerful Franciscan or grey friar who bore that name—see page 456), "Women Bathing," "A Bashi-Bazouk," "The Bull-Fighter," a Portrait of the tragedian Rachel, "A Lioness meeting a Jaguar" (which was painted for the author and art-critic Théophile Gautier), and a number of Oriental landscapes. "The Prisoner," which we engrave, is one of his best known and most brilliant works. On the lucid water and in the limpid light of the Bosphorus a boat with dark figures goes on its way with a captive upon his back, bound hand and foot. One of his captors mocks him with some shrill Oriental song, to the sound of a lute. These are in oils; in fresco he has executed the "Death of St. Jerome," already referred to, and the "Plague at Marseilles" in the Church of St. Séverin, and other mural paintings in the ancient refectory of St. Martin-des-Champs; in sculpture he has produced "The Gladiators," and "Anacreon, Bacchus, and Love." Though he has done so many things, however, he is distinctively a painter of figures and interiors, his landscapes being of inferior merit.

Contemporary criticism on his work has been various. M. Charles Timbal is of opinion that he has not rested in the limited completeness of his first successes, but has developed with the evolution of artistic feeling and learning in his time. "Those," says this critic, "who have looked with a clairvoyant eye upon his latest works have been able to see without difficulty the enlargement which has for some time shown itself in his manner, in the firmness of his touch at the first stroke, in the new richness of his *pâte*." M. Edmond About, on the other hand, thinks that M. Gérôme has long been less occupied with progress than with success. In our opinion there is little doubt that, even if the great artist has progressed, public taste has moved more quickly; in manner he has probably passed a little out of fashion, but his admirable drawing, his sure modelling, his mastery of relation and tone will assuredly never be out of date.

TAPESTRY PAINTING.



WHAT'S in a name? We should be disposed to answer, a very great deal. "Indolent reviewers," as the Laureate calls them, in search for something to say, need travel no further than the title-page of a book to find food for thought and for discourse. The name of tapestry painting has at least one merit as a title—it provokes curiosity. It suggests the question, What is it? Tapestry is not executed with the brush, nor painting with the needle. What kind of hybrid art can this be? Premising that the name is neither a very accurate nor a very happy one, we propose to give some slight account of this process, which is one of the most recent of artistic novelties, and bids fair to rival china painting as an amusement (if nothing more) for ladies and amateurs.

A piece of ancient tapestry, with its quaint drawing and faint colour, seems always to have about it the odour of the past. It belongs obviously to the days when ruder building made it necessary for those who would indulge in luxury to clothe the walls of their dwellings with rich hangings—the days when great personages carried with them on their travels the comforts they were not likely to find on the road—the days, too, when time was of no account to the worker, who stitched leisurely and lovingly for weeks and months and years, without impatience, in no haste whatever to bring the laborious work to a conclusion. Modern tapestry, beautiful as some of it is, and wonderful as most of it is, seems rather out of

place in an age when the telegraph is already too tedious for us, and we must literally speak to one another across the distance through the telephone. Some of the recent French and Belgian tapestry exhibited at Paris in 1878 made one wonder that so much patient toil and skill and cost should have been devoted to the completion of these pieces of work, several of which must have taken many years to produce, with a result which cannot be said to be wholly satisfactory. The greatest praise of such tapestry—that it is almost as good as the painting from which it was copied—carries with it an implied criticism which strikes at the root of its existence. If, after all, this costly copy is indeed inferior to the original, why be at the pains to make it? Even so long ago as the fifteenth century a feeling of impatience at the endless toil involved in this elaborate needlework began to show itself; and there yet exist hangings of that date which, on nearer approach, prove to be not tapestry at all, but paintings on canvas. Of late years there has been something of a revival of this questionable practice, originally, we believe, in Paris, and with the countenance at least of the late M. Viollet-le-Duc. No doubt the temptation to shirk the labour of tapestry is strong, but the pretence is a pretence none the less, and if the matter had stopped there it would scarcely have been worth while to call attention to it. Messrs. Howell and James, however, seem to have taken advantage of the materials manufactured in the first instance for the purpose of simulating genuine tapestry, and propose to turn it to decorative account without any affectation of needlework.

Certainly the process offers facilities peculiar to itself. Shortly described, it consists in painting with dyes upon a ribbed canvas; and when it is finished it presents very much the appearance of tapestry. The difference between it and ordinary painting on canvas lies partly in the canvas, which is specially made, but chiefly in the pigments, which are truly dyes, having none of the body of oil pigments, but actually penetrating the material. It has much more affinity with water-colour. The pigments are prepared in a liquid state and sold in bottles. Though named after the familiar artists' colours, they correspond with them only approximately, and some little experience is necessary to foresee the chemical action of one upon the other. The design having been lightly sketched or traced on the canvas, one begins, much as in water-colour, by laying on the lighter tints. The colours dry fainter than they appear when first put in, the result being sometimes a delicacy that the painter had scarcely aimed at. Not that they are ill-adapted to richer effects; they may be brought to a velvety depth richness. Whether rich or delicate, the facility with which one colour may be painted *into* another while it is wet is something like a temptation to good colour. But there is a certain amount of accident in the results obtained in this way, and taking this into consideration it may be said that the process lends itself rather to decorative than to pictorial purposes. One can rely upon obtaining beautiful colour, but scarcely natural colour. There are other difficulties in the way of pictorial effects. A certain breadth of treatment seems almost to belong to the art. Though delicacy of colour is so readily obtained, great delicacy of line is almost impossible. The colour has to be rubbed into the canvas with a hog-hair brush, and though a sable may be used for the more delicate pencilling, it is almost too soft for the purpose. The wiser plan is, therefore, to confine oneself to efforts that are more distinctly within the reach of the process.

It is eminently fit for broad, bold landscape work of the scenic kind, for decorative figure-painting, for floral decoration, and arabesque or other flowing ornament; utterly unfit for minute representation of detail, for effects of atmosphere, light and shade, and realistic illusion.

This "tapestry painting," or more properly *textile* painting, is within the reach of all who have any facility in painting, and therefore it is not unnatural that its claims are being pressed on the attention of ladies and amateurs. It is plain, straightforward work, unattended by any serious drawbacks in the way of elaborate preparation, disagreeable pigments, or treacherous after-process; there is nothing in it that the painter cannot accomplish personally; it lends itself especially to decorative work, which, owing to its unpretentiousness, is more within the scope of non-professionals; it affords to these an opportunity of employing themselves pleasantly in doing something that may be of more use in the house than poor pictures.

We believe that the firm already mentioned do not claim the merit of introducing the process to this country, but they certainly have been the means of bringing it under the notice of that large class of amateurs, for the amusement of whose leisure hours they have catered with so much success. They have not only opened show-rooms in Regent Street for the

exhibition of this work, but they have instituted a studio for the instruction of ladies and others; and further, for the benefit of the few who know enough to perceive that they are not gifted with the powers of original invention, they have arranged with competent artists for the production of a variety of designs which they supply to their patrons, together with the materials for painting and full instructions in the art. Some praise is also due to this firm for having discerned the availability of the process apart from its original imitative intention. As a means of producing sham needlework it is beneath consideration, but as a fresh field for experiment in decoration, pleasant, profitable, and not beyond the pretensions of the modest, it appears to us very well worth notice.

ART IN THE NETHERLANDS.—II.

THE GALLERY OF M. LE BARON STEENGRACHT D'OOSTERLAND.



RESUMING our examination of some of the pictures in M. Steengracht's gallery, we note a work which is in strong contrast to the impetuous comedy of the Brouwer we last considered; this is the quiet glimpse of domestic life in Terburg's "Woman Dressing a Girl's Hair." The figures are in half length, the background an interior; a comfortable Dutch housewife is seated with the little girl leaning against her lap, the woman busily absorbed in her occupation; the girl, in profile, looks around and gently presses her fingers together. Any one who has seen the portrait of Terburg by himself, in the Maurits Huis on the other side of the Vijver, will understand that nothing escaped those keen-searching eyes of the self-contained and dignified, yet genial Burgomaster of Deventer. He may have seen this incident in his own house, and, struck with the simple grace of the arrangement, immortalised the composition, to be a model and delight for future generations. And quiet and simple as the subject, so also is the painting; it is the perfection of clear, light, uncompromising representation of nature. The colour seems rather to have been breathed on the canvas than to have been applied with anything material. Examine the texture and quality of the flesh—it is living; the same indefinite lights and evanescent grey tones floating about the retreating parts and shadows that we see in life. Follow the folds and inflexions of the green, fur-trimmed *caraco*, or pelisse, worn by the woman, or the grey frock of the girl—it is pure reality. And while studiously simple, Terburg is never commonplace; on the contrary, no finer observation of character or delicate comedy is to be found in art or literature than he has portrayed. Some one has said that his execution, with that of his contemporaries, is a lost secret. Of entire schools this is certainly true. Take a picture which hangs in a room adjoining that of the "Woman and Girl," one of the most brilliant examples of Meissonier's talent. Instead of the limpid suavity of the Dutch master, we find that in comparison the flesh is of brick and the draperies of metal; and yet with all its forced colour and effect the real strength lies with the elder painter. Art, though often under eclipse, never perishes; and, remembering English work like Frederick Walker's "Landing-place at Marlow" or his "Fishmonger's Shop," we may hope that execution as subtle and observation as fine even as Terburg's may again be seen, and in nineteenth century England. It may be that some future historian will chronicle how the tradition of true art—art as the interpreter of nature—arising in the warm South, passed on to the pile-built cities and polders of Holland, and still onwards to the wave-washed, storm-bound shores of Albion.

With Terburg is generally associated Metsu; here there is to be found his best work, "The Woman Nursing a Sick Child." The same general quality will be found in this example as in the preceding, but not in such rare perfection; indeed, there are many works of the master distinguished by more *finesse* of execution, but none with such tender sentiment, combined with a certain severe, masculine treatment. So unlike is this to the rest of Metsu's pictures that some have even ascribed it to Jan Van der Meer of Delft; nevertheless, it is indubitably by the former master. The composition shows a sick lad reclining in his mother's lap; she, seen to the knees, he at full length, with the legs naked. The mother is tenderly and wistfully regarding her child, watching his fever-stricken face, and hoping against hope. The background is a light wall, on which hang a map and a picture of

the Crucifixion in a black frame. The arrangement of light, shade, and colour is well defined; the woman in a red gown and blue apron, the child in a yellow dress. Again it is interesting to compare the older with contemporary work. This motive has suggested a similar subject, well known by engraving, to a living French artist: here it is a sister of charity who is nursing the child, and it stands a page in dark blue, forcibly relieved against the houses on the further side of a canal; under the lime-trees sprightly little figures promenade. The buildings themselves with their red bricks, vermilion shutters, and Naples-yellow window-sashes, are in a perfect blaze of dazzling sunlight. The eyes wink at the effulgence. If it should happen to be a sunny day, the spectator, before he has



ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE.
(*Born* 1610; *Died* 1685.)

is curious to note how the simple pathos of the original is changed into theatrical sentimentality in the translation.

Pieter de Hooghe has nowhere warmer admirers than in this country, therefore English students will always be attracted by a capital specimen of his style. The picture they will find in this gallery is especially characteristic. In a room in which the light is subdued are two ladies and two cavaliers; one of the ladies is stirring lemonade or negus in a glass, the other is playing on a violin, which rests on the table, while their attendant cavaliers are gallantly paying court to them. Further on, in a corridor, left the house two minutes, will come on a precisely similar effect in the streets of the Hague.

If De Hooghe revels in sunshine, Adriaen Van Ostade loves to place his figures in the subdued light of a homely village inn. He shows us the wide fireplace with the comfortable settle in its cosy corner; the smoke-browned rafters, solid as the tables, indicate that the house has seen some generations of customers; on the low-toned walls hang stone-ware jugs, suggesting cool draughts of stout humming ale; the quaint lattices look on to the village streets, or the well-tilled fields, wherein our friends who are now relaxing over a pipe and a

glass have done a rude day's work. The landlady, working in the chimney-corner, listens to the story the man is telling to two others seated by the fire—he, for the sake of emphasis, having risen. Maybe he is relating the perils he escaped or the wonders he saw at Haarlem fair, or how he had heard of a great fight between Van Tromp and the English. Meanwhile four cronies have settled down to a game of cards, and some others to draughts, the careful servant seeing that their jugs are kept filled, and not objecting to a sly joke now and again. Such is the subject of Adriaen's picture here. These rustics are very homely fellows; the scene is of the simplest, yet lit up by the genius of Ostade, and it will be contemplated by the most cultivated with ever-increasing delight.

By Berckheijden is a most interesting little picture, "A Canal at Delft." Across the canal lies a passage boat, filled with market people; an old woman is stepping into the boat; that the journey will pass gaily we know by the presence of the fiddler, who has already begun to tune up. So true to nature is the picture that, saving for the costume, it would serve for a view of Delft at the present day. There has lately been added to South Kensington Museum a small picture ascribed to Berckheijden and entitled "A View of a Dutch Town;" more correctly it should be, of the Town Hall of Haarlem. Unlike the one we have described, which is deep and warm in colour, this is pale and without effect.

We have thus passed in review some of the pictures in this most important and interesting collection, sufficiently to indicate its character, and with a view to inducing those of our readers who may visit Holland to seek permission to study its treasures. To the lover of art it will afford a delightful hour's enjoyment, but to the student of painting it will be especially valuable as supplementing his studies in the Maurits Huis. Nearly all these Dutch painters had different phases of style and treatment, which they varied with their subjects, as in the instance we have noted in Metzu; others will suggest themselves in the examination of the two galleries. The same system should be adopted at Amsterdam; there the collection of M. Van Six admirably supplements the two public galleries of the Rejks and Van Hoop Museums. It is grievous to have to write that Amsterdam now possesses only one private collection of Dutch masters. A few years since there were two, but the parsimony of the Government or want of patriotism of an individual permitted a selection of masterpieces to be scattered over Europe, which ought at any price to have been secured for the nation. For the information of those unacquainted with Holland, we may mention that, besides the five galleries we have mentioned, there is only one other important for cabinet pictures, that of Rotterdam. There are, of course, in most of the principal cities, museums rich in more ambitious pictures, portraits, etc., of first-rate excellence and great historical interest.

But in visiting the Netherlands, it is Rembrandt and the marvellous series of painters of life and manners in the seventeenth century that will most attract the art-student. Rembrandt stands alone; his profound imagination, his largeness of style, his constant desire to strike out fresh paths in art separate him from his contemporaries, and indeed from any predecessors or successors. He is of boundless value for inspiration, but to the student his *technique* is too impetuous to be of use for study. It is to Terburg and Metzu, Pieter de Hooghe and Jan Van der Meer of Delft, the Ostades, the Van der Veldes, and other masters of the school that he must look for initiation in the manipulation of colours and clear views of art and nature. There he will learn that it is only in the uncompromising study of nature that lasting renown can be acquired. There he will find no straining after effect, but simple truth, sweetness, and sanity; nothing is added to nature, nothing omitted. Among the Continental schools of to-day there are some who seek to attract by only using the crudest and most violent pigments; there are others who ignore colour altogether, depicting their bloodless puppets in an atmosphere and surroundings of monotonous grey, and affecting various other eccentricities of treatment. All these, judged by the standard of the genuine artists of past times, the Florentines, the Venetians, the Dutch, can have but the ephemeral success of a passing fashion; the proof is the rapidity with which one new trick of painting is succeeded by another.

In pointing out the value to English students of the example of the Dutch masters, we would not be supposed to imply they are to be blindly imitated in every particular. Art never reproduces itself. Much as there is common to the English and Dutch character, there are sentiments and aspirations influencing us that were unknown to the brave Hollanders of the seventeenth century. These, if our art is to minister to the delight and consolation of the men and women now living and working, must be taken into consideration; and furthermore, it

is certain that an art which does not express the spirit of its time will find no interest in the eyes of posterity. It was precisely in this point that the strength of the Dutch painters was manifested; they clearly realised their period, they were keenly alive to its strength and failings, its joys and sorrows, its humours and comedy; they were untiring in industry and study; they cultivated their manipulative faculties to their highest extent; and the result is a splendid series of brilliant presentments of life, manners, and nature that has been the charm and enjoyment of all who are able to appreciate genius, humour, and sincerity.

TAUFERS IN THE TYROL.

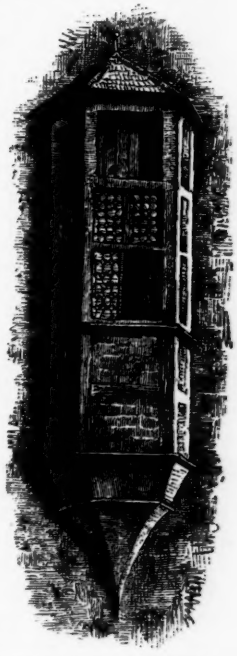


IN THE "SCHLOSS."

CRACK! smack! we hear the whip of the driver of the "Stellwagen," and the cessation of the intolerable rattling caused by the wheels of this delightful equipage over the "petrified kidney" stones of the quiet little street in Bruneck informs us that the aforesaid vehicle has stopped at the "Sun" inn, according to orders, to take up two passengers who are bound on a trip of exploration for Taufers. Having been told that Taufers is "*malerisch*," that an old castle is there, formerly inhabited by giants (so say the peasants), we determine to spy out this promised land for our sketch-books and canvas, and set out on a June morning with the freshness and energy which come specially at 6 a.m. and in Alpine atmosphere at an elevation 3,000 feet above sea-level. After a drive of an hour and a half we reach our destination—the little village of Sand, which lies immediately under the shadow, as it were, of the old castle. This interesting building (see page 464), dating from the twelfth century, occupies a most commanding site on an eminence overtowered on both sides by high and thickly-wooded mountains, and in the background the glaciers and snowy peaks of the Zillerthaler Kamm rise in fairy-like beauty.

But where shall we begin among the many attractions which this neighbourhood offers us? Shall we take a peep along that road under the castle, on the left of which rises the mountain-side, covered with fir-tree forests which cast a gloomy shade over the scene and heighten the weird effect of the rapid, rushing stream which dashes down the valley, forming the right-hand boundary of the road—a road destined in a few months to become the victim of this impetuous, mighty torrent at its side? The occasional peeps one gets through the trees of the distant glaciers add a magic charm to this bit of nature.

Or shall we scale the rugged eminence on the other side of the torrent, which is crowned with that hoary sentinel and hider of so many dark secrets, the "Schloss"? We will scramble up the stony, zigzag path leading to it, a work of twenty minutes, and now we stand breathless at the foot of what was once a drawbridge. The watch-towers stand faithful at their post, but where are the watchers? The arrow-slits for the defenders face us indeed, but we pass unchallenged through the desolate archway, and find ourselves in a long passage between the inner and outer walls of the fortress. We come to another archway, stolid in its granite firmness, and here are traces to be found of a second drawbridge, now done away with; the old oaken doors which still remain in this archway, thickly studded with nails, are a study of colour in themselves. Passing on over the roughly-paved and ascending path, we turn a corner, and through the last archway reach the courtyard, now still and green, but once how busily thronged with the retainers and men of war of the Lords of



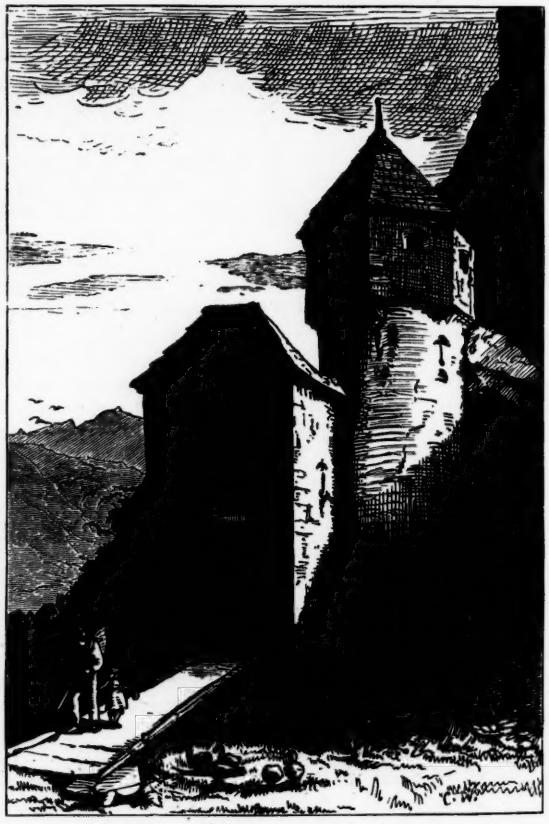
A WINDOW IN TAUFERS.

Taufers! On the right hand as one enters is the oldest building—the house which is set apart for the female part of the family; it is far gone in ruin, but its narrow windows, with column and arch, tell of its origin in a time corresponding to our Norman period. Adjoining this is the one remaining wall of the once fatal tower known as the "Fallthurm," or Fall Tower, indicating by its name its convenient trap-door arrangement in the top storey, through which many an inconvenient personage made acquaintance for the last time with the cold steel of the pikes and halberds awaiting him below. On the other side of the courtyard is the part which is still inhabited, truly, but by peasants, who, however, from an artistic point of view, fit better into these odd nooks and corners than we children of the present do. On the ground-floor is a large panelled room, coloured a deep, rich brown tone by the hand of time; quaint windows, with little round panes of glass (see page 463), produce a picturesque light and shade over the whole not otherwise obtainable. Above this is another panelled room, richly carved and ornamented, a little gem of its kind; round half the chamber, as border, a riddle is carved in old German characters and orthography, hardly intelligible now. Each door is a study, in colour, form, and ornament, with hinges of cunningly worked iron; the window is alcove-shaped; and a bank runs round the wall. To describe everything in detail would be to destroy its charm. The kitchen, the windows with their little cornered seats, the old well in the courtyard, the little garden on the rock outside the outer wall — in all the artist finds material for his sketch-book, and rich suggestions for future work.



ON THE GROUND-FLOOR OF THE "SCHLOSS."

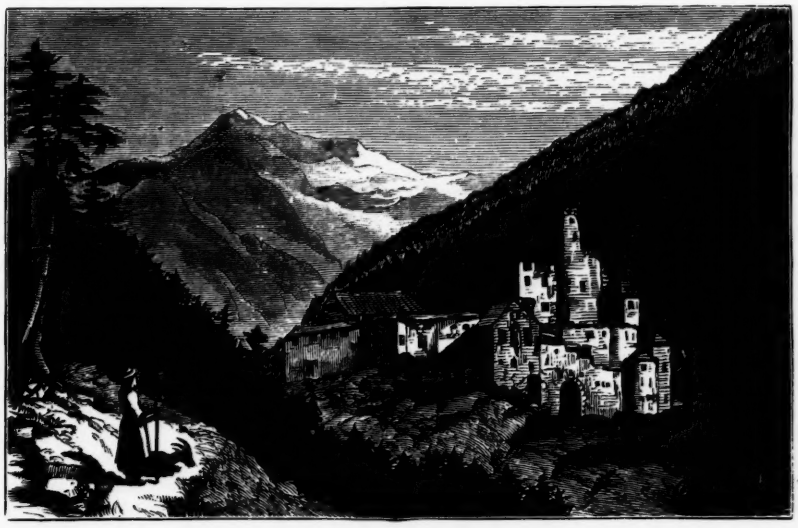
A slight history of the owners of the castle may not be uninteresting or out of place. Taufers is first mentioned in the year 1080, but not until the year 1140 does the family seem to have risen to any importance; but from then, until it died out in 1312, it was one of the most influential in that part of the Tyrol, had built and owned many castles in the vicinity, such as Neuhaus, Uttenheim, Eppem, etc., and was connected by ties of marriage with most of the noble families of the country. The last of the Taufers was Ulrich IV., and on his death the Castle of Taufers and part of the estates went to his wife's family, the Counts of Görz and Tyrol. In their hands it remained till 1456, when it came, partly by inheritance and partly by purchase, to the Bishopric of Brixen. After much changing of hands it was bought in 1689 by the Count of Ferrari, whose family again sold it, a few years ago, to a Vienna Building Company, to whom now belong the venerable building and the wooded acres. Truly a prosaic fate! It was in 1485 that the outer entrance and watch-towers (see



ENTRANCE TO WATCH-TOWER, TAUFERS.

page 464), with part of the outer walls, were added to the castle, much to the enhancement of the general effect.

As I am not a landscape-painter, I have confined my description and sketches to that which had the most interest for me, and which I can say, without exaggeration, is a treasure-trove for *genre* and historical painters, viz., Schloss-Taufers. Not that I am insensible to the voice of nature, which in this picturesque district is varied as the human voice itself, bright sunshine dispelling the hazy mists of morning or tinging the mountain peaks with its parting rays, storm and cloud adding only to the grand effect of gloomy forest, mountain glade, and dashing waterfall. It is worthy of note that there are three beautiful waterfalls within an hour's walk of the village of Sand—the Bojerbach Fall, and the first two Rainthal Falls.



TAUFERS.

I will only add, for the guidance of intending pilgrims to this "artists' haunt," that the nearest railway station is Bruneck, on the Pusterthaler branch line from Franzensfeste. From Bruneck the distance is about an hour and a half's drive. Daily postal communication, and very good inns.

C. WEEKS.

THE GIANTS AT THE GATES.—III.



THE entrance of the Hercules into the world commenced with a baptism, for as it was being drawn on shore at Signa, having been brought so far up the Arno, the block in some manner slipped from the holdings and fell heavily into the river, where its own weight soon buried it in the alluvial mud. Many means were tried to recover it, but in vain; it refused to be rescued. We may well imagine Baccio Bandinelli's state of mind at this stone—which was to have made a great step to fame for him—thus sliding from him, especially as the wits of the day seized the incident as a good subject for their satires. Verses in Italian and Latin were poured forth. One sonnet by Giovanni Negretti was especially admired, in which the poet said that the marble, in its despair at the idea of being chipped by a bungler, had flung itself into the Arno.

But the Pope had given his command that the stone was to be drawn forth, and such a

command must be obeyed. The superintendents cast their eyes about them, and at last begged the aid of Pietro Rosselli, an ingenious builder, who forthwith started for Signa, where he turned the course of the stream, and laid the very banks low. At last, by levers and windlasses, the marble was brought on dry land, and thence, by means of beams placed lengthwise, it was rolled slowly on its toilsome way to Florence.

Whilst it was still on the road, Baccio made the discovery that the design he had shown to the Pope would not fit the dimensions of the marble. This was the more annoying, as the wax model had especially pleased His Holiness, being full of muscular power and life. But the sculptor's genius had expanded beyond the dimensions of his material, and, much mortified, he set to work to make other designs. Alas! a Pegasus with his wings clipped cannot soar. None of the models were equal to the first; they came out one after the other stiff and lifeless. The Pope chose the best among them, and as soon as the block of marble had arrived at the House of Works for the Duomo, and been there raised on end in the courtyard, Bandinelli set to work. He first made a model in clay of equal size, which, however, every one concurred in condemning as greatly inferior in merit to the first small model, and as wanting in animation.

The clay model finished, Baccio began to block out the lower limbs, when lo! before they were even fashioned, the face of the times changed again. Rome was sacked and Florence revolted; the Medici were again driven out; and Baccio, having private quarrels of his own, and fearing for his life in the absence of his patrons, buried his treasures in the garden of his villa, and fled to Lucca, leaving his Hercules barely blocked out in the House of the Works of the Duomo.

The republican government, with whom Michael Angelo went heart and soul, and on whose behalf he became warrior and built fortifications during the siege, could think of no better recognition of his services than to award to him once more the gigantic block which had eluded his grasp twice already. The decree of the Signoria giving it to him is dated August 22, 1528, and concedes the aforesaid block to Michael Angelo Buonarotti, "who should carve out and make therein one or more figures, as shall please the said Michael Angelo, to be placed in the position which this Signoria shall decide." *

He intended to give up the subject of Hercules, and make a Samson with one or two Philistines under his feet.

Public affairs, however, allowed the great master no time for sculpture. The armies of the Prince of Orange and the "Palleschi" allies were crowding the hills around Florence. Michael Angelo threw away the scalpel for more potent weapons, and flung himself into the defence of his beloved San Miniato. No sooner, however, was peace concluded than the Pope, Clement VII., resuming his former authority, bade Michael Angelo finish his works in the chapel of the Medici at San Lorenzo, and, ignoring the pompous decree of the Signoria, set Baccio Bandinelli to work again on the giant.

While he was engaged in this, Baccio had apartments in the Medici Palace, but used the hospitality so badly as to become a spy, writing to Pope Clement of all the doings and sayings of the inmates of the palace. By this behaviour he made an enemy of Duke Alessandro, who threw every impediment in the way of his employment. Baccio, however, having a pope to back him, was not to be defeated by a duke. He betook himself to His Holiness, who came to meet Charles V. at Bologna, and carrying some presents (a relief in bronze and a medal with the Pope's likeness), made such good use of his opportunity, that before he left, His Holiness promised to use his authority with the duke to allow Bandinelli to finish his Hercules.

The triumphant Baccio returned to Florence with 100 gold florins of the Pope's money in his pocket, and a letter intimating to the duke that he must be allowed to complete the giant. The permission could not be refused. He now set to work in earnest, and allowing no hand but his own to touch the figure, he was so industrious that by the year 1534 it was finished.† Even this time his design would not fit, for the foot of Cacus had to be pieced out. The Duke Alessandro, who seemed determined to do as little as he possibly could, let the statue remain unheeded, till Baccio, again appealing to his patron in Rome, Pope Clement, obtained from him a second letter to the duke, asking him to supply the means for erecting the statue in the piazza, as he was desirous the sculptor should proceed to Rome as soon as it was done, to commence two tombs for himself and the late Pope Leo X.

Accordingly the space intended for it was closed in with planks, and the pedestal erected. The pedestal is not very artistic; it only contains an inscription to Pope Clement, and the busts in relief of that Pope and Duke Alessandro.

* Gaye, vol. ii., p. 98.

† Vasari, "Life of Bandinelli."

Cavaliere Settimani, in his "Memorie Fiorentine Inedite," gives the following account of the erection of the giant:—"On May 1st, 1534, Baccio of Michelagnolo, goldsmith, Florentine, having in the Opera del S. Maria del Fiore made a statue of Hercules slaying Cacus, the said statue, standing thus upright and finished in the said House of Works, was drawn in three days, by means of beams and pulleys, into the piazza, and in the said day was seen placed on the corner of the steps of the palace towards the Loggie dei Signori. The block of marble of which the statue was made was one of the finest that ever came into Florence, but on the other hand one of the worse worked, in the judgment of men wise in sculpture."

The two famous architects, Baccio d'Agnolo and Antonio da San Gallo, undertook the care of its removal and placing.

Like the David, too, Hercules was covered with papers of verses, but, alas! instead of eulogiums they were all satires. One said that if Hercules' head were shaved there would not be a cranium large enough to hold his brains, and that his face was as much like a lion or a bull as that of a man. Others compared the torso to a sack of water-melons put on end. Some said the legs were so badly set that one could not tell on which Hercules was standing, and if he were standing on both he ought to be falling down. Others declared that the foot seemed to have a fire under it. Benvenuto Cellini, in the course of a quarrel with Bandinelli at the Medici Palace, coolly quotes all these expressions of public opinion, and when the angry Baccio asks him what fault he can find with his design, Cellini answers that he has not seen it, but that as one who designs well must needs execute well, he imagines that the design is equal to the statue.*

Against these criticisms we may place that of Michael Angelo, who, when a cast of the head of Cacus was sent him, admitted that it was a good artistic work, but said he would like to see the whole statue. And we have also the testimony of Vasari, who, with subtle justice, writes: "Had that artist received from nature an amount of grace and facility equal to the labour and pains which he was ever ready to impose on himself, he would certainly have been entirely perfect in the art of sculpture."†

Even adverse criticism could not discourage Bandinelli from an attempt to reach perfection, for on seeing the giant placed in the full light of day, he even saw defects in it himself, and having it re-enclosed with planks, gave the finishing touches, by bringing out the muscles more forcibly. The Duke Alessandro in person took means to silence the scoffs of the populace, by imprisoning the authors of the worst satires, under the plea that the insult was to himself as the possessor of the statue. On the day in which it was uncovered, Baccio, not daring himself to face public criticism, sent a friend to hear what was said, and, as might be expected, abused him when he brought back such scanty praise.

His patron, Pope Clement, showed himself more appreciative than the sturdy Florentines, for he gave Baccio an estate near his own villa of Pinzerimonte as a present, besides the payment he had agreed. He was besides made a Cavaliere or Knight of the Order of S. Jacopo. So he departed to Bologna to continue a colossal statue of Prince Doria, for which he had already received half payment, and Hercules was left to stand for centuries, unmoved by public opinion.

The Neptune on the great fountain was the third colossal statue erected on the piazza, and Bandinelli would fain have been its maker, but so many famous artists were in Florence that it was decided to offer the block in competition. Six sculptors, Bandinelli, Benvenuto Cellini, Bartolommeo Ammanati, Giovanni da Bologna, Vincenzo Danti, and a son of Moschino da Pisa, were the competitors. The real contest, however, was between Cellini and Ammanati, who had studios enclosed for them in the Loggia dei Lanzi; and to Cellini's chagrin his rival was declared victor. Ammanati applied himself earnestly to the work, and on March 1st, 1563, the Lion which had stood for centuries on the Ringhiera, at the corner of the Palazzo Vecchio, was removed to the centre, and the base of the fountain was begun. The work was not finished till 1571. The gigantic figure of Neptune, familiarly called by the Florentines "*Il Biancone*," rises to the height of ten braccia; he stands on his car, drawn by four sea-horses of different coloured marbles; three Tritons are at his feet. The basin is octagonal, and is adorned with bronze figures of marine deities and satyrs, very finely modelled. The water was brought from the fount of Ginevra, a mile from Florence. The statue of Neptune has been severely criticised, but some blame is due to Bandinelli, who had been sent to the quarry by the Grand Duke, and had cut down the marble to make it more easy of carriage, but so carelessly as to cramp any subsequent design.

LEADER SCOTT.

* "Vita di Benvenuto Cellini," Lib. ii., No. 70.
† Vasari, vol. iv., p. 258.



THEIR ONLY HARVEST.

(From the Picture by Colin Hunter, purchased in 1879 from the Chantrey Fund by the Council of the Royal Academy.)

"THEIR ONLY HARVEST."

PROMINENT in the strong school of Scotch landscape, and peculiar as being a painter of sea, rather than of moor and mountain, like the greater number of his contemporary compatriots, Mr. Colin Hunter produces every year work which is truer, fresher, and more vivid than what he has done before. "Their Only Harvest" unites uncommon beauties of colour, composition, and light; its group of figures is in rare harmony of line and form with the shapes of sky and ocean; the waves have a vitality of movement, and in their colours reflect at different angles the different passages of the sky in a manner which shows intimate and faithful study from nature. The seaweed in the boat is rich with tawny brown tones. These few words are needful in order to remind the reader of the complete beauties of a picture which, besides being fine in colour, has yet other qualities, which make of it so good an engraving. The nature is grave and strong in sentiment, while the humanity contributes also an element of masculine pathos, without overstraining, or any weakening effort at emotionalism. The health of the sea-breezes is keen in the whole work.

INDIAN METAL-WORK.—III.

THERE can be but little surprise felt at the fact that a people who can work so well in steel, copper, brass, and other common metals should particularly excel in the manufacture and ornamentation of articles in gold and silver—materials which are far more susceptible of elaborate decoration than are the baser metals.

In former times the most highly skilled workmen in the precious metals were employed in the decoration of arms, armour, and accoutrements. Now they for the most part turn their attention to the manufacture of articles for ornament or for household use; though there are still to be seen many specimens of beautifully decorated shields and accoutrements, such as chased, embossed, and enamelled gold and silver hilts for swords and daggers, and mounts for belts, scabbards, shields, and matchlocks. Among articles for household or decorative use perhaps those which deserve first mention are the productions of Kashmír. They consist of cups, salvers, claret-jugs, water and scent bottles, tea-services, etc., of most elegant forms, and richly chased all over; the material being sometimes ruddy gold, sometimes burnished silver with a frosted ground, but most frequently parcel-gilt silver.

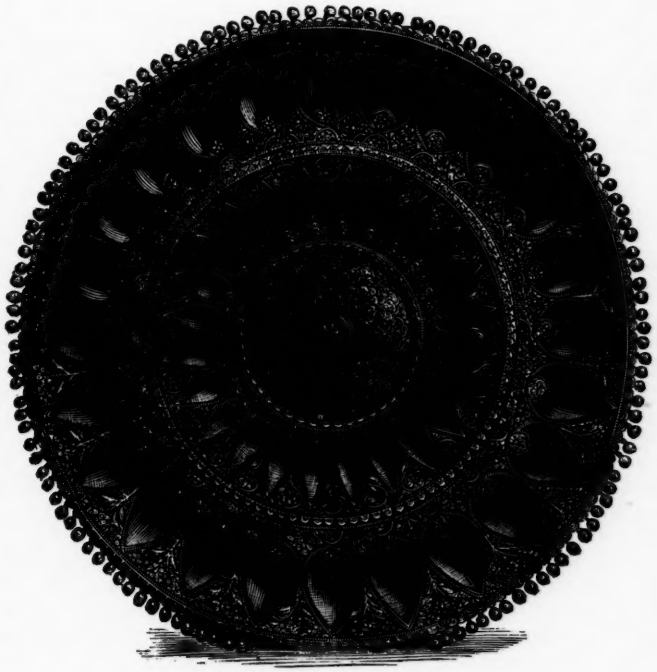


Fig. 1.—GOLD DISH. (*From Mysore.*)

In this latter case the vessels are made of the required form in silver, and the surface is gilt all over; the pattern to be used (generally either one of the so-called "shawl patterns," or some conventionalised combination of flowers and foliage) is then traced out, and the ground-work cut away by means of a hammer and small chisels and punches. The design thus stands out in relief, a tracery of burnished gold, while the silver ground-work is generally frosted. Fig. 4 is a specimen of a silver-gilt jug treated in this way.



Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF ORNAMENT IN FIG. 3.

Among the presents brought home by the Prince of Wales were a great many examples of this work. Many of them were remarkable for the elegance of their forms; but, speaking generally, there was a lack of finish in the work, and in this respect—perhaps because pressure was put on the workmen to complete a large amount of work in a short time—it fell short of that previously contributed to some of the exhibitions.

Wares of a similar description are also produced at Lucknow and in Tonk, but both of these places turn out work decidedly inferior in general effect to that from Kashmír. The chasing is not so deep, nor are the designs so good; and when gilding is used on the silver it is used but sparingly, generally in the form of one or two gilt borders surrounding the object, the remainder being of bright silver on a dull or frosted ground.



Fig. 3.—PIERCED SILVER BOWL AND TRAY. (*From Ahmaddbád.*)

A very ancient adaptation of gold and silver to the purposes of decoration—viz., the embossing of plates of gold, silver, or silver gilt with patterns which have been previously engraved in dies of brass or very hard wood—is still carried on in some parts of India, as in Jodhpur and Jáipur, where it is used for covering state chairs, elephant howdahs, and other objects. Examples of this work may be seen in the India Museum, where there is a throne, which formerly belonged to Runjeet Singh, entirely overlaid with plates of beaten gold, and also an arm-chair overlaid with plates of engraved and enamelled silver.

The silver throne presented by the people of Madura to the Prince of Wales was made in a similar way, of wood covered with plates of silver; and the state howdah used by him in Jáipur was, with the exception of the canopy, entirely covered with plates of embossed silver and silver gilt.

Probably the silver chairs mentioned by Marco Polo as being used by the commanders-in-chief of 100,000 men under Kublai Kaan (Yule's "Marco Polo," vol. i., p. 313) were really wooden chairs covered in this way with plates of silver, and the walls and ceiling of the palace of Cambaluc (the modern Pekin) described by the same traveller (*ib.*, vol. i., p. 325) as being covered with gold and silver may have been decorated in the same way. To go back to a still earlier date, we read in Exodus xxv. that the Ark of the Covenant and the Table of Shewbread were made of wood overlaid with plates of gold; and we are told (1 Kings vi.) that in the building of King Solomon's temple the woodwork was in some cases first carved and then covered with plates of beaten gold. Such plates must have been slighter in substance than those used for the embossed work, but were certainly considerably more substantial than our modern gold and silver leaf.

The State of Bhúj, in the Kutch district, is celebrated for embossed or *repoussé* silver-work of a particularly excellent description. It is applied mainly to the decoration of bowls, salvers, water-vessels, cups, and tea-services of European pattern, which are first made of sheets of plain silver and then filled with a composition of gum dammar. The pattern is then traced on the surface, and, by hammering with properly

shaped punches all those parts which are intended to form the groundwork, the dammar is forced into the other portions, thus bringing out the pattern in strong relief. When completed, the composition is melted out by heat, and the raised pattern is burnished. The subjects used for this style of decoration are almost invariably arrangements of flowers and foliage, but sometimes animals are introduced with a very happy effect, appearing as though they were looking out of a jungle of flowers. Work of a similar description is also done in gold in the same town, and it is then generally applied to the tips and mountings of scabbards for swords and daggers, and occasionally to penholders, thimbles, and such-like small articles of European forms.

The gold and silver work known as "Swami," for which Trichinopoli is famous, is another form of *repoussé* work which is applied largely to jewellery, handles of knives, forks, spoons, paper-knives, and other articles for European use. The designs differ from those of the Kutch work, consisting nearly always of mythological subjects. Among the Prince of Wales's presents was a massive silver tea-service of this work, but it was ruined by the introduction of the Royal arms and the Prince of Wales's plume in the midst of the mythological subjects on the salvers. In Burmah are made bowls, boxes, and other articles of gold and silver ornamented with embossed medallions bearing some mythological figure, or one of the signs of the Zodiac, the remainder of the surface being filled with scroll-work or some other design.

The towns of Ahmadábád and Dehli used to be famous for very beautiful pierced silver and silver-gilt work. A very fine example (supposed to be about 200 years old), in the form of a large bowl and salver, was exhibited by Sir Seymour Fitzgerald in the London Exhibition of 1871. No description of the process of manufacture has been received, but the piercings and the solid metal left are so nearly equal in proportion as to give the effect of coarse filigree (Figs. 2 and 3 show this specimen.) From Travancore there was sent to the Vienna Exhibition a specimen of pierced silver-work in the form of a vase of the lotus form, having near the base and at the neck a row of gilt shells, the two rows being connected by a perfect network of tracery which formed the sides of the vessel. But the workmanship in this example was of a different class to that previously described, for the ornaments had all the characteristics of *repoussé* work, which had apparently been carried to such an extent as to entirely cut away the groundwork, thus leaving an open-work pattern. Of this class also is an octagonal box, with domed lid of silver, embossed and perforated with conventional scroll-work, which was sent from Mirzapúr to the Exhibition of 1851, and is illustrated in Captain H. H. Cole's "Catalogue of the Objects of Indian Art in the South Kensington Museum."

There is another very beautiful specimen of perforated silver now in the India Museum at South Kensington, but originally sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 from Karnāl, in the Panjáb. It is an oblong box on four feet, the tracery patterns being backed with crimson and green foils, thus carrying out the same idea of throwing up the pattern as was alluded to in describing the perforated brass caskets made at the same place. In his catalogue above mentioned, Captain Cole says of this box:—"At the first glance the designs which pierce the lid and side appear to be purely of a geometrical pattern, but on closer examination delicate foliage will reveal itself, and the skill with which it is worked into the circles and squares of the general outline is most ingenious and admirable."

In the Paris Exhibition of 1878 Colonel Earle exhibited two large bowls of embossed and perforated silver from Burmah, as well as some very fine examples of the niello-work for which Burmah is also noted. This work is executed both in gold and silver, and is used for ornamenting boxes, cups, bowls, and salvers. The designs are engraved in the same manner as are those on the Moradábád imitation niello, and the depressions are then filled up with a dull black composition resembling enamel, and the whole surface is afterwards burnished. The India Museum contains a few beautiful specimens of this work.

In Cuttack, Dacca, and Travancore beautiful objects in silver filigree are produced. This work is of the same nature as that which is made in Malta, Genoa, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and is used mainly for the manufacture of articles of jewellery, but also to a considerable extent for card-baskets, bouquet-holders, card-cases, and other objects intended for sale to Europeans. We are told that the work is executed—at any rate at Cuttack—for the most part (under proper supervision) by mere boys, whose nimble fingers and keener eyesight are supposed to enable them to bring out and put together the minute patterns with more distinctness than their elders can. Added to this, their labour has the advantage of comparative cheapness.

The art of enamelling is practised in several parts of India, but the enamels of Jáipur are

celebrated above all others both for neatness of workmanship and perfection of design, as well as for the depth and purity of their colours, which vie in brilliancy with the ruby, the emerald, and the sapphire. It is customary to ornament the backs of all the best jewellery with enamelled designs, generally on an opaque white ground. It thus frequently happens that the back of a necklace or bracelet is, to European eyes, far more beautiful than the front, which may be merely a mass of glittering fragments of uncut stones. Enamelling is also used for the purpose of decorating various ornamental articles, as cups, salvers, scent-vases, and the hilts and scabbard-mounts of swords and daggers. In the Indian Department of the London Exhibition of 1871, the Countess of Mayo exhibited one of the most beautiful specimens of this work that have ever come to Europe. It consists of a cup with cover and saucer, all of gold, and entirely covered with most exquisite designs in enamel, the set being completed by a spoon with enamelled handle, the bowl consisting of a single large hollowed-out emerald. To the same exhibition the Maharaja of Jáipur sent an elephant-goad with steel point and hook, but with the entire handle cased with gold, and covered with an elaborate series of representations of hunting-scenes, with borders of flowers enamelled in the purest and most vivid colours. This specimen may now be seen in the India Museum.



Fig. 4.—CHASED PARCEL-GILT JUG. (*From Kashmir.*)

Among the presents recently brought home from India by the Prince of Wales were some beautiful specimens of Jáipur enamelling, such as scent-vases, a salver, a snuff-box, swords, and horse-trappings, and most of these were further enriched with jewels. But the most elegant specimen in the collection was a small "kalamdan," or pen-and-ink case, made in the shape of a state barge belonging to the Maharaja of Benares, with the raised stern made in the form of the head and breast of a peacock. The whole was of gold, and every minute detail of the boat was complete and, even to the peacock's plumage, richly marked out or ornamented with enamel.

The workmen who produce these beautiful articles are all in the employ of the Maharaja of Jáipur, through whom alone the best specimens can be procured. They religiously guard the secrets of their craft, and hand them down from father to son. It is not, therefore, known what some of the colouring ingredients are which they add to the vitreous base of all their enamels, though the general process employed has been frequently described. It is sufficient for our present purpose to state that most Indian enamels belong to one of two classes, the first consisting of *repoussé* work, which is painted over with enamel, and the second, or



Fig. 5.—GOLD CASKET, WITH PURTABGHUR ENAMEL.
(*Sent by Her Majesty the Queen to the India Museum.*)

better class, being what is known in Europe as *champlevé*. In this class of work the pattern is traced out on the article to be ornamented, and such portions as are to be enamelled are then cut away to a sufficient depth to allow of their being filled up with enamel paste. When this has been done, the article is placed in a furnace for the purpose of fusing the enamel. Frequently some design is engraved or stamped in the sunken portions, and this design, when the article is completed, shows through the translucent enamel.

The best Jáipur enamelling is stated to be always on perfectly pure gold, and is said never to become detached from the metal, though that on the alloyed gold or silver used in other parts of India not unfrequently cracks and chips off.

Enamelling somewhat resembling, though inferior to, that of Jáipur is done at Benares, and at Múltán and Dehli. The Múltán work was formerly held in high esteem. In Kashmír the silver and gold wares, of which Fig. 4 is an example, are frequently still further decorated by having some portions of the groundwork painted in enamel, giving the general effect of a chased gold or silver vessel picked out with delicate shades of paint. Fig. 6 shows an instance of this. The colours used are generally turquoise-blue, pale sea-green, and a dull purplish-red.



Fig. 6.—ENAMELLED SILVER SARAI.
(*From the Panjáb.*)

The enamels from Sind and Kangra are of the class of *repoussé* work painted with enamel colours. The patterns are bolder and worked out with less minuteness of detail than is the case in the Kashmír work. The colours also are different, being almost invariably dark translucent blue and green. In the Kangra work the dull purplish-red is sometimes sparingly introduced. At Aurangábád, in the Dekan, gold and silver wares are produced which show one of the simplest applications of enamel to decorative purposes. They are merely ornamented with a series of bright red and green dots or splashes of enamel, which, when seen at a distance, almost produce the effect of uncut precious stones; but this effect is at once dispelled on a closer acquaintance, as the enamel is applied very sparingly, and only like a transparent paint.

The last kind of enamel to be mentioned differs entirely from all the preceding varieties. It is made in the town of Purtabghur, in Rájputáná, and is invariably in the form of small plaques, which are enclosed and backed by plates of thin gold or silver, and are used mainly for jewellery; but Her Majesty the Queen possesses a fine casket of the work, which she has lent to the India Museum, and which is illustrated by Fig. 5, and more fully in Dr. Birdwood's recently published handbook to the Indian collection at South Kensington. The basis of these plaques is an emerald-green translucent substance, which has been stated by some to be glass, but which appears from an analysis which has been made of certain fragments to be really an enamel. On this green ground are placed figures and designs in thin and delicately engraved gold, which are affixed while the enamel is still soft and hot. The designs used are almost invariably either hunting scenes or mythological figures. At Ratlam, in Central India, a somewhat similar though inferior work is produced, with a deep blue instead of a green enamel.

It has not been possible, in the brief space of these articles, to thoroughly illustrate and

describe every form of ornamental metal-work which is manufactured in India. Of the large groups of jewellery and arms and armour no description has been attempted, but an endeavour has been made to point out some of the principal types which are capable of being utilised in England as objects of ornament. Those who desire further information on the subject cannot do better than refer to Dr. Birdwood's exhaustive description of the arts and manufactures of India contained in the handbook above referred to. J. R. ROYLE.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—VI.

MR. R. W. MACBETH is an artist who now almost entirely confines himself to the calm and pleasant galleries of Sir Coutts Lindsay. His "Expectation"—a girl seated alone under a tree—is chiefly remarkable for the splendid dash of colour in the evening sky behind the figure, while "A Flood in the Fens" conveys a fine impression of light, atmosphere, and movement. In his figures Mr. Macbeth has always manifested a decided trace of Frederick Walker's influence, but it is shown far less imitatively this year than before. The people whom he has painted huddled together on a tongue of dry land, with the animals which they have no small difficulty in keeping in order, are all excellent and original in character and action. No less charming and artistic is the same painter's "Landing Sardines at Low Tide," of which we give a sketch. Mr. Alfred Parsons's Grosvenor landscapes are all masterly and most exquisitely fresh and refined. This young artist may consider himself indemnified by his prominent and favourable places in Bond Street for the scant justice done to his work in Piccadilly. Mr. Otto Weber's painting is, as usual, cold and careful; while among young artists Mr. Collier, Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, and Mrs. Murch show good promise and performance. What shall be said of the pictures of Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. Strudwick, Mr. Armstrong, Mrs. Stillman, Miss Pickering, and the other followers in Mr. Burne-Jones's footsteps? They are too distinctive of the Grosvenor Gallery to be passed over without mention; besides, the implied contempt of silence would be neither kind nor just. They unquestionably show, in some instances, qualities which are hardly to be found elsewhere; poetry may be sickly, effeminate, imitative, and in a manner insincere without ceasing to be indefinably poetical; we may prefer, and probably we are right in preferring, prose, but that does not affect the matter. It may surprise us that grown men should care for a school of art in which girls play all the parts, engrossing the human interest, and also enacting such rôles of young men, Venuses, and archangels as may come within the scope of the painter's subject; but the fact undoubtedly



LANDING SARDINES AT LOW TIDE.

(By R. W. Macbeth.)

remains that such feminine art is interesting to many minds; men are to be found reading those novels—so important a feature of the fictional literature of the day—in which the feminine interest of love and flirtation is unrelieved by any of those incidents belonging more exclusively to the broader masculine life and temper. "Les races se féminisent," said Buffon. A considerable distinction must, nevertheless, be made between those artists whose emotional poetry charms and touches the imaginative art-lover into forgetfulness of their many technical weaknesses, and those who have nothing to separate them from the most popular and Philistine painters at the Royal Academy, except their affectation. In a word, the slightest touch of genius explains and excuses much, but we are not unfrequently called upon in these days to excuse bad drawing and untaught composition for the sake of mysticism in which there is no poetry, eccentricity in which there is no originality, and effort in which there is no impulse. Let us do justice to the full, nevertheless, and acknowledge in Mr. Strudwick a certain power of wistful expression, so undisguisedly caught from Mr. Burne-Jones, but always effectual in its appeal to imaginative emotion. "Marsyas and Apollo" is illustrated by some commonplace lines from a popular poet of the day. The young shepherd who has dared to enter into competition with the god of music (and who was punished by being flayed alive—a fact upon which the poet and the painter have shed rose-water) stands in the usual girlish attitude with vague and rapturous eyes, listening to the conquering song of Apollo, who, surrounded by the muses, has just ended his strain. The landscape is painted in the manner of the early Venetians—a manner which has become a commonplace of the latest art. It would be sad, indeed, if the original and real thing could also ever become a commonplace to us through these inveterate imitations; but we have no fear that this will ever be the case.



A SPRING FANTASY.
(*By W. J. Hennessy.*)

Among M. Bastien Lepage's Grosvenor Gallery pictures we have not yet noticed his exceedingly clever portraits, "M. Klotz," "Mme. Klotz," and the portraits of the painter's parents and grandfather. The latter are painted in the open air with an uncommon fidelity of tone—the pervading diffused daylight with its opaque effect and all its hundred subtle variations of the flesh-tints being rendered with that studiousness of nature, the results of which cannot be imitated or replaced. M. Lepage is not an attractive portrait-painter; chance or choice has led him generally to represent subjects which are, to say the least, undistinguished, and his manner of rendering them is absolutely without charm of feeling or of execution; his very truthfulness apparently prevents him from aiming at any arbitrary effectiveness, or dash, or elegance of brush-work, and he apparently aims with a single intention at imitating what he sees, effacing himself and his own manner, but invariably exhibiting a very subtle intelligence in the reproduction of character. The portrait of the painter's grandfather, for instance—a picture which we recollect to have seen at the gallery of M. Dechamps some years ago—is both in "reading" and in execution *bourgeois*, commonplace, and simple to an extreme degree; nevertheless only keen cleverness could grasp the commonplace in its very life and nature as has been done here. M. Legros is master of a certain effectiveness in the portraits—painted in one hour or at a sitting—which he exhibits year by year at the Grosvenor; their sureness of drawing is now and then more apparent than real, though as achievements of rapidity they are certainly surprising. The finished portraits of Professor Huxley and of Mr. Browning are by no means happy as likenesses. Mr. Cecil Lawson pro-

duces every season some suggestive and complete impressionary landscape work of a high quality, generally on a small scale; but he is also represented every year by immense panoramic canvases, full of tormented detail and containing no feature on which the eye can rest in peace or pleasure. His large works of this year are more than ever an aggregate of small pieces without the swift dominant thought or impression which makes landscape at once artistic and poetical. Among the details of one of these—"The Voice of the Cuckoo"—are two stiff yet accidental-looking little girls—portraits, as the catalogue tells us; and the artist further explains, through the medium of Mr. Blackburn's excellent "Grosvenor Notes," that he has intended to make the picture "as much a portrait of a silver birch, meadow-sweet, and dandelions, as of the children and distant landscape." The aim is an intelligible one, and it is always a pleasure to find that an artist *has* an aim; but Mr. Cecil Lawson has the fault of his age—he is revolutionary. It would have been more prudent to follow in the steps of the great masters of portrait and landscape, for "The Voice of the Cuckoo" cannot be pronounced a successful experiment; the children and the meadow-sweet contend for the first claim on the spectator's attention, and the want of unity, subordination, and design throughout the canvas is almost irritating. The figures, besides, share in the great literalness and the insistent prose of the rest of the work. In "The August Moon"—a picture painted at Blackdown, Haslemere, the place of the Poet Laureate's summer residence—the moon itself is too exaggeratedly large; we do not require that the size should be absolutely correct according to relative measurement, for the eye requires a somewhat heroic treatment of all the celestial luminaries, but when fact is thus legitimately set aside, an artist's instinct should tell him where to stop. The painter of "The Morning After" is certainly capable of far straighter, sincerer, and more impulsive work than he has shown us this year.



OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.
(*By G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.*)

Mr. Alma-Tadema's three little Grosvenor subjects must rank among the most brilliant which he has ever painted. More beautiful colour he has certainly given us before, but never intenser light. "A Question"—antique Roman boy and maid, the one lying, the other seated on a white marble bench in full sunshine—is a triumph of technical skill. How so much whiteness, unaccentuated with shadow—for the shade is full of reflected light—should produce an effect so luminous, is a wonder which the initiated artist will feel more than the layman; but this shining little work is in a measure marred by the violet tint which has crept into the sky. "A Garden God" shows a woman dancing before the statue of some Greek divinity—a subject which seems hardly pleasant to those

who know anything of "garden gods." The most beautiful of the three little pictures, however, is the "Pastoral," which glows, shines, and gleams with exquisite light and colour. A Roman peasant is guiding his draught-oxen through the rich grass; a temple stands beyond, while poppies, redder than rubies, grow in the transparent shades. Of Mr. Millais' powerful portrait of Mrs. Caird we have said too little; in conception and execution it is one of the most striking of his later works; he has painted the head, which is in its own nature full of quiet force, with a touch of lightness and mastery, and with an evident delight in the peculiar character of the impressive eyes, the brows under the thick clustering fair hair, and the excessively thin and narrow form; every detail, every indication and suggestion is interesting. But this is not the word which can be applied to Mr. J. D. Linton's important costume-picture, "Victorious;" full of good qualities of drawing, colour, and relation, it fails to attract. The artist intends this to be the fourth of a series to illustrate the life of a soldier



A PAINTER'S IDEAL.

(By Carlo Perugini. From the "Graphic" Gallery, by permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic.")

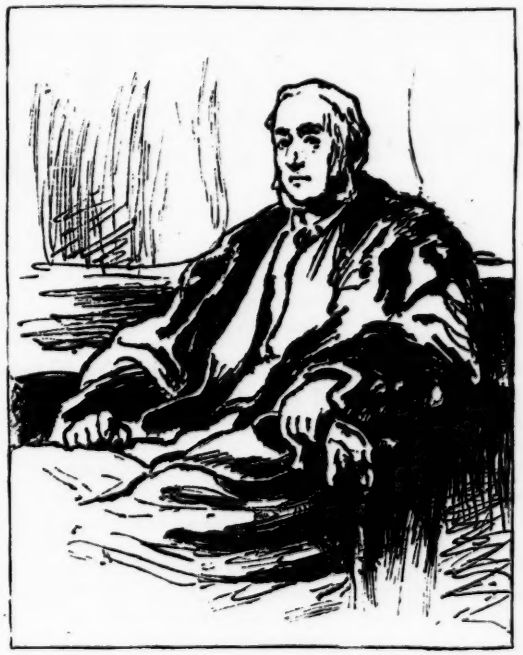
in the sixteenth century; here the hero enters the presence of his king and queen, with heralds, trumpeters, and pages at his back; a group seated on the steps of the throne is infelicitous in composition, the lines of the lower figure continuing those of the upper one, to the confusion of their respective legs.

Mr. W. J. Hennessy's "Spring Fantasy" (sketched on page 475) is one of those graceful combinations of feminine beauty, quaint costume, vases, and flowers in which the picture-loving world is taking more and more delight. Of Mr. Boughton's "Omnia Vincit Amor" we spoke in a former number; its peculiar charm of colour must be added to our sketch by the imagination of the reader who has this artist's tints by heart. Having already most emphatically joined our word of enthusiastic praise to the chorus which has greeted Mr. Frank Holl's portrait-work this year, we have special pleasure in engraving (page 471) a drawing which gives some idea of the *pose* and masses at least of his noble picture of Mr. H. J. Bushby. The painting here is somewhat quieter, but not a jot less vigorous, than that of the same artist's contemporary Academy portraits.

There is on the whole less discrimination and exclusiveness shown in the Grosvenor collection of water-colours than in that of the Royal Academy—paradoxical as this might seem to those who look upon gallery No. 7 at Burlington House as a place of little interest. The inimitable talent of Mr. Richard Doyle, however, which the visitor always knows where to seek out and enjoy, would make amends at the Grosvenor for less satisfactory work from other hands. He seems to have entirely abandoned all the realms of human fact and fiction for the sake of devoting his exquisite inventive imagination to fairyland. "The Battle of the Elves and Frogs" is one of his most elaborate designs, containing indeed an exuberance of ingenuity which shows how much pleasure the artist has taken in his whimsical work. The battle, he informs us, is supposed to have taken place "in prehistoric times, or it might have been added to the fifteen decisive battles of the world, making sixteen." Mr. Doyle has disposed his armies in a manner quite scientific, and keenly comic are the incidents—such as that of a "frog of distinction lying on his back while his limbs are put in chains," the bandaging of a wounded frog by an elf-surgeon, and the hasty drill of the reserves of elves at their extreme left. Nor could anything be better than the two hostile kings who sit watching the fray, with anxiety depicted on their countenances. Mr. Doyle's fun is of the most childlike character, but few of a larger growth will find themselves able to resist it. A word must also be said of the water-colours of Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford; her work is rich and striking in colour, and only needs more power in the matter of drawing. Among the sculptures several amateurs have shown evidences of unusual activity and promise; and more practised hands, such as those of Miss Henrietta Montalba, who has produced a "Romola" and a "Tito Melema," have done their best this year, while another lady—Miss Alice Chaplin—has produced a capital little group of dog and kitten, of which we publish a sketch. "The spirit of inquiry" which wrinkles up the thoughtful brows of the honest dog has been studied from the life; so has the defensive and suspicious action of the kitten.

Among the Royal Academy water-colours two works by a very fine artist might surely have claimed the distinction of the line among a little crowd of drawings, of most of which the quality may be said to vary from mediocrity to very fair merit. We are aware that the Royal Academy disclaims very justly the character of an international exhibition; it is distinctively national, and it would be an injustice to our native artists if its character should ever alter in that respect; nevertheless when foreign work which is offered to and accepted by the judges of Burlington House is supremely beautiful and noble, neither the artists nor the public of England would be inclined to regret an impulse of admiration which gave to such work a place of honour. Mr. Vicenzo Cabianca's water-colours, "The Dawn of Day at Venice" and "Sunshine Among the Ruins, Gulf of Spezia," are magnificent drawings, of a power very rare in this branch of art; in the former an immense arch of a Venetian bridge, extremely dark in tone, spans the view, and in the vista beneath the chilly fresh colours of day-break are beginning to detach themselves—the darks and lights, the stones, water, and landing-place being touched with that masterly quality of execution which is as strong as it is poetical. The gleams of sunshine in the drawing of the ruins have a grave yet brilliant significance, the atmosphere of both works being altogether cool and serious, yet full of emphasis. Mr. Pownoll Williams's "Dying Rose" is another drawing of exceptional merit and beauty; the artist has painted a delicate tea-rose, the petals and leaves of which have just begun to relax and fail, as it lies with its clear colour upon some tawny olive-

tinted plush, all being exquisitely refined in hue and in execution. In Mr. Carl Haag's "Interior of a Copt House in Cairo" are some charming harmonies in gentle browns and greys, while Mr. J. Edward Goodall has imagined a pretty passage of last century life in "From Phyllis;" a youth in the finished, courtly, and gallant dress of the time sits intent upon the rose and the *poulet* which Phyllis has sent him, but we would suggest to the artist that the pipe this young gentleman is smoking is decidedly out of character. The figure is excellently well drawn. Every one who has seen a sunset among the Alps knows the ghastly pallor which shortly before dark transforms for a time the beauty of the mountains into positive repellent ugliness. Such an effect—painful in nature—is hardly a right subject for art; Mr. James W. Smith, however, has rendered it with very fair success and fidelity in his "Breithorn and Gorner Glacier at Dusk." Very beautiful, on the other hand, both in subject and in treatment, is the study of wild growth against an October mist—Mr. J. C. Wasserman's "Autumn Beauties;" the light is admirable, the suggestion of a fresh morning full of gossamers and dew is perfect, and the effect broad yet accentuated. No less attentive to nature has Mr. Walter F. Stocks been in "Taking up Pilchards, near the Lizard, Cornwall," in which the artist has essayed to give the colours that are seen to tinge the clouds near a full moon. These colours are, we believe, prismatic, but red always appears to be the most prominent—perhaps as being the most easily seen against the green-blue sky, its complementary—whereas Mr. Stocks has shown little red. His drawing is a very good one. No English artist makes so near an approach to the fine Dutch quality in its best time as Mme. Bisschop, whose group of Netherlandish people is brilliantly yet temperately painted, with great completeness and decision of manner; a woman in the close headdress (a finely painted piece of white) and thick dark garments of her nation stands winding a picturesque clock, to the delight of her children. It is, we must confess, almost with dismay that the critic comes, after more than twenty years of reiteration, upon the inevitable Elaine dead in her barge. The Laureate, who completely won the gentle public heart by his idyll, has much to answer for, but assuredly no Elaine has ever been uglier than she who appears in Mr. Herbert Bone's design. Space will only permit us to mention in addition Mr. William P. Burton's grave and effective "Juniper Valley."

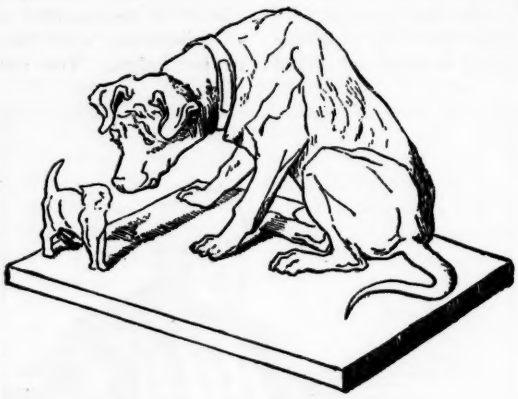


H. J. BUSHBY, ESQ.
(*By Frank Holl, A.R.A.*)

Mr. Perugini's "Beauty," which we engrave this month from the "Graphic" series, is a round-cheeked and fresh-looking damsel, who may be taken as the exact opposite of the thin, small-eyed type which has been popular of late with a certain school. An expression of intelligent sincerity is not least among the chief charms of this healthful face. The picture is painted with great knowledge and ability.

Although limited to black-and-white, the summer exhibition at the Dudley Gallery is never without variety. Etching and sepia washes, charcoal studies and pen-and-ink drawings, chalk sketches and line-engravings—such methods of work are as unlike each other as fresco and oil, water-colour and pastel. They require different moods in the artist, different ways of looking at nature, different acceptations of the laws and liberties of interpretative art. A black-and-white exhibition, indeed, offers so much to interest even the entirely non-technical, that we do not wonder at the success which has crowned eight

seasons of these excellent collections; their merit is undeniable, and however doubtful we might feel in giving a stranger a first view of English art at any of the other exhibitions, we should feel a great confidence in the monochrome gallery. Mr. Seymour Haden, whose admirable studies are accomplished in the intervals of an over-busy professional life, has this year, as usual, produced some of the freest and finest work that has had its origin on the hither side of the channel; Mr. Robert Macbeth, Mr. David Law, Mr. Whistler, and Mrs. Merritt (one of the few women who have even attempted the art, and one of the excessively few who have succeeded in it) are among the most noteworthy etchers. M. Léon Lhermitte's charcoal work is grander and simpler than ever. Among the newer recruits to the ranks of art is Mr. Wicliffe Taylor, the only son of the lamented art-critic, whose name has so long been on the committee-list of the gallery.



THE SPIRIT OF INQUIRY.
(*By Miss Alice Chaplin.*)

The Doré Gallery has added to the attractions it has in the eyes of country cousins by two or three of M. Gustave Doré's new works. The principal of these, "Moses before Pharaoh," is a large canvas which finds an appropriate place beside such pictures as the "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," the "Entry into Jerusalem," and the "Martyrs of the Amphitheatre." The admirers of the French artist will find quite as much, if not more, to be enthusiastic about in the new work as in any of the old ones. The character of the cruel and despotic Pharaoh has been well caught, and the attitude of Moses, who is accompanied by Aaron, is full of the dignity of meekness. Two minor works of M. Gustave Doré's have also been added to the gallery, entitled "A Day Dream" and "The Rainbow Landscape." The former is a companion picture to "The Neophyte;" the latter is a scene studied at Loch Carron in Scotland, and both works were exhibited this year at the Salon, from which, we may mention for the encouragement of young and still struggling artists, M. Doré was rejected in the earlier stages of his career.

In conclusion we recur to the Academy paintings in order to refer the reader to our full-page engraving of Mr. E. Blair Leighton's "Death of Copernicus." The subject has interest and pathos, and the workmanship is excellent.

"DON'T CRY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY M. BONNAT.

PICTURES of which the human interest lies in the incidents of childish life among the poor may very easily offend by reason of a sentimental unreality; but Edouard Frère—who, by-the-by, has more honour among us than in his own country—has long since shown us that the tritest subjects of this kind may be dealt with freshly by an artist who goes observantly to nature for his incidents and expressions. M. Bonnat has generally treated far different subjects, but he also feels the charm of rustic childhood, and occasionally leaves loftier ideas for this simple and natural humanity. In "Don't Cry" his little Roman maiden (of a day when Roman women and girls wore the *tovaglia*, the white chemise and thick dark apron which are the very commonest commonplaces of art, though hardly now to be found in life) has the womanly air which every one must have observed as distinctive of Italian children; she looks like the small replica of her large-eyed, grave, and hard-working mother. Her brother, double her age, is of the fairer-haired type of shock-headed Italian youth. M. Rajon's artistic etching is from the original oil-painting by M. Bonnat, which represented the artist at the International Exhibition of Vienna in 1873.

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